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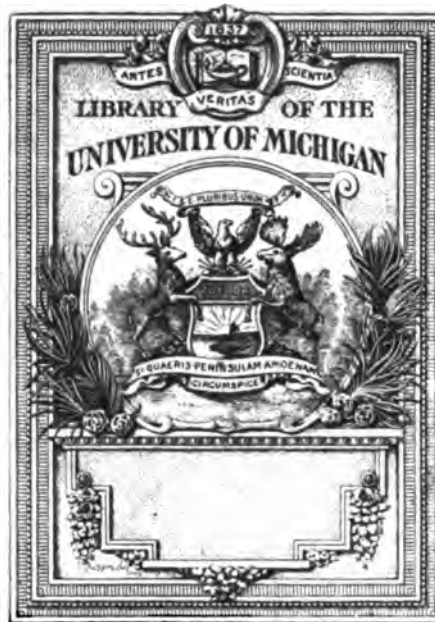
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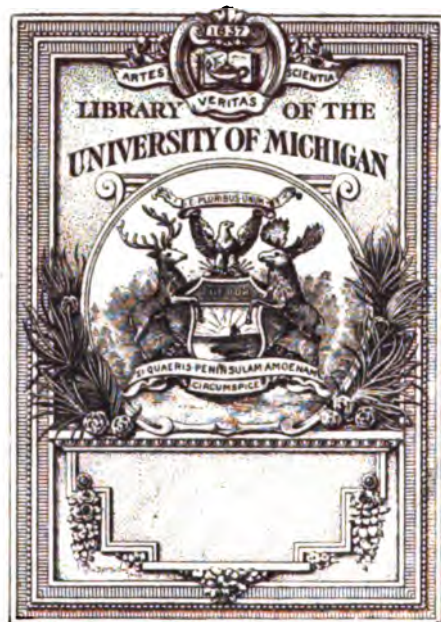
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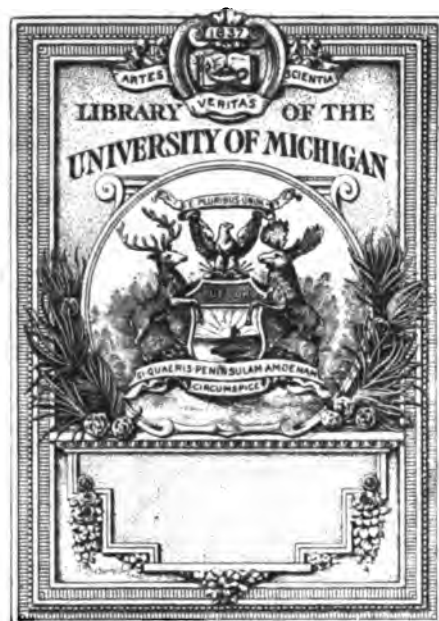
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**THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY**

**WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES**

VOL. XIX

JULY—DECEMBER, 1914

WILLIAM ABBATT

20 LIBERTY ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

AND

28 WEST ELIZABETH ST., TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

1914

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SAKAKAWEA
("THE BIRD WOMAN")

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIX

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No. 1

THE UNIFYING OF THE THIRTEEN STATES IN AMERICA

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America."

SUCH is the opening sentence of one of the most remarkable documents of history, a document which was the culmination of more than ten years of war and controversy. The Declaration of Independence was, of course, the first real step in the direction of this national Constitution, and the Articles of Confederation—weak and ineffective as they proved to be—the second step. From the Articles to the Constitution was indeed a very long step, and one which was taken only because such a positive Constitution was absolutely necessary. During the perils and uncertainties of wartime a quasi-constitution like the thirteen articles might perhaps do very well, for self-preservation would require that a degree of obedience be paid them. But after the war, after its perils and uncertainties, a weak constitution would in all probability be neither respected nor obeyed.

The Declaration of Independence was really the formal declaration of war against Great Britain. Until that time it was hoped that reconciliation would somehow be brought about. It is true that blood had been shed, that Lexington had been followed by Bunker Hill; but, there was still a possibility of peace. However, the dove was banished for good when the second Congress adopted the historic words "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands that have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

War—war to a decided conclusion—was thus declared by a temporarily united nation of thirteen different states against one of the strongest kingdoms upon earth. Two tentative tests of war had already been made by the Colonists; but Lexington and Bunker Hill, although very encouraging to the citizens of these thirteen Colonies, were only the beginning of a long struggle. Congress had now uttered its formal defiance to the might of Britain, and at the same time had declared in no uncertain tones its national independence. This second Congress must henceforth provide military means to meet the onslaught of a mighty enemy, and also agree upon some sort of constitution to govern its country during the war. An army was gathered and prepared, and Washington was appointed its commander-in-chief, and certain articles of confederation were at last agreed upon but only after much hesitation and delay. These Articles were far from satisfactory, and were discarded as practically worthless some six years after peace was concluded.

On June 11, 1776—the very same day that Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston were appointed to prepare a declaration of independence—the second Continental Congress chose a committee to draw up a form of confederation. It was only natural that this committee should consist of one member from each colony and among its members were men like John Dickinson, Josiah Bartlett, Samuel Adams, Roger Sherman, R. R. Livingston and Edward Rutledge. The Declaration of Independence was prepared and passed; and a week after its passage the committee that had been appointed to draw up a form of national confederation reported a plan of government to Congress. This plan was vigorously debated and discussed from time to time; but no decisive action was taken until November 15, 1777. On that date Congress adopted the Articles of Confederation, and ordered that they be forwarded to the Legislatures of all the States for their individual approval. In case these several Legislatures approved of them, they were to instruct their delegates in Congress to ratify them, and they were then to become the law of the land. However, as finally adopted by Congress, the Articles were not nearly as strong as was their original draft, drawn up by John Dickinson. As has been well said, they proved in time to be a veritable “rope of sand,” for despite the war, the States were too jealous of their individual rights to allow the passage of a strong and satisfactory Constitution.

From time to time the delegates from the several States signed their agreement to and approval of these Articles, but it was not until 1781 that Maryland finally signed. Thus, the Articles of Confederation were not completely ratified until not far from the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The first Congress had assembled in 1774, the second in 1775; but now a third Congress met for the first time—on the second day of March, 1781—which may be called the Congress of Confederation. This third Congress was the first national body in the United States to legislate under the authority of a constitution of the whole nation. The provisions of this constitution stated that they were “Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.” Like many other documents, the beginning sounds most promising; but their substance provided for no strong central government. It was in no true sense of the word a real confederation or a real union between the thirteen separate states.

In other words, the United States made a final success of its war with Great Britain but it did not make a final success in its first constitution. With the surrender at Yorktown, the war came virtually to an end; but the treaty of peace was not signed until 1783. From 1783 until the commencement of our present government in 1789, this country was ruled by its Congress under the Articles, but few of its citizens had any respect for either Congress or Articles. The first Congress had been a remarkable and respected body, the second Congress for a while had been respected—particularly at the beginning of the war and when its Declaration was uttered; but the third Congress, the Congress of Confederation, which existed from March 2, 1781 to October 21, 1788, was neither remarkable nor respected. The citizens of the several Colonies paid very little attention to its advice and proceedings. It still held its sessions because some sort of national legislative body was necessary to the thirteen states.

The first and second Congresses came to an end, as did the war with Great Britain. Peace and the Congress of the Confederation followed; but the prosperity and contentment which had been anticipated by the citizens of the new Nation were not in evidence. With a Congress of little power, with a Constitution of little force, our country

for several years after the signing of peace with Great Britain was like a ship drifting without rudder or sail, not like a ship at sea but rather like one close to the rocks of political and financial disaster. The states were utterly independent of and very jealous of one another; but the Articles of Confederation and Congress were at least two common points about which the Nation could rally. Thus, neither Congress nor the Articles were wholly worthless, and each was, moreover, suggestive to the popular mind of a future real Congress and a real Constitution. And, despite their lack of power, the Articles contained the germs of several excellent national advantages.

For example, they provided that freemen of any State should be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of freemen of any other State, a provision that prevented unjust local discrimination against strangers from other States. Then, there was another provision which declared that the records, acts and judicial decisions of any State should be valid in all the States, thus nationalizing the records, acts and judicial decisions of any one. As has been remarked, the Articles were of value in that they served as a common legislative document to all the States and as a suggestion for a future, more effective Constitution. But as a real Constitution, the Articles were practically worthless. They provided neither for a Supreme Court to interpret the laws, nor for an Executive to enforce them; and the provision for a Congress of only one House where each State had but a single vote without regard to its population and influence was also a weakness in their efficiency.

Moreover, under them, Congress was given no control over taxation. If it was absolutely necessary to raise money to run the government—and certainly a government could not then any more than today exist without paying its expenses—Congress could only ask the States for this money. It could only apportion to them their individual share of the sum, and they could regard or disregard this request just as they pleased. Congress had no power whatsoever of enforcing its financial requests, and, since times were hard after the war was over, money did not flow very abundantly into the national treasury. As an example, in 1783, it took Congress about a year and a half to collect one-fifth of the taxes which it had apportioned for the national expenses of that year.

Thus, briefly, it is evident that neither Congress nor the Articles were of much value to the country as a whole. Such an ununited condition of thirteen so-called united states, expressed in its legislative body and constitution, was bad for the nation, not only at home but abroad. If any one of the States wished to prevent an act of Congress, it could do so. If one of the nation's representatives in Europe made an agreement with some other country respecting commerce, such an agreement could be annulled by the opposition of a single State. As a result of this condition of affairs, and of other conditions at home, our credit was very poor indeed. Jefferson in France, Adams in England, sought in vain to raise further loans. And not only was this nation's credit bad abroad but the lives and liberties of its citizens were not respected or safe there. Since Congress had little or no power at home, it would naturally have less power in foreign lands.

Disappointed in the lack of prosperity after the war, with the citizens of the States divided, among themselves, it is not to be wondered at that our general drift was slowly towards a kind of anarchy and political chaos. The States began to quarrel among themselves. Pennsylvania and Connecticut had a serious disagreement over the Wyoming Valley but the matter was settled by arbitration. New York and New Hampshire quarrelled over the territory of Vermont, while New York had also a dispute with New Jersey and Connecticut upon certain trade relations. The national treasury was in a very bad condition; and, of course, a great war debt had been incurred during the struggle with England. Moreover, the Revolutionary soldiers were more and more strenuously demanding certain pay still owed them, but Congress was powerless to assist them. At last, a few of them actually marched upon Philadelphia, where Congress was in session, and Congress suddenly adjourned, and took refuge in Princeton, New Jersey.

Naturally, things grew worse and worse. The situation was not at all improved by the individual States issuing paper money. As would be expected the whole country was flooded with it, and the damage to business was very great. Massachusetts, however, refused to issue such paper money, and also decided to pay her apportionment to Congress. Presently there was a sort of civil war within her borders—a serious uprising known as “Shays’ Rebellion”. This was soon put

down but its occurrence caused a feeling of deep dismay throughout the country.

It was high time that something was done. The nation was rapidly getting into a wretched condition; its prestige abroad was very low. Its States were deluged with worthless paper money, there were quarrels and riots, and an important foreign treaty was pending. Our leading men were exchanging views, and suggestions were many and varied. Washington was not at all in favor of the Articles of Confederation. In 1783 he wrote a letter to the governors of the several States, declaring that a stronger union was necessary. There was a great deal of talk about amending the Articles; but nothing practical was done until the Virginia legislature in 1786 appointed commissioners to meet such other commissioners as might be sent by the several States to "take into consideration the trade of the United States; to examine the relative situations and trade of the said States; to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations may be necessary to their common interest and their permanent harmony; and to report to the several States such an act relative to this great object as, when unanimously ratified by them, will enable the United States in Congress assembled effectually to provide for the same."

As is evident, this was merely an invitation on the part of Virginia, and this invitation was accepted by the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. In September, 1786, twelve commissioners met at Annapolis, Maryland; but adjourned after a short session, their chief result being to recommend that a full convention from all the States be held at Philadelphia in the following spring to consider plans for adapting the Federal government "to the exigencies of the Union."

To this recommendation of the commissioners at Annapolis, Congress at last gave its formal consent, by issuing a call for such a national convention. This convention was to be held "For the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation, and reporting to Congress and the several legislatures such alterations and provisions therein as shall, when agreed to in Congress and confirmed by the States, render the Federal constitution adequate to the exigencies of government, and the preservation of the Union".

Thus, there came about the famous Federal Convention which gave to the United States and the world a most remarkable document. The first Continental Congress had prepared the country for independence, the second had secured that independence, the Congress of Confederation was in session during the time of uncertainty from the close of the war to the establishment of the Constitution; but the Federal Convention was just as important as these different Congresses. What had occurred before this Convention would have been of little use unless a fixed and satisfactory government was provided and inaugurated. What this Federal Convention did was to provide a remarkable Constitution that inaugurated and established the great government of the United States. There have, of course, been amendments to it, and some interpretations of it which are open to discussion; but the Constitution created in 1787 is as great a national document today as it was then.

Following the call of Congress on February 21, 1787, all the States, except Rhode Island, appointed delegates to the Convention; Rhode Island being unrepresented probably because of certain selfish reasons. As it was, twelve states took part, with a delegation of fifty-five, all of those who were chosen not attending the Convention. The assembly met in Philadelphia, in the same building and same room where in 1776 had been adopted the Declaration of Independence. All were well known or famous men, like Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Robert, and Gouverneur Morris, Pinckney, Sherman, Gerry, Rutledge, King and Wilson. But, nevertheless, some equally famous men were absent from the Convention. Jefferson and Adams were in Europe, Patrick Henry had refused to serve, and Richard Henry Lee, Samuel Adams and John Hancock were not present. There was considerable diversity of opinion among the delegates. Some wanted merely to amend the Articles of Confederation; others to make a wholly new Constitution. Washington was among the latter, and his words at the time are well worth quoting. "If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Although some of the delegation did not appear for several weeks, the first session of the Convention was held on the 25th of May, 1787. Washington was chosen chairman; and the doors were strictly closed to

the public. All the members were pledged to secrecy with regard to the debates and votes, for it was thought best to give out the proceedings as a whole and not in parts. This course was also considered judicious as it would prevent public unrest over the work of the Convention. Indeed, so well did the members keep their promise of secrecy that nothing was known of their debates and votes for many years afterwards. However, Madison took down in shorthand from time to time an account of the debates, which account he would then submit to the different speakers for their approval. But Madison did not permit his notes to be published during his lifetime; they were given to the public some fifty years afterward. Of all the members, he seems to have done the most to unify the different opinions in the Convention. In the many discussions he himself took part more than fifty times, and so influential was he in shaping the general course of the delegates that he has been called the "father of the Constitution."

From the first it was evident that the old Articles would have to be abandoned, not only because they were practically worthless but also because of the influence against them. The Convention contained too many great men to be hampered by any advice or directions of a weak Congress, and, moreover, the Virginian delegation had carefully drawn up a form of government. This was the work of Madison in consultation with the others; but it was presented to the Convention by Governor Randolph of Virginia. The "Virginia plan" was very radical compared with the weakness of the Articles of Confederation, and provided for legislative, executive and judicial departments of government. It also provided that the citizens of the Nation should be directly responsible to their government. In fact, it was such a change from the easy-going Articles that other plans were soon brought forward. One of these plans—the so-called "small state plan" or New Jersey plan—was presented by William Paterson of that State. It was merely a proposal to amend the Articles of Confederation, providing for a plural executive and a judicial department, and giving more power to Congress. One of its faults was that it gave the small states equal powers in Congress with the large ones and also that it did not change the Articles with respect to making the State instead of the citizen responsible to the general government. As would be expected, this plan was defeated.

Besides this plan, there was the Connecticut, Hamilton's, and the so-called Pinckney plans. Of these three, the Connecticut one proposed to increase the powers of Congress under the Confederation, but to leave the execution of national laws to the state governments. Hamilton's plan was a highly centralized one, providing for a life president and a life senate, the governors of the several States being appointed by the general government. The so-called Pinckney plan—of which no copy exists—was much like the Constitution as it was finally adopted. As in the case of the New Jersey plan, the others were defeated; and the Virginia plan was adopted after much modification and great debate.

Our Constitution, as it stands to day, exclusive of its amendments, was made possible by several famous compromises. It was not to be expected that such a new and radical document would be agreed to amid conflicting opinions and state jealousies and interests without great discussion and some concessions. There were in all three chief compromises: (1) respecting representation in Congress; (2) regarding the counting of slaves in the vote for representatives to Congress; and (3) concerning the slave trade. Of course there were many other points to be settled, and much discussion, before the delegates agreed to bind their States to a strong Constitution; but the three most important, most difficult obstacles in the way of such a Constitution were the congressional representation, the counting of slaves in voting, and the African slave trade.

The Articles of Confederation, in Article V. Section 4, provided that "In determining questions in the United States in Congress assembled, each State shall have one vote". Thus, no matter how large a delegation any State had, it was allowed to cast but a single vote. The Virginia plan for a new Constitution changed this equality of votes to a vote in Congress equal to the population of that State. Naturally this was violently opposed by the less populated States which wanted the equal vote in the Articles to be continued. According to the Virginia plan, Virginia would have sixteen votes in Congress while Georgia had only one. This was certainly not fair to the less populous States, although such would in time of course gain in population. There would have been a deadlock on this point but for a compromise. This compromise was a Congress of two Houses instead of one. It was agreed by both the "large" and the "small" States that one of these Houses—the House of Representatives—should consist of members

elected by popular vote, its State having representation according to its size of population. It was also agreed that the other House—the Senate—should consist of only two members from each state, regardless of population. Since national legislation was to be divided between these two Houses, the consent of both being necessary to the making of laws, it is evident that this compromise equalized the large and the small States in Congress. Although the larger might have everything their own way in the House, the smaller could protect themselves when any law passed by the House was submitted to the Senate. The Senate with its equal representation from each state was a safe-guard against the House with its unequal representation.

Thus, one serious obstacle to the Virginia plan was overcome; but two others stood in the way, one, the counting of slaves with respect to representation. From what we have said, it is clear that the greater the population in a State the larger its representation in the House. Those that had many slaves wanted them counted as part of the population entitled to representation. South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia particularly were urgent that their slaves should be thus counted; but the northern States were strongly against the southern in this matter. But some sort of compromise had to be made to prevent another deadlock, and, although it was argued that slaves were merely property, it was finally agreed that three-fifths of their number in a State should be counted for representation. Thus, another serious difficulty was averted; and the custom of including three-fifths of the slaves for the purpose of representation in Congress was continued until the time of the Civil War.

The third great compromise was in regard to the slave trade and to the control by Congress over commerce. Thirteen years before, the first Continental Congress had declared that "We will neither import nor purchase any slave imported after the first day of December next, after which time we will wholly discontinue the slave trade." But slave labor had become very valuable, and South Carolina and Georgia were insistent that the slave trade should not be stopped. These two were also against regulation of commerce by the general government; while the New England States wanted such regulation. South Carolina and Georgia, however, were willing to place the control of commerce in the hands of the national government if the slave trade was continued. Although there was a bitter discussion over the matter,

a compromise was at last agreed to whereby the slave trade was allowed for twenty years longer—till 1808. In return for this concession, Congress was permitted to “regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States.”

It is thus shown that our Constitution was not wholly satisfactory in every point to all that finally signed it; but it is a remarkable and satisfactory document, none the less. There were other lesser compromises and other changes before the Constitution was ready to be transmitted to the Congress of Confederation, and there were many debates and deliberations over matters as the length of the Presidential term, the powers of the President, &c. As has been stated, the first regular session of this Federal Convention was held on May 25, 1787. Just as there were three compromises during the progress of the Convention, so there were three divisions in the work of creating the Constitution. The first of these was the incomplete draft of the Constitution (May to June); the second the three great compromises (June to July); the third the consideration of other changes, and the putting on of finishing touches (August to September, 1787). On September 8 the Convention placed the document in the hands of a committee of style which revised its wording; Gouverneur Morris being given the credit for the clearness of expression and literary finish of the Constitution.

On September 13, 1787, this committee of style had completed its work, and on the 17th the engrossed and completed Constitution was ready for the signing. Some of the delegates had already withdrawn in disgust, and George Mason, Edmund Randolph and Eldridge Gerry refused to sign it. However, thirty-nine out of the original fifty-five representing twelve states, did sign the seven articles which made up this new Constitution. On the 17th of September, 1787, therefore, the work of the Federal Convention ended. The President of the Convention transmitted the document to Congress, with a resolution respecting how the proposed Federal Government should be established. On the 28th of September Congress sent the Constitution with its resolution to the several legislatures of the States, “to be submitted to a convention of delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof, in conformity to the resolves of the Convention.”

Its seventh Article had provided that “The ratification of the convention of nine states shall be sufficient for the establishment of this

Constitution between the states so ratifying the same." The question was, would nine States ratify the new Constitution? Of course such a radical document caused great discussion and disagreement, and for ten months the Federalists or those in favor of the Constitution argued and strove energetically with those opposed to it. Hamilton and Madison wrote a series of essays upon the subject—published first between October, 1787, and June, 1788, being collected afterward in *The Federalist*—and the influence of these essays in bringing about the adoption of the Constitution was very great. Moreover Washington and many others, famous and respected were heartily in favor of it, and one by one the several States ratified it.

The first of these was Delaware, on December 7, 1787; and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia and New York followed in order the action of Delaware. In Massachusetts there had been considerable opposition, as well as in South Carolina. But, as is seen, eleven States ratified it at last—two more States than necessary for its establishment—and North Carolina ratified it in 1789; Rhode Island, which had sent no delegates to the Federal Convention, not ratifying it until May 19, 1790. So, after three years, all the original thirteen States ratified it and we became a real Union.

There was really no further difficulty in the way of this closer union of the thirteen states. So remarkable was the success of this new Constitution, and it was such a vast improvement over the weak Articles of Confederation, that all opposition to it disappeared almost at once soon after the inauguration of Washington. As for the Congress of Confederation—that died a lingering death. It passed away on October 21, 1788, and its demise was hardly noticed. But it should be remembered for one great event. Just as the second Continental Congress was associated with the Declaration of Independence, so the Congress of Confederation was associated with the Federal Constitution.

The real union of the United States was now consummated. Thirteen dependent colonies had protested in their First Congress, they had declared themselves independent in their Second Congress, and, during their Third Congress, they had become a true union. From thirteen units belonging to Great Britain they had changed to thirteen independent and individual units. From thirteen independent and indi-

vidual units they became a single unit—a nation of *united* states. In reality, the final union of these States under a Constitution was of slow growth, beginning with their different settlements along the Atlantic coast. It was not completed, however, until the inauguration of Washington. But the unifying of the thirteen in America is due to the Constitution. Before its time they were simply thirteen states, divided among themselves. With the advent of the Constitution, and the passing of the spirit of the Articles of Confederation, the thirteen states in America became *one* nation, united and patriotic. ESTO PERPETUA!

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

WAR-TIME RECOLLECTIONS

(*Fourth Paper*)

GETTING AWAY FROM LIBBY

SOME OF THE RUSES TRIED BY DESPERATE PRISONERS

A FEW days after my arrival in Libby a number of doctors and army Chaplains, who, being non-combatants, were not long detained as prisoners of war, were sent down to the flag-of-truce boat in charge of Commissioner Ould, to be forwarded to Fortress Monroe. One of these was Chaplain McCabe, a genial and energetic gentleman, who for twenty-seven years has been lecturing on "The Bright Side of Libby Prison." In the course of his short detention supplies were received from the North, and his stay was brightened by the certainty that he would soon be sent home; but, as a matter of fact, he left Libby with as little knowledge, from his own experience, of its dark side as he had of the topography of the other side of the moon.

Every one who remained was heartily glad to see some one getting away. The doctors, Chaplains, and other special exchanges left their blankets behind, which was something. But in this batch there was one Chaplain—not Mr. McCabe, who was and is a most generous man—who not only carried his blankets North with him, when so many were suffering every night for such covering, but who actually carried away a lot of condemned food that had come through for him under flag of truce. He may have had shipwreck or a return in his mind, but certain it is that he had neither patriotism nor Christianity in his heart.

In striking contrast with the conduct of this Chaplain on this occasion was that of a young Assistant Army Surgeon, whose name, to my regret, has escaped my memory. Middle-aged persons will recall that in the Fall of 1863 Major Harry White, now Judge White of Pennsylvania, was elected to the Senate of that State. Either immediately before or immediately after this election Major White was captured in the valley and sent on to Libby. Without him the Pennsylvania Senate was a tie, and to break this the Republicans made every effort to have him specially exchanged, and the Confederates, fully aware of the situation and exceedingly anxious to add to the political complica-

tions in the North, held stubbornly on to him. For this reason Major White became, like Sawyer and Flynn, one of our famous prisoners.

Whether the young doctor proposed it himself, or whether he accepted the suggestion of others, I do not know, but certain it is he agreed to stay in White's place, while White went through as an Assistant Surgeon. The plan was feasible. The men were taken from the prison early in the morning and twenty-four hours must elapse before another roll call, when, if the Major's flight were discovered, he would be safely under the protection of our flag. To insure safety the Major's hair and beard were cut. I gave him my old slouch hat, and after his disguise was completed every one declared that his own mother would not know him if she met him on the street—which was highly probable—and that he looked much more like a doctor than he did like a lawyer or a soldier.

A majority of the prisoners were Republicans, but the Democrats were just as eager to help White off and were equally rejoiced at the prospect of his escape. He answered to the young Surgeon's name when taken to Turner's office, passed the ordeal without suspicion, and when we saw him marching down Casey Street in the direction of the steamboat landing we felt sure that the dead-lock in the Pennsylvania Senate would be broken within a week. But alas! for the vanity of human wishes and the futility of human plans, Major White's identity was discovered just as he was about to step on the flag-of-truce boat, and he was marched back to prison. The young doctor paid for his pluck and self-denial by a long stay in Libby, but subsequently he and Major White were specially exchanged.

While this elaborate plan for escape failed so disastrously, one of the simplest efforts of the kind made in the course of the war was a grand success. This was the case of Lieut. Kupp, or Cupp, of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, and a resident of Bucks County, in that State. In the boxes received from the North the Confederates permitted citizens' clothing, but any other garment of a blue shade was at once confiscated. In this way Kupp, who was a tall, lank young fellow, got a suit of clothes that transformed him from a ragged Yankee into a slab-sided, butternut-clad North Carolinian.

Kupp "hung out" in the Upper Potomac Room, among the roysterers who persisted in making hideous nights already sufficiently

wretched, and after he had got the clothes he assured his friends that he had made up his mind to "light out and go to God's land." But they laughed at him. Those Upper Potomac men never took anybody seriously, particularly one of their own crowd. One morning, after roll call, and when the guards had formed and were going down the stairs leading to Turner's quarters, Kupp, to the dumb amazement of every one who saw the act, fell in behind them and caught step.

The guard passed through Turner's office without halting, but Kupp came to a stop, and, looking about him, found that he was the sole occupant of the prison office. He was about to walk out, when Major Turner appeared and in his peremptory way demanded:

"Who the devil are you, Sir?"

"I'm Tom Jackson," was the sheepish reply.

"A soldier?"

"Yes, Sir, a kinder one."

"Where are you from?"

"Noth Caliney, Teenth Regiment."

"And what in blazes are you doing here?" asked the now indignant Turner.

"Ain't this har house Libby Prison?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Waal, so they told me up the street, an' I reckoned as I was handy I'd kinder peek in an' take a look at the Yanks—if you don't object." said the unabashed Kupp.

"Have you never seen Yankees?"

"Only 'long way off in the deestance, an' them 'uns had guns."

"D— you, Sir! shouted Turner. "Go to the front and you can see lots of Yankees; lots of 'em, Sir. Now, get out of here or I'll have you sent to the guardhouse."

And so Lieut. Kupp was kicked out of Libby by the very man who was responsible for his safe keeping.

Most men on finding themselves in Kupp's position would have made "a bee line for cover" the instant they were outside the prison and the surrounding guards, but not so this imperturbable young gentleman. He deliberately crossed to a vacant lot facing the prison, and picking up a piece of wood he began to whittle, stopping every few minutes to survey his late companions in the Upper Potomac Room. Satisfied with this exterior inspection, he kissed his hand gallantly to the men behind the bars and started for home. Of course Kupp got through to our lines in safety; he was just that kind of a fellow.

About this time Sanderson and Skelton, who were in the hospital, made their escape by bribing a guard. What makes this escape the more remarkable is that Sanderson was a sick man and Skelton was severely wounded, besides which the latter had only one eye, the other having been shot out in the attack on Fort Donelson.

The Confederate authorities seemed to be more particular about the spiritual than the physical welfare of the prisoners. Every Sunday Bishop Lynch or some other Roman Catholic clergyman came to Libby and held religious services, and an Episcopal minister appeared about the same time to comfort the weary souls that were of his way of thinking. In addition to these services, some of the prisoners had been clergymen, and so prayers and prayer meeting were not uncommon, and even those who were not church members listened with respectful attention to the services.

One of the prisoners, who had formerly been a preacher, was Lieut. Col. McMackin of the Twenty-first Illinois. This was Gen. Grant's old regiment, the one which he commanded at the beginning of the war. McMackin was Major of the regiment when Grant was Colonel, but while Grant rose to the head of the Army, his Major, though a brave patriotic man, never got beyond the active rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He was a man at that time over fifty. He was captured at Chicamauga and remained a prisoner till the close of the war. I recall Lieut. Col. McMackin with feelings of great respect. He was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. They had stumped and slept together, and McMackin had the humorous faculty and the ability to tell a story better developed than any man I ever met.

Capt. Bohannon of the Third Middle Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry was another most interesting character. Just here it may not be

amiss to explain to non-military readers the peculiar way in which the Tennessee regiments in the Union Army were numbered. A majority of the East Tennessee mountaineers were staunchly loyal to the old flag, and thousands of them "refugeed" into Kentucky in the early days of the war, and were there organized into regiments that took the distinctive names of First East Tennessee Cavalry, Second East Tennessee Artillery or Infantry, and so on. When Andrew Johnson became provisional Governor of Tennessee in 1862, the loyal men—and there were many of them in Middle and West Tennessee—were organized without any regard to the East Tennessee regimental numbers, so that we had in our service the First East Tennessee Cavalry, and the First West Tennessee Cavalry, and so this peculiar numbering was kept up with other regiments, causing no little confusion at times.

Capt. Bohannon was a native of Middle Tennessee. At this time—January, 1864—he was about forty-five years of age, and a fine soldierly looking man. He had been in the Mexican war, and after the annexation of California he went West and accumulated a fortune. He was unmarried, and all his relatives were in the South, and when the war broke out, all of them, with the exception of a nephew, sided strongly with the Confederacy. Bohannon was too positive a man to remain long in doubt. At Lincoln's first call, he disposed of most of his property and started East. He helped to raise his own regiment, and it was with difficulty that he could be prevailed on by Gov. Johnson to take a commission. Heart, soul, and fortune this gallant man gave to the war, and he was ready to give his life. When he told me his story as we lay side by side one night, I did not dream that he would be called on to make the sacrifice before the week passed.

The wet floors gave him a bad cough and one morning when the guards came in to "roust" the men out for roll call, Capt. Bohannon staggered to his feet and fell back again. No uncommon occurrence this. Dr. Sabal, a Confederate Surgeon, and as noble a man as ever wore blue or gray, came in after roll call and said: "He has pneumonia, both lungs are affected. He must go to the hospital."

'Both lungs, doctor?' gasped the Captain.

"Yes, my poor fellow, but don't lose heart," said Sabal.

"Thanks, doctor, but I know what that means. I am called."

Poor Bohannon shook hands with his friends and messmates and was taken to the hospital, under the Lower Potomac Room. A few days afterward, a cart backed up to the hospital door, and we could see a form wrapped in a blanket placed therein. The cart drove off and Bohannon's name was dropped from the list of the living.

Since my Libby experience I have never attempted to trace out the origin of a rumor, no matter how reliable or wild it might seem. There was a very general belief that the rumors that daily excited the prisoners originated with the wilder spirits in the Upper Potomac Room, but I will not vouch for this. There were frequent rumors that Lee's army was in revolt, but these found no believers. "Exchange! An immediate exchange!" When this was shouted through the prison every one was credulous, for it was the one thing which every heart craved. Our dreams by night and our thoughts by day were about exchange; no wonder, then, that we were all so ready to believe that our yearnings were to be gratified and our prayers answered. But unlike the false cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" there never came a time, except to a favored few, when the alarm proved true.

Some men—they were principally the married officers who had wives and little ones at home—would talk about nothing but exchange. They were said to have "exchange on the brain." and I recall, with a feeling of pity, how intense the desire became with these men when the supplies from the North were cut off and the forms grew thinner and the eyes more hollow in the bitter cold months of early '64. I think now that these constant rumors and the ceaseless talk about exchange did the men good. Could they have known that there was to be no more exchange and that the majority must face rags, filth, and famine for another year and a half, I am quite sure that many more of the brave fellows would have gone down to prison graves.

The desire for news was intense. Now and then we succeeded in getting copies of the Richmond papers, generally the *Inquirer* and *Whig*, both strongly Confederate and very hopeful of their cause, but we could read between the lines and tell pretty well the true state of affairs. The editorial articles were pleas for furloughed volunteers to return or exhortations to those who owed "tax in kind" to settle up with the Government. But while thus exposing the weakness of their own side, these papers basely tried to comfort their readers with pen

pictures of the "desolation, destitution, and discontent" prevailing throughout the North. The editor of the *Whig* said in one number that he had had an interview with a lady who had just come through under flag-of-truce. He said in effect: "This lady is intelligent and trustworthy. She assures us that if Lincoln does not disband his army and acknowledge the Confederacy before Spring the people will swarm to Washington and drive him from the White House, if they do not hang him. As an illustration of the stagnation existing in New-York City, this lady showed us a bunch of grass which she had plucked in one of the principal streets."

Now and then these papers would have something to say about Castle Thunder, Libby, the Pemberton Building, or Belle Isle; in the last two our enlisted men were confined. The Pemberton Building was on the south side of Casey Street, about fifty yards to the east of Libby, so that we could see the poor fellows without being able to communicate with them.

Every morning just about daylight an old colored man who sold papers would come down past the prison, and reserving his strength for this special occasion, he would shout out the news to the best of his knowledge and belief, and although he seldom proved to be a trustworthy contraband, every prisoner eagerly listened for his coming, even though much of his matter appeared to be stereotyped and much battered by long usage. I can hear him still—I think we decided to call him "Jake"—I can hear old Jake's voice now, though it must be long since hushed in the grave, calling out, as it did when it roused us into wakefulness in those dark, cold mornings:

"Gerrait news! All de news fom de front! Gerrait news fom de Potomac! Gerrait battle yesserday! No side won! Gerrait raiden bime Yanks in de mountains! Hunreds kilt!' and so on, till his voice died out in the direction of sunrise.

Ordinary notepaper was selling in Richmond at this time for 25 cents a sheet—when sold to the prisoners it came as high as 30 cents, envelopes to match. The authorities allowed us to write whenever a flag-of-truce boat was ready to go down the river, but the amount was limited to one page of notepaper, and every letter had to remain open for inspection—the latter a proper provision in the circumstances. But the writing of letters was nothing to the receiving of them.

Naggs, Adj. Naggs of Detroit, Mich., was the man who acted, if not by selection, by universal consent, as our Postmaster. He gathered up the letters that were to be sent off and turned them over to the Confederates. And to him was given the mail that had come in under flag of truce for the homesick prisoners. To see Naggs standing on the head of a barrel, with a swarm of ragged, dirty, and eager-faced men round him, while he called out the names of the fortunate, was something not to be forgotten soon. The man who got a letter from home would start off, try to find a quiet spot, and devour the letter very fast, and then take it in very slowly to get all the good of it. After which he would read it over for days, nor cease when he knew it by heart and it came to pieces at the folds.

The men would watch Naggs till the last letter in the bag was drawn out, and then the ones who had not been favored, who had not received the expected letter from wife, mother, sweetheart, or friend, would turn sadly away, and for a long time after they would feel colder, hungrier, and more forsaken than before the mail came. As the Confederates read all our letters before they sent them off, so they read every letter that came from the North before they delivered it. Northern papers, everything indeed but actual letters from friends, were confiscated.

It must not be imagined that the prisoners sat down and moped. There were 1,300 men in Libby at this time. Officers, all intelligent, some even scholarly, and every man of them plucky and patriotic. The simplest of them knew that to give way to the blues meant death, and that to keep the mind and body as active as possible was not only duty but a necessity.

The men who carved bones into distorted crucifixes and doubtful napkin rings were not as one in ten, so that other means must be adopted to employ the minds of the majority who had not "bone on the brain." We had debating societies in every room, and I have heard some as excellent speeches there as I ever listened to outside of Libby, and some more broadly humorous than any I ever heard anywhere; indeed, they would have been impossible outside of that place and that audience.

We had chess and checkers; some men would lie down on their faces for hours at a time playing the latter game with white and black

bone buttons and on a board marked off on the floor with a knife, but the aristocratic game of chess was played with some dignity and it aroused more interest. Match games between the different rooms, which meant between men from the different armies, were of constant occurrence. The men from the Lower Potomac Room, or, rather, their best players, would formally challenge the best players of the Upper Chicamauga, who would as formally accept. The players always remained in their own rooms, and lines of couriers were established to shout the moves from one to the other. Back and forth along this animated telegraph line the orders would go for hours at a time, and, when at length one or the other was checkmated, such a cheer would go up from the victors and their partisans as would make the rafters of the old building ring again, while the guards would halt and ask each other: "What in thunder is up with the Yankees now?"

ASA N. HAYS.

(To be Continued)

SAKAKAWEA, THE "BIRD WOMAN"

THIS remarkable character in Northwest history was taken captive as a child from her own tribe, the Shoshones, by a war band of the Hidatsa or Grosventres, then living on the Missouri river. She lived for many years at one of the Hidatsa villages, near the present town of Stanton, North Dakota, on the Knife river, a tributary of the Missouri. This place was known as the Five Villages, from the fact that there were in the vicinity three Hidatsa and two Mandan villages. She became the wife of a Frenchman, Charbonneau, who was at this time living with the Hidatsa as a free trader. When the Lewis and Clark expedition reached the Five villages in 1804, they wintered there and became acquainted with Charbonneau and his wife. In the spring they hired him to act as guide and interpreter for their trip west to the Pacific. His wife with her infant boy accompanied her husband on the expedition. Her quick wit and resourcefulness at critical places made her invaluable to the expedition. Her chief service was performed, however, when the expedition arrived at the territory of the Shoshones. Sakakawea still recalled enough of her native speech to act as interpreter and by good fortune she met her brother, who had become one of the leading men of her tribe. She was thus able to obtain peaceable entrance for the whites into this region which these Indians had jealously guarded from invasion, and to secure guides and much needed supplies of food. Through the friendly intervention of this powerful and warlike tribe the Lewis and Clark expedition was able to make the dangerous and difficult crossing of the Rocky Mountains, and to reach the mouth of the Columbia river in safety.

On account of these important national services which she rendered, the women and children of North Dakota, under the direction of the State Federation of Women's clubs, raised sufficient money to have made a beautiful bronze statue of Sakakawea, and the statue was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies at the State Capitol grounds, where it now stands. It is the work of the talented young sculptor, Leonard Crunelle of Chicago. In preparation for his task he visited the Fort Berthold reservation in North Dakota, and made a number of excellent photographic studies of a young Hidatsa woman. After

repeated efforts and after destroying three complete models, he succeeded in producing what is undoubtedly the finest Indian statue in existence. It represents Sakakawea in the ancestral dress of a young woman, made of the skin of the Rocky Mountain sheep, dressed for the long march, and carrying her baby suspended on her back in Indian fashion. The statue depicts her in the act of reaching up with her right hand to throw a fold of her blanket over the head of her sleeping baby, while with her left hand, she pulls taut the strap which passes across both her arms near the shoulder and upon which the weight of the child rests. Though in the act of readjusting her burden, this does not prevent her from continuing her steady, swinging step forward on the long trail to the westward. The Indians of the Hidatsa and Mandan tribes have inspected the statue and they are unanimous in their approval of every detail in its makeup, and are proud of the statue as being a true representation of their life in the old days.

Regarding the spelling of the name of this famous woman, much unnecessary controversy seems to have been carried on. In the language of the Hidatsa, the tribe among whom she spent her childhood and from whom she received her name, "Bird Woman" is always pronounced Sa-ká-ka-we-a. Analyzing the word into its parts,—Sakaka means *bird* and wea means *woman*. Another spelling seems to have unfortunately become current and causes much confusion. In the original Lewis and Clark journal, both these explorers spell the name as it sounded and each gives four different spellings of the name. But the fact that they both call her "Bird Woman" settles past any dispute that in their awkward attempts at spelling her Indian name, they meant to give it as Sa-ká-ka-we-a. This question is fully discussed in Volume I of the Collections of the State Historical Society of North Dakota, and in that work is given the further evidence for the correct spelling of this name.

O. G. LIBBY,

Secretary State Historical Society of North Dakota.

UNIVERSITY, N. D.

HOW COLONEL SHAW FELL

THE HARVARD HERO'S DEATH AT FORT WAGNER

The following is the third and final instalment of the unpublished letters of Col. Robert Gould Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers. The first two letters are more of Colonel Shaw's reports to Governor Andrew and these are followed by Lieut.-Col. Edward N. Hallowell's story of the tragic but glorious end of Colonel Shaw on the walls of Fort Wagner. There is appended also Governor Andrew's letter to Colonel Shaw offering him the command of the regiment. Other heretofore unpublished letters of Colonel Shaw during his service in the Seventh New York and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, including his account of an extraordinary call on President Lincoln, appeared in the February, March and May Magazine.

St. Simon's Island, June 14, 1863.

His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor of Mass.:

DEAR SIR: Since I last wrote you, the Fifty-fourth has arrived at St. Simon's Island, Georgia, and encamped on the west shore, opposite the mainland.

On the 10th and 11th inst. we took part in an expedition under Colonel Montgomery. We met no enemy, and our only exploit was the capture of eighty-five bales of cotton, and the burning of the town of Darien. The latter performance disgusted me exceedingly. I never knew before of a town being burnt to the ground without some good reason, especially when it contained only old men, women, and children. It seems to me that such a course is sure to bring discredit on the coloured troops, if persisted in. The men themselves behaved well. They plundered and destroyed only by order of the commanding officer, and were not allowed to scatter through the town, or, indeed, to leave the ranks, unless under charge of a commissioned officer.

Not a shot was fired at us from Darien. As far as I can ascertain, it is not a place of refuge for rebels, and as our boats could at any time pass by it, up the Altamaha, the destruction seemed to me perfectly useless, if not barbarous.

SPIRIT OF HIS TROOPS

I wish I knew whether Montgomery got his orders from his superiors, or, whether it is his own private policy to destroy everything. If the latter, I am sorry he has Massachusetts troops to assist him.

He is perfectly conscientious about it himself, and thinks it is the will of God that the Southerners should be swept from the face of the earth.

From what I have seen of the contraband regiments, I think my men are generally superior to them in energy and spirit. It is wonderful with what readiness they adapt themselves to all the discomforts and inconveniences of campaigning. They learn to make themselves comfortable, in a very short time, under all circumstances, and in this respect seem like old soldiers from the very beginning.

With my respects to Mrs. Andrew, believe me, truly and respectfully yours,

ROBERT G. SHAW

St. Helena's Island, S. C.,
July 2, 1863.

His Excellency, Governor Andrew:

DEAR SIR:

Since I last wrote you, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment has left St. Simon's Island, and returned to St. Helena's, near Hilton Head. We are now encamped in a healthy place, close to the harbour where we get the sea-breeze.

You have probably seen the order from Washington, which cuts down the pay of Coloured troops from \$13 to \$10. Of course, if this affects Massachusetts regiments, it will be a great piece of injustice to them, as they were enlisted on the express understanding that they were to be on precisely the same footing as all other Massachusetts troops. In my opinion, they should be mustered out of the service, or receive the full pay which was promised them. The paymaster here is inclined to class us with the contraband regiments, and pay the men only \$10. If he does not change his mind, I shall refuse to have the regiment paid, until I hear from you on the subject. And, at any rate, I trust you will take the matter in hand, for every pay-day we shall have the same trouble, unless there is a special order to prevent it.

Another change that has been spoken of, was the arming of negro troops with pikes, instead of fire-arms. Whoever proposed it first must have been looking for a means of annihilating negro troops alto-

gether, I should think, or have never been under a heavy musketry fire, nor observed its effects. This project is abandoned now, I believe.

SHORT OF OFFICERS

I have heard nothing as yet in regard to the officers I wrote you of from St. Simon's Island. As we are very short of line officers, I hope that some of them are on the way to join us. Another man whom I can recommend for Major of this Regiment is Lieutenant Thomas B. Fox, of the Second Massachusetts. He is, as you know, a very capable man, and a good officer.*

It appears that Colonel Montgomery had orders, from General Hunter, to destroy all the dwelling-houses he might find, when making an expedition inland. The destruction of Darien was the result. Colonel Montgomery showed me some of Hunter's letters on the subject, and assured me that he himself was much opposed to it at first, but, after a few days' reflection, he began to think that it was the proper thing to do.

My men are well and in good spirits. We have only five in hospital. We are encamped with the Second South Carolina, near General Strong's Brigade, and are under his immediate command. He seems anxious to do all he can for us, and if there is a fight in the Department, will no doubt give the black troops a chance to show what stuff they are made of.

With many wishes for your good health and happiness, I remain,

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

ROBERT G. SHAW

(Correspondence of Providence Journal)

MORRIS ISLAND, July 18.

At ten minutes past six the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (coloured regiment) is moving up the Island, and if one had not before met the young-looking man who is walking along beside the line of dusky faces, he would hardly think that he was the Colonel of this fine-looking body of black men. With a simple suit, hardly a uniform, with his modest and unassuming manner, certainly Colonel Shaw cannot help finding and winning friends, wherever he may be. The regiment halted near us (for, being discovered from Wagner, a number of shell was dropped among them), and rested a few moments behind the sand-

* This brave young officer died, on the 25th July, of wounds received at Gettysburg.—Ed.

hills. In fifteen or twenty minutes they formed and moved away, up, by, and beyond our batteries, taking the extreme advance, or right of the line.

What followed thereafter is told in an extract from the touching letter of Lieut.-Col' E. N. Hallowell;

* * * * *

When the first attack was made upon Fort Wagner, you may remember it failed because some of the regiments refused to advance under so heavy a fire, and the report came to us upon James Island that a call would be made for volunteers to charge and take the Fort. Colonel Shaw told me of it, and proposed to offer our regiment, saying that, if the honour were conferred upon us, it would be a splendid chance to prove to the world that our men were worth to be respected as soldiers, and that we were willing to risk our lives in the cause we had undertaken.

On the 15th of July, after the fight in the morning, the Fifty-fourth was sent to the front, and while there we received our last mail. * * * The Colonel and I sat down together, and read our letters, and then talked of our homes, and the friends we might never see again. During the conversation, I asked him if, in case we charged the fort, he intended to go in front of the men, or behind them; to which he replied: "I cannot tell now, but I trust that God will give me strength to do my duty." He then asked me if I believed in presentiments, and said he felt he should be killed in the first action. I told him I thought it wrong to yield to such a feeling, and he must shake it off. He quietly answered: "I will try."

At nine o'clock that night we were ordered to march to Cole's Island, where we stayed all of the next day, and where he wrote a letter to Governor Andrew, and one to you. The whole of the night of the 17th we were occupied in getting the men on board the steamer. After breakfast on the 18th, I found him lying on the deck near the pilot-house. I said: "Rob, don't you feel well? Why are you so sad?" He turned towards me, and replied: "O Ned! If I could only live a few weeks longer with my wife, and be at home a little while, I think I might die happy; but it cannot be; I do not believe I shall live through our next fight." We stayed together for some time without speaking. He then asked me to leave him, as he wished to think about home. In an hour he came down. All sadness had passed from his

face, and he was perfectly cheerful the rest of the day. We got the men ready to land at Folly Island. We marched about six miles to the inlet, and then crossed in boats to Morris Island. The Colonel went with Wilkie James to find General Strong, to whom we were ordered to report, and I fell asleep on the sand. Wilkie came back and told us that the General wished us to march to the front, to assist in the assault on Fort Wagner. We then marched to General Strong's headquarters.

SPRANG INTO THE DITCH

The General invited Colonel Shaw to supper, and sent me with the men farther on. When he rejoined us, the Colonel told me what we were expected to do. I asked him if he would send the things he had in his pocket to the rear. He said: "No, they may as well go with me." The regiment was formed in two lines; the Colonel taking the right wing, which was in front. While we were waiting for the order to advance, he came to me and said: "Ned, I shall go in advance of the men with the National flag; you will keep the State flag with you. It will give the men something to rally round. We shall take the fort, or die there. Good-bye! If I do not come back, take my field-glass." We then parted. He seemed happy and cheerful; all of the sadness had left him, and I am sure he felt ready to meet his fate.

I saw him again, just for an instant, as he sprang into the ditch; his broken and shattered regiment were following him, eager to share with him the glory of his death. I loved him sincerely, with all the feeling one man can have for another.

When news that Col. Shaw had fallen reached this city, the *New York Evening Post* published the following:

"By his death the country has lost a brave and noble-hearted gentleman, and a tried and skillful soldier."

The following is the letter from Governor Andrew to Colonel Shaw;

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Executive Department,
Boston, January 30, 1863.

Francis G. Shaw, Esq., Staten Island, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: As you may have seen by the newspapers, I am about to raise a Coloured Regiment in Massachusetts. This I cannot but

regard as perhaps the most important corps to be organized during the whole war, in view of what must be the composition of our new levies, and, therefore, I am very anxious to organize it judiciously in order that it may be a model for all future Coloured Regiments.

I am desirous to have for its officers, particularly for its field officers, young men of military experience, of firm Anti-slavery principles, ambitious, superior to the vulgar contempt for colour, and having faith in the capacity of coloured men for military service. Such officers must be necessarily gentlemen of the highest tone and honour, and I shall look for them in those circles of educated Anti-slavery society, which next to the coloured race itself, has the greatest interest in the success of this experiment.

Reviewing the young men of the character I have described, now in the Massachusetts service, it occurs to me to offer the Colonelcy of such a Regiment to your son, Captain Shaw of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and the Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Captain Hallowell of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, the son of Mr. Morris L. Hallowell of Philadelphia.

With my deep conviction of the importance of this undertaking, in view of the fact that it will be the first Coloured Regiment to be raised in the Free States, and that its success, or its failure, will go far to elevate, or to depress, the estimation in which the character of the Coloured Americans will be held throughout the world, the command of such a regiment seems to me to be a high object of ambition for any officer. How much your son may have reflected upon such a subject I do not know, nor have I any information of his disposition for such a task, except what I have derived from his general character and reputation; nor should I wish him to undertake it, unless he could enter upon it with a full sense of its importance, with an earnest determination for its success, and with the assent, sympathy, and support of his immediate family. I therefore beg to enclose to you the letter in which I make him the offer of this commission, and I shall be obliged to you if you will forward it to him, accompanying it with any expression to him of your own views, and if you will also write to me upon the subject.

My mind is drawn toward Captain Shaw by many considerations. I am sure that he would attract the support, sympathy, and active co-operation of many besides his immediate family and relatives. The

more ardent, faithful, true Republicans and friends of Liberty would recognize in him a scion of a tree whose fruit and leaves have alike contributed to the strength and healing of our generation. So, also, is it with Captain Hollowell. His father is a Quaker gentleman of Philadelphia, two of whose sons are officers in our regiments, and another is a merchant in Boston. Their house in Philadelphia is a hospital, almost, for Massachusetts officers, and the family are full of good works; Mr. H. being my constant adviser in the interest of our soldiers, when ill or in distress, in that city. I need not add that young Captain Hollowell is a gallant and fine fellow, true as steel to the cause of Humanity, as well as to the Flag of the Country.

I wish to engage the field officers, and then get their aid in selecting those of the line. I have offers from Oliver T. Beard, of Brooklyn, New York, late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, who says he can already furnish six hundred men; and from others, wishing to furnish men from New York and from Connecticut, but I do not wish to start the regiment under a stranger to Massachusetts. If in any way, by suggestion or otherwise, you can aid the purpose which is the burden of this letter, I shall receive your co-operation with the heartiest gratitude.

I do not wish the office to go begging, and if the offer is refused, I would prefer its being kept reasonably private. Hoping to hear from you on receiving this letter, I am, with high regard,

Your obedient servant and friend,

JOHN A. ANDREW

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

WASHINGTON TO GENERAL JOHN GLOVER ON LOSING GOOD OFFICERS

Headquarters, June 29, 1779.

DEAR SIR:

I have your favor of the 24th inst, upon the subject of the Massachusetts arrangement. I regret the necessity that obliges good officers to leave the service. It should be pressing indeed to induce them to such a measure at any time; but particularly at this stage of the campaign. I have inclosed a Discharge for Major Bradish, as I had no hopes of prevailing him to continue from the tenor of his letter and his repeated applications, and as the arrangement could not be completed, if the matter remained open to the subject of further correspondence. You will be pleased to transmit it. In view of regularity there should be a certificate from his Colonel and the Pay Master of the Regiment, that he was not indebted to the Public or to the Regiment. I would wish you to obtain this still and to forward it to me.

I have also been favored with your letter of the 27th. Major Howe will start out to-morrow to take command in your Quarter and will be instructed on the points contained in your letter. Colonel Wadsworth has been written to with respect to the supply of Rum and I have no doubt but that he will furnish the quantity if it is in his power. It is a scarce article and extremely difficult to secure.

I am Dr. Sir with great regard

Yr. most Obed Serv't.
Go. WASHINGTON

Gen. Glover.

WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO COL. THEODORICK BLAND, JR., ON THE "CONVENTION TROOPS"

Head Quarters, West Point,

Oct. 13, 1779

I have been favored with your letters of the 22d & 23d of last month, with their several inclosures, a few days since.

The means you have used to prevent the desertions of the Convention troops, and to recover such as had made their escape, are perfectly

agreeable, and I am glad your attention has checked a practice attended with so very few advantages. In your late transaction with Major General Philips, I can but approve the spirit of your conduct. It is to be hoped from the system which you have established at Charlottesville, that in future less application will be necessary for the discharge of its several duties, and that you will have more leisure to attend to the establishment of your health. Should you be of opinion, that the command can be properly executed, by any officers now present, I shall have no objection to your retiring for some time for the purpose of health and relaxation. In this case, I wish you to give such instructions as may obviate any inconvenience that may be likely to arise in your absence. If you could visit it in the intermediate time, it would be still more likely to continue things, in the good order which you have established.

With respect to your resignation, if you are determined on the step, I must refer you to Congress. Were I to speak my wishes on the occasion, they would be for your remaining in the service.

I have considered the application from the German pastor, but do not think it expedient at this time to indulge him in his request. If he prefers America, with a little patience he may have it in his power to settle to advantage.

I am Dr Sir
Your obedient
and most hble Sevt
G. WASHINGTON."

JOHN ADAMS ON CONGRESSIONAL TIMIDITY.
TO THE REV. JEDIDIAH MORSE

Quincy, Mass.,
Nov. 2, 1815

The History of the United States never has been written and never can be written. Nothing remains of the Revolution but the dead Carcass. The Soul is fled from Earth and recorded only in Heaven. Congress was the Soul of the Revolution, if it had any Soul: But Congress was a Secret Conclave. Their Journals are the most meagre of Annals. There was a Secret Journal, which has never been published

and another more Secret, the Secret of Secrets which never will be published. This timidity Sufficiently excited my Contempt and indignation at the time to make me enemies, who never forgot their resentments... No Man has written the History of the Congress of America from 1774 to 1783, nor from thence to 1789. Nor can the History of it from 1774 to 1778 ever be written, etc.

LETTER OF FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE ON CONGRESS.
TO COL. LANDON CARTER, VIRGINIA

Philadelphia, May 21, 1776

Perhaps it would be well if Congress was allowed to form a Government for the Colonies, but it does not pretend, nor will ever be allowed, to interfere with their internal policy. All it can do is to recommend to them to establish such government as will best contribute to their happiness; & this is done. However as I find there are many good men in the Convention I hope they will make such an establishment as will put a stop to the rising disorders with you & secure internal quiet for the future. The violent struggle we have to go through this summer, the hardships we must suffer make it necessary to cultivate the utmost harmony among ourselves. This & the adjoining colonies are going fast into independence & constituting new governm'ts—Letters & Intelligence rec'd yesterday from London leave no room to doubt of the diabolical intentions of Administration against us.—We have the treaties with Hesse, Brunswick & Waldeck. They are curious. If they are printed I will send you a copy. We have been unfortunate at Quebeck. Gen. Wooster, an old woman, suffer'd himself to be surprized by a reinforcement & lost his cannon, a Stand of Arms, a good deal of Powder & his sick men, bad weather had prevented better officers from joining the Army, etc.

GENERAL SHERMAN ON HANGING, TO COL. JOSEPH HOLT

Head Quarters, Nashville, Tenn.,
April 6, 1864

A highly important historical letter, denouncing Guerrilla warfare and asking Col. Holt to inform him whether the law would allow him to execute the sentence of death upon prisoners found guilty of the offence, by a court martial.

I wrote you from Memphis some time ago asking your specific instructions as to the Power of a commander of an Army in the Field to Approve and Execute the Sentence of death.

I have not yet time or the means to examine the question but even the Law of Congress approved Dec. 24, 1861, on page 490 of the Volume, Military Laws 1776-1863, gives Division & even Brigade Commanders power to order General Courts Martial and to approve and Execute Sentences save in cases of death, & dismissal of a commissioned Officer, which requires the approval of the General Commanding the Army in the Field. I have always considered that as final, and to Substitute the said Commander in place of the President of the U. S., in the cases enumerated in the 65 and 89th of the Old Articles of War. The question arises daily, and I expect to execute a good many Spies and Guerillas under that Law, without bothering the President. For many Spies & villains Escape us in the time consumed by trial, review and remission to Washington, and we all know that it is very hard for the President to hang Spies even after conviction, when a troop of friends follow the sentence with earnest and ex parte appeals. Spies & Guerillas, Murderers under the assumed title of Confederate Soldiers, * * * should be hung quick, of course after a Record trial * * * Our own Scouts and detachments have so little faith in the punishment of known desperadoes that a habit is growing of 'losing prisoners in a swamp', the meaning of which you know. This horrible attendant of War originated in the practices of our Enemies and I have seen it chuckled over in their public journals, but our own men are quick to learn, and unless a legal punishment can be devised you will soon be relieved of all such cases. I believe that the veriest demon should have a hearing and a trial, but punishment should be prompt, yea speedy, as it loses its efficiency. * * * Forty or fifty executions now would in the next twelve months save a thousand lives.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

(Continued)

CHAPTER XLI

GREYSLAER seemed to have no questions to put in cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, and this part of the proceedings was soon disposed of. The impression made by the testimony was so strong that the prosecuting attorney scarcely attempted to enforce it by any comments; and now the prisoner for the first time opened his lips in his own defence.

"I come not here," said Greyslaer, "to struggle for a life which is not valueless; and though there are flaws in the evidence just given which the plain story I might tell would, I think, soon make apparent to all who hear me, I am willing to abide by the testimony as it stands. I mean," said he, with emphasis, "the testimony immediately relating to the transaction which has placed me where I am. *But*, regardless as I may be of the issues of this trial as respects myself, there is another implicated in its results whom that gentleman—I thank him for the kindness, though God knows he little meant it as such—has given me the opportunity of vindicating before the community where she has been so cruelly maligned. Death for me has no terrors, the scaffold no shame, if the proceedings by which I shall perish shall providentially, in their progress, make fully clear her innocence."

The counsel for the prosecution here rose, and suggested that the unfortunate prisoner had better keep to the matter immediately before the court. He saw no necessity for making a double issue in the trial, &c. &c. The spectators, who were already impressed by the few words which Greyslaer had uttered, murmured audibly at the interruption. But Max only noticed the rudeness by a cold bow to the opposite party, as, still addressing the court, he straightway resumed:

"The learned advocate, who has given such signal proofs of his zeal, and his ability in this day's trial has directed his chief efforts to prove a sufficient motive for the commission of the act with which I am charged. In the attempt to accomplish this, the name of a most unfortunate lady has been dragged before a public court in a manner

not less cruel than revolting. I have a right to disprove, if I can, the motive thus alleged to criminate me; and the vindication of that lady's fame is thus inseparably connected with my own. But to wipe off the aspersions on her character, I must have time to send for the necessary documents. The court will readily believe that I could never have anticipated the mode in which this prosecution has been conducted, and will not, therefore, think I presume upon its lenity in asking for a suspension of the trial for two days only."

The court looked doubtfully at the counsel for the state, but seemed not indisposed to grant the privilege which the prisoner asked with such confidence; but the keen advocate was instantly upon his feet, and urging that the prisoner had enjoyed every opportunity of choosing such counsel as he pleased, insisted that it was too late to put in so feeble a plea, merely for the purpose of gaining time, in the vain hope of ultimately defeating justice. The calmness of Greyslaer, the apparent indifference to his fate which had hitherto been most remarkable, vanished the instant the bench had announced its decision against him; and his voice now rung through the crowded chamber in an appeal that stirred the hearts and quickened the pulses of every one around him.

"What!" he said, "is the life of your citizens so valueless that the hollow forms of the law—the law, which was meant to protect the innocent, shall thus minister to their undoing? Does the veil of justice but conceal a soulless image, as deaf to the appeal of truth as she is painted blind to the influence of favor? Sir, sir, I warn you how you this day wield the authority with which you sit there invested. You, sir, are but the servant of the people; and I, though standing here accused of felony, am still one of the people themselves, until a jury of my peers has passed upon my character. An hour since, and irregular, violent, and unjust as I knew these precipitate proceedings to be—an hour since, and I was willing to abide by their result, whatever fatality to me might attend it. I cared not, recked not for the issue. But I have now a new motive for resisting the doom which it seems predetermined shall be pronounced upon me: a duty to perform to my country, which is far more compulsory than any I might owe to myself. Sir, you cannot, you shall not, you dare not thus sacrifice me. It is the judicial murder of an American citizen against which I protest. I denounce that man as the instrument of a political faction, hostile to this

government, and plotting the destruction of one of its officers. I charge you, sir, with aiding and abetting in a conspiracy to take away my life. I call upon you to produce the evidence that Walter Bradshawe is not yet living. I assert that that man and his friends know well that he has not fallen by my hands, and that they, the subtle and traitorous movers of this daring prosecution, have withdrawn him for a season only to effect my ruin.—Let the clerk swear the counsel for the prosecution; I demand him to take his place on that stand as *my* first witness in this cause.”

The effect of this brief and bold appeal upon every one present was perfectly astounding. Its influence in our time can only be appreciated by remembering how generally the taint of disaffection attached to the upper classes of society in the Province of New York, and how withering to character was the charge of Toryism, unless the suspicion could be instantly wiped away. It would seem, too—though Greyslaer had only ventured upon this desperate effort to turn the tables upon his persecutors in momentary suspicion that he was unfairly dealt with—it would seem that there was really some foundation for the charge of secret disaffection which he so boldly launched against his wily foe. For the lawyer turned as pale as death at the words where-with the speech of Max concluded; and he leaned over and whispered to the judge with a degree of agitation which was so evident to every one who looked on, that his altered demeanor had the most unfavorable effect for the cause of the prosecution. What he said was inaudible, but its purport might readily be surmised from the bench announcing, after a brief colloquy, “that the prisoner was in deep error in supposing that the counsel for the prosecution was animated by any feeling of personal hostility toward him. That learned gentleman had only attempted to perform the painful duty which had devolved on him, to the best of his ability, as the representative of a public officer now absent, who was an immediate servant of the people. As an individual merely, the known benevolence of that gentleman would induce him to wish every indulgence granted to the prisoner; and, even in his present capacity, he had but now interceded with the bench for a suspension of the trial until time might be given for the production of the documents which the accused deemed essential to his defence. The court itself was grieved to think that the prisoner at the bar had forfeited all title to such indulgence by the unbecoming language he had just used in questioning the fairness with which it came to sit upon this trial; but

the situation of the prisoner, his former patriotic services, and his general moderation of character, must plead in excusing this casual outbreak of his feelings, if no intentional indignity or disrespect to the court was intended. These documents, however, it is supposed, will be forthcoming as soon as—"

"Jist as soon, yere honor—axing yere honor's pardon—jist as soon as those powdered fellows with long white poles in their hands will make room for a chap to get through this tarnal biling o' people and come up to yonder table."

"Make way, there, officer, for that red-faced man with a bald head, who is holding up those papers over the heads of the crowd at the door," cried the good-natured judge to the tipstaff, the moment he discovered the source whence came the uncereemonious interruption.

"Stand aside, will ye, manny?" said Balt, now elbowing his way boldly through the crowd; "don't ye see its the judge himself there that wants me? Haven't ye kept me long enough here, bobbing up and down to catch the eye of the major? Make way, I say. feller-citerzens. I'm blowed if I wouldn't as lief run the gauntlet through as many wild Injuns. Lor! how pesky hot it is," concluded the countryman, wiping his brow as he got at last within the railing which surrounded the bar.

"Come, come, my good fellow," asid the judge, "I saw you holding up some papers just now at the door; why don't you produce them, and tell us where they came from?"

"Came from! Why, where else but out of the brass beaufet where I placed 'em myself, I should like to know! and where I found this pocketbook of the major's, which I thought it might be well to bring along with me, seeing I had to break the lock, and it might, therefore, be no longer safe where I found it."

"The pocketbook! That contains the very paper I want," cried Greyslaer.

"It doesn't hold all on 'em you'd like to see though, I guess, major," said Balt, handing him a packet, which Max straightway opened before turning to the pocketbook, and ran his eye over the papers:

"Memorandum of a release granted by Henry Fenton to the heirs of, &c.; notes of land sold by H. F. in township No. 7, range east," &c.,

&c.; murmured Max; and then added aloud, "these appear to be merely some private papers of the late Mr. Fenton, with which I have no concern; but here is a document—" said he, opening the pocketbook.

"One moment, one moment, major," cried Balt, anxiously; "I can't read written-hand, so I brought 'em all to ye to pick out from; but I mistrust it must be there if you look carefully, for I made out the word Max, with a big G after it, when I first took those papers from the clothes of Mr. Fenton. "

Greyslaer turned over the papers again with a keener interest, and the next moment read aloud:

"In the matter of Derrick de Roos, junior, and Annatie, the Indian woman; deposition as to the parentage of Guise or Guisbert, their child, born out of wedlock, taken before Henry Fenton, justice of the peace, &c., certified copy, to be deposited with Max Greyslaer, Esquire, in testimony of the claim which the said child might have upon his care and protection as the near friend and ward of Derrick De Roos, senior, who, while living, fully acknowledged such claim, in expiation of the misdeeds of his son.

"Witness, HENRY FENTON.

"N. B.—The mother of the child has, with her infant, disappeared from the country since this deposition was taken. She is believed, however, to be still living among the praying Indians of St. Regis, upon the Canada border. H. F."

The deposition, whose substance was given in this endorsement, need not be here recapitulated; and the reader is already in possession of the letter from Bettys to Bradshawe, sufficiently explaining their first abduction of Miss De Roos,* which letter Greyslaer straightway produced from the pocketbook, and read aloud in open court. The strong emotion which the next instant overwhelmed him as he sank back into his seat, prevented Max from adding any comment to this unanswerable testimony, which so instantly wiped every blot from the fair fame of his betrothed.

As for Balt, he only folded his arms and looked sternly around to see if one doubting look could be found among that still assemblage;

* See Chapter 20

but the next moment, as he rightly interpreted the respectful silence which pervaded the place, he buried his face in his hat, to hide the tears which burst from his eyes and coursed down his rude and furrowed cheeks.

The counsel for the prosecution—who, with an air of courtesy and feeling, at once admitted the authenticity of these documents—was the first that broke the stillness of the scene. And his voice rose so musically soft in a beautiful eulogium upon the much-injured lady, whose story had for the moment concentrated every interest, that his eloquence was worthy of a far better heart than his; but, gradually changing the drift of his discourse, he brought it back once more to the prisoner, and reminded the jury that the substantial part of the evidence upon which he had been arraigned was as forcible as ever. The motives for Bradshaw's destruction at the hands of the accused was proved even more strongly than before. There was no man present but must feel that the prisoner had been driven to vengeance by temptation such as the human heart could scarcely resist. But deep as must be our horror at Bradshaw's villainy, and painfully as we must sympathise with the betrothed husband of that cruelly-outraged lady, there was still a duty to perform to the law. The circumstances which had been proved might induce the gentlemen of the jury to recommend the prisoner to the executive for some mitigation of a murderer's punishment, but they could not otherwise affect the verdict which it was their stern and sworn duty to render.

"And you don't mean to let the major go, arter all?" said Balt, addressing himself to the lawyer with little show of respect, as the latter concluded his harangue.

"Silence, sir, silence; take your seat," said a tipstaff, touching Balt on the shoulder.

"And why haven't I as good a right to speak here as that smooth-tongued chap?"

"You must keep silence, my worthy fellow," said the judge. "I shall be compelled to order an officer to remove you if you interrupt the proceedings by speaking again."

"But I will speak again," said Balt, slapping his hat indignantly upon the table. "I say, you Mister Clerk there, take the Bible and

qualify me. I'm going into that witnesses' box. You had better find out whether Wat Bradshawe is dead or no afore you hang the major for killing on him."

But the relation which Balt had to give is too important to come in at the close of a chapter, and it may interest the reader sufficiently to have it detailed with somewhat more continuity than it was now disclosed by the worthy woodsman.

CHAPTER XLII

CONCLUSION

LEAVING Balt to tell the court in his own way the particulars of his first encounter in the forest, we will take up his story from the moment when the broken revelation of the wounded Bettys prompted the woodsman to hurry back to the Hawksnest, where he had deposited the papers of the deceased Mr. Fenton, as mentioned in the chapter of this authentic history.

As Balt approached the neighborhood of the Hawksnest, he found the whole country in alarm. A runner had been despatched from Fort Stanwix, warning the people of that bold and extraordinary inroad of a handful of refugees which took place early in the summer of 1778, when, swelling their ranks by the addition to their number of more than one skulking outlaw and many secret Tories, who had hitherto continued to reside upon the Mohawk, the royalists succeeded in carrying off both booty and prisoners to Canada, disappearing from the valley as suddenly as they came.

Teondetha was the agent who brought the news of the threatened incursion, but the movements of the refugees were so well planned that they managed to strike only those points where the warning came too late. They were heard of at one settlement, when they had already slaughtered the men, carried off the women and children, and burned another; and indeed so rapid were their operations, that the presence of these destroyers was felt at a dozen different points almost simultaneously. They were first seen in their strength near Fort Hunter; they desolated the farm-houses between there and "Fonda's Bush," swept the remote settlements upon either side of their northern progress, and finally disappeared at the "Fish-house" on the Sacondaga.

The historian seems to have preserved no trace of their being anywhere resisted, so astounding was the surprise of the country people at this daring invasion; but tradition mentions one instance at least where their inroad received a fatal check.

Balt, who, as we have said, was hurrying to the Hawksnest to procure the papers which, while clearing the fair fame of Alida, have already given so important a turn to the trial of Greyslaer, instantly claimed the aid of Teondetha to protect the property of his friend in the present exigence; and, with Christian Lansingh and two or three others, these experienced border warriors threw themselves into the mansion, and prepared to defend it until the storm had passed by.

Nor was the precaution wasted; for their preparations for defence were hardly completed, the lapse of a single night passed away, when, with the morrow's dawn, a squad of Tory riders was seen galloping across the pastures by the river-side, with no less a person than Walter Bradshawe himself, now well-mounted and completely armed, riding at their head. He had fallen in with these brother partisans while trying to effect his escape across the frontier, obtained the command of a dozen of the most desperate among them, and readily induced his followers, by the hope of booty, to make an attack upon the Hawksnest. Whether the belief that Alida was still dwelling there induced him to make one more desperate effort to seize her person, or whether he only aimed at striking some daring blow ere he left the country in triumph—a blow which would make his name a name of terror long upon that border—it is now impossible to say. But there, by the cold light of early dawn, Balt soon distinguished him at the head of his gang of desperadoes.

Early as was the hour, Teondetha had already crept out to scout among the neighboring hills; and Balt, aware of his absence, felt now a degree of concern about his fate which he was angry at himself at feeling for a "Redskin;" though somehow, almost unknowingly, he had learned to love the youth. He had, indeed, no apprehension that the Oneida had been already taken by these more than savage men; but as the morning mist, which rolled up from the river, had most probably hitherto prevented Teondetha from seeing their approach, Balt feared that he might each moment present himself upon the lawn in returning to the house, and catch the eye of Bradshawe's followers while unconscious of the danger that hovered near.

The scene that followed was, however, so quickly over, that the worthy woodsman had but little time for farther reflection.

Bradshawe had evidently expected to obtain possession of the house before any of the family had arisen or warning of his approach was received; and, dividing his band as he neared the premises, a part of his men circled the dwelling and galloped up a lane which would lead them directly across the lawn toward the front door of the house, while the rest, wheeling off among the meadows, presented themselves at the same time in the rear.

The force of Balt was too small to make a successful resistance against this attack, had the Tories expected any opposition, or had they been determined to carry the house even after discovering that it was defended. His rifles were so few in number that they were barely sufficient to defend one side of the house at a time; and, though both doors and windows were barricaded, the woodsman and his friends could not long have sustained themselves under a simultaneous assault, upon each separate point.

Balt, however, did not long hesitate how to receive the enemy; his only doubt seemed to be, for the moment, which party would soonest come within reach of his fire.

"Kit Lansingh," he cried, the instant he saw the movement from his look-out place in the gable, "look ye from the front windows, and see if the gate that opens from the lane upon the lawn be closed or no. Quick, as ye love yere life, Kit."

"The gate's shut. They slacken their pace—they draw their bridles—they fear to leap," shouted Kit the next instant in reply. "No—they leap; ah! it's only one of them—Bradshawe; but he has not cleared it; the gate crashes beneath his horse; his girths are broken; and now they all dismount to let their horses step over the broken bars."

"Enough, enough, Kit. Spring now, lads, to the back windows, and each of you cover your man as the riders from the meadows come within shot. But, no! never mind taking them separately," cried Balt, as his party gained the windows. "Not yet, not yet; when they double that corner of fence. Now, now, as they wheel, as they double, take them in range. Are you ready? *Let them have it.*"

A volley from the house as Balt spoke instantly emptied several saddles; and the on-coming troopers, recoiling in confusion at the unexpected attack, turned their backs and gained a safe distance as quickly as possible.

"Now, lads," shouted Balt, "load for another peppering in the front;" and already the active borderers have manned the upper windows on the opposite side of the house.

But the assailants here, startled by the sound of firearms and the rolling smoke which they saw issuing from the rear of the house, hung back, and would not obey the behests of their leader, who vainly tried to cheer them on to the attack. In vain did Bradshawe coax, conjure, and threaten. His followers caught sight of their friends drawing off with diminished numbers toward the end of the house. They saw the gleaming rifle-barrels protruding through the windows. They clustered together, and talked eagerly for a moment, unheeding the frantic appeals of their leader; and now, with less hesitation than before, they leaped the broken barrier of the gate, and were in full retreat down the lane.

"One moment, one moment, boys; it's a long shot, but we'll let them have a good-by as they turn off into the pasture. Ah, I feared it was too far for the best rifle among us," added Balt, as the troopers, apparently untouched by the second volley, still galloped onward.

"God's weather! though, but that chap on the roan horse has got it, uncle," cried Lansingh, the next moment, as he saw a horseman reel in the saddle, while others spurred to his side, and upheld the wounded man. "My rifle against a shot-gun that that chap does not cross the brook."

"To the window in the gable then, boys, if you would see the Tory fall," exclaimed Balt, as the flying troopers became lost to their view from the front windows. "Tormented lightning! you've lost your rifle, Kit; they are all over the brook."

"No, there's a black horse still fording it," cried Lansingh, eagerly. "It's Bradshawe's horse; I knew it from the dangling girths he drags after him. He has gained the opposite bank; his horse flounders in the slippery clay; no, he turns and waves his hand at something. He sees us; he waves it in scorn. Oh! for a rifle that would bring him now."

And, even as Lansingh spoke, the sharp report of a rifle, followed by a sudden howl of pain and defiance, rung out on the still morning air. The trooper again rose in his saddle and shook his clenched fist at some unseen object in the bushes. The next moment he disappeared in a thicket beyond; and now, again, the black horse emerged once more into the open fields; but he scoured along the slope beyond, bare-backed and masterless; the saddle had turned, and left the wounded rider at the mercy of that unseen foe!

Not five minutes could have elapsed before Balt and his comrades had reached the spot where Bradshawe disappeared from their view; but the dying agonies of the wounded man were already over; and, brief as they were, yet horrible must have been the exit of his felon soul. The ground for yards around him was torn and muddled with his gore, as if the death-struggles of a bullock had been enacted there. His nails were clutched deep into the loamy soil, and his mouth was filled with the dust which he had literally bitten in his agony. The yeomen gazed with stupid wonder upon the distorted frame and muscular limbs—so hideously convulsed when the strong life was leaving them—and one of them stooped to raise and examine the head, as if still doubtful that it was the terrible Bradshawe who now lay so helpless before them.—But the crown of locks had been reft from the gory scull, and the face (as is known to be the case with a scalped head) had *slipped down*, so that the features were no longer visible.

The next moment the Oneida emerged from the bushes with a couple of barbarous Indian trophies at his belt; and subsequent examination left not a doubt that both Bradshawe and the other wounded trooper had been despatched by the brave but demi-savage Teondetha.

Such were the essential particulars of Bradshawe's real fate, as now made known by him who beheld his fall.

The court had given an order for the instant release of the prisoner, and the clerk had duly made it out long before the narrative of the worthy woodsman was concluded; but the relation of Balt excited a deep sensation throughout that crowded chamber, and the presiding judge for some moments found it impossible to repress the uproarious enthusiasm with which this full exculpation of the prisoner at the bar was received by the spectators. Those who were nearest to the prisoner—the members of the bar and other gentlemen—the whole jury in a

body, rose from their seats and rushed forward to clasp his hand; and it was only Greyslaer himself who could check the excitement of the multitude and prevent them from bearing him off in triumph upon their shoulders. His voice, however, at last stilled the tumult, so that a few words from the bench could be heard. They were addressed, not to the prisoner, but to Balt himself.

"And pray tell me, my worthy fellow," said the judge, with moistened eyes, "why you did not, when first called to the stand, testify at once to the impossibility of this Bradshawe having fallen by the hand of our gallant friend, for whose unmerited sufferings not even the triumphant joy of this moment can fully compensate? Why did you not arrest these most painful proceedings the moment it was in your power?"

"And yere honor don't see the caper on't raaly? You think I might have got Major Max out of this muss a little sooner by speaking up at onct, eh? Well, I'll tell ye the hull why and wherefore, yere honor;" and the worthy woodsman, laying one brown and brawny hand upon the rail before him, looked round with an air of pardonable conceit at finding such a multitude of well-dressed people hanging upon his words, cleared his throat once or twice, and thus bespoke himself:

"I owned a hound onct, gentlemen, as slick a dog as ever you see, any on ye; for the like o' that brute was not in old Tryon; and one day, when hunting among the rocky ridges around Konnedieyu,* or Canada Creek, as some call it, I missed the critter for several hours. I looked for him on the *hathes* above, and I clom down into the black chasm, where the waters pitch and leap and fling about so sarcily, and sprangle into foam agin the walls on airy side. It was foolish, that's a fact, to look for him there; for the eddies are all whirlpools; and if by chance, he had got into the stream, why, instead of being whirled about and chucked on shore, as I hoped for, the poor critter would have been sucked under, smashed on the rocky bottom, and dragged off like all natur. And so I thought when I got near enough for my eyes to look fairly into those black holes, with a twist of foam around them, that seemed to screw, as it were, right down through the yaller water of Konnedieyu.

* Now Trenton Falls

But now I hears a whimper in the bushes above me. I looks up to the top of the precipice against which I'm leaning, and there, on a ledge of rock about midway, what do I see but the head of the very hound I was in search of peering out from the stunted hemlocks that grew in the crevices. To holp him from below was impossible; so I went round and got to the top of the hathe. The dog was now far below, and it was a putty risky business to let myself down the face of the cliff to the ledge where he was. The critter might get up to me full as easily as I could get down to him; for here and there were little sloping zigzag cleets of rock broad enough for the footing of a dog, but having no bushes near by which a man could steady his body while balancing along the face of the cliff. They leaned over each other, too, with breadth enough for a dog to pass between, but not for a man to stand upright.

I whistled to the dog: "Why in all thunder does the old hound not come up when I call?" says I to myself, says I. "By the everlasting hok-ey, if he hasn't got one foot in a painter* trap," said I the next moment, as I caught sight of the leather thong by which some Redskin had fixed the darned thing to the rock. I ups rifle at onct, and had hand on trigger to cut the string with a bullet. "Stop, old Balt, what are ye doing?" says I agin, afore I let fly. "The dumb brute, to be sure, will be free if you clip that string at onct, as you know you can. But the teeth of the trap have cut into his flesh already; will you run the chance of its farther mangling him, and making the dog of no value to any one by letting him drag that cursed thing after him when he gets away? No! rayther let him hang on there a few moments as he is, till you can go judgmatically to work to free him.' With that I let the suffering critter wait until I had cut down a tree, slanted it from the top of the cliff to the ledge where he lay, got near enough to handle him, uncoiled the leather thong that had got twisted round him, sprung the trap from his bleeding limb, and holped him to some purpose.

Now, yere honor, think ye that, if I had not waited patiently till all this snarl about Miss Alida had been disentangled afore Major Max got free, he would not have gone away from this court with something still gripping about his heart, as I may say; something to which the steel teeth of that painter trap, hows'ever closely they might set, were marciful, as I may say? Sarning! sarning he would. But now

* Panther

every one has heard here all that man, woman, and child can say agin her. And here, in open court, with all these book-larnt gentlemen and yere honor at their head, to sift the business, we've gone clean to the bottom of it, and brought out her good name without a spot upon it."

We will leave the reader to imagine the effect which this homely but not ineloquent speech of the noble-minded woodsman produced upon the court, upon the spectators, and upon him who was most nearly interested in what the speaker said.

The reader must imagine, too, the emotions of Alida when Max and she next met, and Greyslaer made her listen to the details of the trial from the lips of his deliverer; while Balt, pausing ever and anon as he came to some particular which he scarcely knew how to put in proper language for her ears, would at last get over the difficulty by flatly asserting that he "*disremembered* exactly what the bloody lawyer said jist at this part, but the major could tell her that in by-times."

Those *by-times*, as Balt so quaintly called them, those sweet and secret interchanges of heart with heart, and that full and blessed communion of prosperous and happy love, came at last for Max and Alida.

They were wedded in the autumn, at that delicious season of our American climate when a second spring, less fresh, less joyous than that of the opening year, but gentler, softer, and—though the herald of bleak winter—less changeable and more lasting, comes over the land; when the bluebird comes back again to carol from the cedar top, and the rabbit from the furze, the squirrel upon the chestnut bough, prank it away as merrily as when the year was new; when the doe loiters in the forest walk as the warm haze hides her from the hunter's view, and the buck admires his antlers in the glassy lake which the breeze so seldom ripples; when Nature, like her own wild creatures, who conceal themselves in dying, covers her face with a mantle so glorious that we heed not the parting life beneath it. They were wedded, then, among those sober but balmy hours, when love like theirs might best receive its full reward.

Thenceforward the current of their days was as calm as it had hitherto been clouded, and both Max and Alida, in realising the bounteous mercies which brightened their after lives, as well as in remembering the dark trials they had passed through; the fearful discipline of

the character of the one, the brief but bitter punishment of a single lapse from virtue in the other—that Heaven-sent punishment, which but heralded a crowning mercy—both remained henceforth among those who acknowledge

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

Our story ends here. The fate of the other characters who have been principally associated in its progress is soon told. Isaac Brant, as is related in the biography of his father, perished ultimately by the hand of that only parent, whose life he had several times attempted, and who thus most singularly wrought out the curse which the elder De Roos had pronounced against him in dying. Of Thayendanagea, or Brant himself, we need say nothing farther here, as the full career of that remarkable person is sufficiently commemorated elsewhere. The two Johnsons must likewise at this point be yielded up to the charities of the historians who have recorded their ruthless deeds throughout the Valley of the Mohawk in the subsequent years of the war. The redoubtable Joe Bettys did not close his career quite so soon as might have been expected from the disastrous condition in which we last left him; but, recovering from his wound under the care of the presumed teamster to whom Balt had intrusted him, and who turned out to be a secret partisan of the faction to which Bettys belonged, the worthy Joe made his escape across the frontier. He lived for some years afterward, and, after committing manifold murders and atrocities, he finally finished his career upon the scaffold at the close of the war. The striking incidents of his capture are told elsewhere with sufficient minuteness.* Old Winegar was attainted as a traitor, and died of mortification from the loss of his property. Syl Stickney, the only Tory, we believe, yet to be disposed of, attempted once or twice to desert to his old friends, considering himself bound for the time for which he had enlisted, though both Bradshawe, his leader, and Valtmeyer, who had enlisted him, were dead. When the term expired, however, he did not hesitate to join the Whigs, with whom he fought gallantly till the close of the war, and received a grant of land in the western part of the state for the active services he rendered in Sullivan's famous campaign against the Indian towns. It was doubtless this Sylla and his brother Marius, who, calling each a settlement after themselves, set the example

* See Stone's *Life of Brant*, vol. ii, p. 212

of giving those absurd classic names to our western villages, which have cast such an air of ridicule over that flourishing region of the state of New York.*

It remains only to speak of the affectionate-hearted Balt, whose only foible, if so it may be called, was, that he never could abide a *Redskin*. His nephew, Christian Lansingh, marrying the gentle Tavy Winegar, succeeded to the public-house of her father after the attainder of the hypocritical deacon had been reversed in his favor. And there, by the inn fireside, long after the war was over, old Balt, with his pipe in mouth used to delight to fight his battles over for the benefit of the listening traveller. The evening of his days, however, was spent chiefly at the Hawksnest. Greyslaer, soon after his marriage, had embraced the tender of a mission to one of the southern courts of Europe, with which government honored him. The health of Alida had been seriously impaired by her mental sufferings; and though loath to relinquish the active part he had hitherto taken in the great struggle of his country, Max was glad to be able to devote himself in a different way to her interests, where Alida would have the benefit of a more genial clime. But in the peaceful years that followed his return, many was the pleasant hunt, many the loitering tour that he and old Balt had together among the romantic hills and bright trout-streams to the north of his demesnes; and many the token of kindness from Alida to the Spreading Dew, which Max carried with him on these excursions, when the rapid disappearance of game in his own level country induced Teondetha to shift his wigwam to these mountain solitudes.

Of Guisbert or Guise, as the "*Bois-brulé*," or half-blood child was generally called, we have as yet been enabled to gather but few traditions; but we may perhaps make farther attempts to trace his fortunes, and possibly hereafter present the reader with the result of our researches in another tale of The American Border.

THE END

*For a very interesting article on this subject, see the MAGAZINE, Vol. 13, p. 246.—ED.

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THE VOLUNTEER NAVY IN THE REVOLUTION

WHEN the War for Independence broke out but few of the colonists had ever been engaged in maritime warfare, and there was practically no one man who could be called on regarding the larger aspects of naval affairs. England had theretofore held in her own hands the entire management of her Navy, just as she does to day, its officers being consistently drawn from those portions only of the British dominions which are included in the small group of islands known as Great Britain and Ireland. Naturally, in a profession of which only the lower ranks were open to the dependent colonists, there was no opportunity, up to 1775, for those colonists to study comprehensively the art of maritime warfare. It is not to be wondered at therefore, that their leaders had at first no way of meeting the well-organized hosts arrayed against their country, save only by military force. Fortunately they had organized an Army before it was definitely determined by them to cast off their allegiance, and all legislation at Philadelphia, at the beginning of hostilities, contemplated the betterment of the Army, and did not provide for the formation of a Navy. Washington, was naturally selected to command the Armies of the United Colonies, and was given all necessary power to carry out the military policy of the country such as it was.

When, the British evacuated Boston, Washington sent his able assistant, Captain Thomas Machin, to the eight-mile strip of land uniting Cape Cod with the mainland (now severed by the Cape Cod Canal) to see if he could find a passageway through it for small vessels from Barnstable to Buzzard's Bay. He felt certain that could such a watercourse be found, his troops, embarked on small craft, could out-sail the slow and overburdened ships of the enemy on their long way around Nantucket shoals to Sandy Hook, while he hastened on the shorter interior line of communication to the same destination. Ma-

—Read before the D. C. Society, Sons of the Army of the Revolution.

chin, was, unfortunately, compelled, to report that while only three miles of intervening sand separated the east and west flowing streams, the barrier was enough to prevent the adoption of this route. The troops were consequently compelled to march from Boston across country to the banks of the Hudson, without the advantage of the more easy means of transportation which the enemy possessed. Their progress was naturally very slow.

Soon after taking command of the Army, Washington saw the necessity for possessing a sea force for combatting the sea-power of the enemy, and for cutting his line of communications with England. With no other authority than that contained in his commission, to "be general and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United Colonies, and of all the forces now raised, or to be raised by them", he purchased a number of small vessels and placed them in charge of military officers who had had some experience in seafaring matters. As early as October 16, 1775, in a letter to John Hancock, he said: "A fortunate capture of an ordnance vessel would give new life to the camp and an immediate turn to the campaign." A short time after he had written this, as if in answer to his wish one of the vessels of the so-called "Washington Navy" captured a British supply vessel filled with war material, such as could not have been manufactured in this country in a year. This fortunate capture did indeed "infuse new life into the camp and an immediate turn to the campaign."

The chief embarrassment to the patriots was the want of munitions of war. There was an abundance of patriotic men in the country ready to rush to arms for the protection of their homes and firesides when the tocsin of war sounded, but there were no means of supplying them with the necessary arms. But for the capture of the enemy's supply ships our cause must have failed in the incipency of the struggle for freedom.

As the war progressed, Washington became more and more impressed with the importance to the country of a Navy, and on several occasions put his views of the matter on record as he also did after he became President. But probably the most forceful expression he ever made upon this subject was in a letter to the Comte de Grasse, the Commander of the French fleet, just before the battle of Yorktown, when he put the matter thus:

"With your Excellency I need not insist on the indispensable necessity of a maritime force capable of giving you an absolute ascendancy

in these seas. You will have observed that, whatever efforts are made by the land armies, the navy must have the casting vote in the conflict."

Shortly after this pathetic appeal to his ally, the "sea-power" of France was effectually brought into action, with the result that the British fleet, which had been sent to open the way for reinforcements to join Cornwallis, was defeated and driven back, leaving Washington with a force of French and American troops, in number much greater than that of the British troops, with which to bring about their surrender, and practically to put an end to the war.

The Revolution had not progressed far before it became evident to Congress, as it had been to Washington, that the country needed a force on the sea to carry on an offensive-defensive campaign. "They could not fail to realize," says one good authority, "that, situated as the colonies were along a stretch of undefended coast nearly two thousand miles in extent, over which the enemy held undisputed possession of the sea, which enabled him to select any number of points from which to organize expeditions to sever communications between the widely-separated armies of the colonists, he had an advantage that rendered well nigh hopeless the cause of independence unless the Americans could bring "sea-power" to their aid."

On October 3, 1775, Silas Deane, John Adams and John Langdon were appointed a committee by Congress to fit out two swift sailing vessels, one of 10 and one of 14 guns, to cruise to the eastward for the purpose of intercepting two British transports which were reported to have sailed from England for Quebec a short time before laden with arms and ammunition. It may be said that this date was the "birth-day" of the American Navy. As soon as the committee got down to its work and had begun to study the subject, they realized that this force was not sufficient for the needs of the country, and recommended an increase, with the result that soon thereafter Congress passed a law allowing the purchase or construction of a number of other vessels. This was followed by the appointment of Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, as Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, a position designed to correspond to that held by Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. As, however, we are to deal with the Volunteer Navy only, I shall not take your time to tell the story of the Regular Navy.

The country at the time was menaced by over one hundred British efficient ships (carrying about 2000 guns) which lined our coasts. The number of vessels that Congress was able to provide for out of the national treasury for building up a *regular* naval force was insignificant, so far as ability to combat the enemy's navy was concerned. On March 23, 1776, under these discouraging circumstances, Congress enacted a law permitting the inhabitants themselves to fit out armed vessels. The law is as follows:

"RESOLVED, That the inhabitants of these colonies be permitted to fit out armed vessels to cruise on the enemies of these United Colonies."

By this law a purely volunteer service for cruising on the enemies of the colonies was permitted, and I feel, therefore, that I am warranted in styling this special volunteer service "The Volunteer Navy of the Colonies." It is unfortunate that the term "privateer" was ever used in connection with this service, because in the early history of maritime affairs, when European countries were engaged in struggles for the possession of the Americas, and were resorting to acts of piracy in their efforts, "privateer" was considered synonymous with "pirate" or "buccaneer", and this fact tainted the record of this sort of service ever afterwards; but this stigma was in no wise warranted by the conditions which prevailed among us in 1775-83. The prevailing impression that individuals engaged in carrying on this special service at private expense during the Revolutionary War, were actuated by less patriotic motives than those serving against the enemy on land, is erroneous. To be sure "prizemoney" was made the basis for recruiting its *personnel*, but the same may be said regarding the enlistments in the colonial and state navies, and to a greater extent in the British Navy, where all of the prize was given to the captors, and not one-third or one-half of it as in the American service. The principle involved in allotting prizemoney to its authors does not differ a particle from that of granting bounties to our soldiers as an inducement to enlist in the army; this being a common practice, not only during the Revolution, but in every armed conflict in which we have been engaged. It was the independent action in carrying on their work that appealed to the commanders of private armed ships, and to the subordinates who looked forward to speedy promotion in the service, and not the mere possibility of gaining prizemoney, which might or might not come to them.

The officers who commanded the volunteer vessels were generally men far above the average in intelligence, who had followed the sea for a livelihood, or who as residents of our seaports were interested in maritime affairs; and in a seafaring life they found opportunities to serve their country with good effect in its dire extremity. Their vocation made these officers natural leaders of men, and living ever in the presence of danger, they became habituated to quick action and deeds of daring.

The crews of the vessels composing the Volunteer Navy were, as a rule, made up of two distinct classes. First, there was the younger set, who came from the towns along the coast, and who, in taking up this calling, were following the dictates of heredity, or were drawn to the service by those fascinating stories relating to the sea which were often repeated to them by fathers, brothers or friends, and which always appeal to the imagination of sturdy boyhood. These young men, representatives of the best families of New England, acted on board the ships as a sort of marine guard, drilling as infantry and artillery and forming what might be called the combatant force of the crew. Their general intelligence gave character to the calling. The service soon became known as "The Gentlemen's Service", and young men of good endowments and pedigree flocked to its ranks.

The second part of the crews was made up of 'long shore men, found in our sea port towns, who were naturally good seamen, though not so well educated or so well appointed as the upperclass men. This combination produced an organization somewhat of the same order as that which existed in the British Navy almost up to that time. Soldiers were then sent to sea to fight the enemy in warships, while the seamen proper handled the gear and performed the drudgery of keeping the vessel clean.

So popular became the Volunteer Navy that on several occasions during the war, Congress and the State Councils placed an embargo on its enlistments until the quota required of the different colonies to fill the ranks of the Army could be made up.

The small State Navies that were organized during the Revolution were governed so much like the private armed service that I shall treat them as a part of the Volunteer Navy.

It would be impossible for me to give in the small space allowed to an article of this character, a comprehensive idea of the valuable work

performed by the Volunteer Navy; and I shall therefore confine myself to the brief recital of a few incidents of the war in which the volunteer ships were engaged, in order to show the general character of the service. It has frequently been said by unknowing ones, that notwithstanding the fact that private armed vessels of the colonies captured many ships, the prizes consisted mainly of property which had no strategic value for the cause for which the colonists fought. I shall endeavor to show that, while this is true to a certain extent (there being some \$24,000,000 worth of the enemy's property captured on the high seas) a number of transports carrying troops and supply vessels also surrendered to the private armed ships, which did have an important strategic influence on the result of the war. One case in particular is so marked that I shall present it somewhat more in detail than is given in the few general histories of the war which have referred to it.

In December, 1775, Connecticut, which already possessed a small State navy, decided, through the General Assembly, to increase its naval force. The Council of Safety thereupon purchased the brigantine "Defence", a small merchant vessel, and appointed Captain Seth Harding of Norwich, Connecticut, to command her. She was fitted out with fourteen guns of light weight and a crew of eighty men. Harding was ordered to cruise in and near Long Island Sound, the object being mainly to protect the coast of Connecticut from the depredations of British craft in the adjacent waters, and from the Tories on Long Island, where they were numerous. Harding had left his beat in waters near the state, and as he sailed along the coast of Massachusetts early in the morning of June, 17, 1776, he heard desultory firing in the distance. Crowding on all sail he headed the "Defence" in the direction of the cannonading, but could not come up with the cause of the disturbance until about dusk, when he fell in with two small schooners belonging to the Washington Navy, the cruiser "Lee", Captain Daniel Waters, and the "Harrison", Captain Samuel Tucker, manned by a crew of fifty men each and armed with four 4-pounders, together with two small private armed schooners which had been engaged in a running fight with two heavily-armed British transports carrying troops from Scotland to America. When the British had evacuated Boston a few weeks before, and the British fleet had embarked the royal troops for transportation to New York, several ships were left at Boston for the protection of vessels coming from England. The last of these protecting ships, however, had left the port but a day or two before the action

here referred to took place, but the fact of their departure was not generally known. The officers on the arriving British transports no doubt supposed the place to be still in the hands of their friends, and after driving off the small American vessels above mentioned they entered the harbor and anchored in Nantasket Roads, about twenty miles below Boston. Upon arriving in his turn at the mouth of the harbor, Harding learned of the situation and taking command of the combined force hastily formed the four defeated schooners into a squadron and prepared to attack the British ships. Then boldly standing into Nantasket Roads in the darkness of the night, expecting the other vessels of his improvised squadron to follow, much to his surprise he found his ship alone in the presence of two large transports unsupported by the rest of the squadron. Not dismayed however, he anchored the "Defence" between the transports and ordered them to "strike their colors to America".

Thus situated between the broadsides of their two ships, the enemy naturally had no fear of the result of a conflict with this small vessel and a voice from the larger of the transports defiantly answered Harding's demand to surrender with: "Aye! Aye, I'll strike!" And strike he did,—by pouring a whole broadside into the "Defence". At such close quarters the shots from the enemy must have given a terrible shock to the little American vessel, but the fire was returned promptly, and, after a severe engagement lasting three hours, both British vessels were forced to surrender and call for quarter. The captured transports proved to be the "Annabella" and "Lord Howe", carrying 267 men of General Fraser's crack 71st. Highland regiment*, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Campbell. Forty-eight British seamen, who formed the crews, also became prisoners of war, making a total force of 315 combatants who fell into the hands of the Americans. For daring and consummate skill of the commander of the "Defence" this single ship engagement has but few equals in maritime warfare. In this stubbornly fought and long-drawn-out battle the "Defence" was a good deal cut up in her rigging and had nine men killed and wounded,

*No record of exchanges of prisoners (rank and file) being kept (apparently) during the Revolution, it is impossible to now determine what became of these men. The 71st bore a conspicuous part in several battles, the last specifically mentioned in history being Guilford Court House—so either they were exchanged or the skeleton companies were rapidly filled up by recruits.

Colonel Patrick Ferguson, of King's Mountain, was an officer of the 71st.—[Ed.]

while the enemy had seventeen wounded and eight killed, among the latter being Major Menzies, who had answered Harding's hail to surrender with "I'll strike".

Notwithstanding the severe pounding received by the "Defence" Harding hurriedly repaired damages and, the next morning another vessel appearing on the distant horizon, he crowded all sail in chase, and soon brought her to, with her colors lowered in capitulation.

This prize proved to be H. B. M. transport "John and George", of six guns, having on board 112 Highlanders belonging to the same regiment as did those which had been before captured. Thus did 379 of the best troops in the British Army, together with about 75 regular and disciplined seamen—a total of 456 combatants—fall into the hands of the Americans, through the valiant action of Seth Harding on the "Defence".

At this early stage of the war, every capture of troops or seamen was of double importance to the cause, as it not only weakened the enemy but checked their disposition to treat their prisoners as "rebels", as they claimed the right to do; and the outcome of Harding's gallant action had, therefore, no little weight in the strategy of the war.

Some historians have referred briefly to this brilliant naval engagement but as usual in writing of naval affairs, about which they know but little, they have raised a question as to whom the credit was due for the capture. I wish, therefore, to present some data bearing on the case which I have taken from credible records and which fix the responsibility in the matter.

On page 1, Vol. IX, "Revolutionary War Vessels", dated July, 1776 we find: "John Bradford, Agent of Samuel Eliot", credits the following to the *captors* in the "Defence".

" 4/16 of the net proceeds of the 'Lord Howe'	£ 181- 3s- 4¼ p
" 5/16 do 'George'	£ 900-18 - 7
" 5/16 do 'Annabella'	£ 123- 2 -10¼

An act of Congress passed November 25, 1775, prescribes that "Where the vessels employed in the capture shall be fitted out at the expense of any of the United Colonies, one-third of the prize taken shall be to the use of the captors, and the remaining two-thirds to the use of the said colony".

This allotment to the captors in the "Defence" of nearly one-third of the value of the prizes taken at Nantasket, is an assurance I think that the crew of this little vessel was entitled to the lion's share of the credit for the capture.

One of the writers of history to whom I have referred ascribes the victory to the little Massachusetts State cruiser "Lee", which has been shown to be present on this occasion; but the desertion of the "Defence" at the critical period of the battle by that vessel and the others that failed to get into the action was so marked, that Samuel Smedley, the first Lieut. of the "Defence", who afterwards became an officer in the regular navy of the colonies, openly charged their commanding officers with cowardice.

Some discrepancy appears also regarding the number of men engaged which it might be well to correct here. Cooper's "History of the Navy" states for instance, that "These transports contained nearly 200 soldiers of the same corps shortly after taken by the 'Doria', which captured 400 Highlanders in two vessels".

Dr. James Thacher, who was stationed at Boston at the time the British transports were taken, wrote in his Diary which was first published in 1827 thus:

"The removal of the British armed vessels from Nantasket Roads has been productive of very favorable consequences. Three days after their departure, two transports from Scotland bound to Boston, unapprised of the event, entered Nantasket Roads and were captured by privateers. Major Menzies and 8 others were killed and 17 wounded. Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell, 267 Highlanders and 48 others, were made prisoners. Major Menzies has been buried here with military honors."

In view of the fact that Dr. Thacher was on the spot and, soon after the event took place, recorded so specifically the result of the conflict which took place in Nantasket Roads the number of the killed, wounded and prisoners, we may well assume that he is more likely to be correct in his statement regarding this brilliant engagement than other chroniclers who refer to the matter only in a general way, and who wrote their accounts long after the affair took place.

From the account given by Cooper, of the capture of 400 British troops by the Colonial brig "Doria" (Andrew Doria) under the com-

mand of that gallant young officer Nicholas Biddle, together with the story of the "Defence" herein given, we find that through the invaluable service of Harding and Biddle, practically a whole regiment of nearly 800 men, (the 71st. Highlanders) fell into the hands of the Americans before the force could even put a foot on American soil. The loss of this splendid corps was a very serious matter to the British, and it gave Washington at the same time a powerful weapon to use in retaliation for outrages committed by the enemy against our countrymen, or for use in the exchange of prisoners.

Upon returning with his ship to the rendezvous at New London, Harding reported his action to the Connecticut authorities; and as he had undeniably left his station off the coast contrary to instructions, he made an excuse for so doing. It is needless to state, that the Governor and Council justified his action and commended his judgment.

For his gallant action he was, by a special act of Congress, made a Captain in the Colonial Navy, the act itself assigning him to the command of the Continental cruiser "Confederacy", in which he served with marked credit to himself and the service until nearly the end of the war, when his ship was captured by two powerful British frigates. This is the only case on record, I think, with the exception of that of John Paul Jones, where an officer was ordered by a special act of Congress to command a vessel of war.

After the disbandment of the Navy at the close of the Revolution Harding retired to his native city of Norwich, where he was wont to draw around him an interested crowd of young people to listen to stories of brilliant actions on the sea in which he had taken a prominent part. In 1820 Congress granted him a pension of a Captain in the Navy in recognition of his valuable services to his country.

Some attention has been given in histories to the action of private armed ships during the Revolution, but little has ever been published regarding the important service to the country performed by small armed boats which operated in the interior waters along the coast. I propose therefore to give a brief account of some incidents that have come to my knowledge which, I think, are not generally known, the results of which were of inestimable value to the cause of Independence.

The most of us are familiar with the story of Captain John Barry, of the Navy, and his squadron of small boats which operated against

the enemy in the Delaware; but there were other men, not in official life, whose work is consequently not so well known, who should also be remembered in considering the claims of our countrymen to the gratitude of the nation for their service in the cause of freedom.

Rev. James Murray, of Scotland, in his "Impartial History of the Present War in America", published soon after the close of the war, thus writes on this subject:

"During this state of affairs, the American cruisers and privateers, though exceedingly poor and contemptible, being for the most part no better than whaleboats, grew daily more numerous and successful against the transports and storeships". (of the British.)

This extract is a pointed allusion to the action of some Connecticut men living along the shores of Long Island Sound. Their activities were such, as stated by Miss Calkins, in the "History of New London" that "the place became a den of serpents to the British, constantly sending out its sloops and schooners, well manned by skillful and daring seamen, to harass the boats and tenders of the enemy." These boats were about 30 feet long of the whaleboat type, propelled by oars, with a crew of from 16 to 20 men.

Situated near the entrance to Long Island Sound, through which nearly all the British shipping passed in carrying supplies to the headquarters of their Army at New York, New London was the base for most of the operations carried on by these small boats, and from here raiding parties were frequently fitted out to act against the enemy in the adjacent waters of the Sound. The inhabitants of the "Old Harbor Town" were mainly a hardy seafaring class of men, who had gained the necessary experience on the sea which well fitted them for enterprises of this character, and their indomitable pluck and skill made them apt scholars in warlike measures, and caused them to take great risks in their execution. Embarked in small boats they would frequently dart across the Sound to Long Island seize supplies intended for the British forces and bring them back to replenish the resources of our own troops. They would occasionally capture large British storeships in the Sound laden with articles very much needed by the colonists. In June, 1776, eighteen prizes of this character were sold in New London.

"It is not the size of the force which determines its value to the country, but what is done with the force" once wrote Abraham Lincoln

to a disgruntled general, who had complained that the number of the troops in his command was not commensurate with his rank. Measured by such a standard, this small but effective boat-service deserves more consideration than it has ever received in the record of the country's struggle for independence.

Not only were small boats used on raiding-expeditions of a private character fitted out at New London, but as the place was ever in danger of an attack by a British naval force, such boats formed a part of the regular defense of the port. It seems that at a meeting of the Governor and Council of Safety, at Hartford, May 20, 1777, it was voted:—"that the Commander-in-Chief at forts at New London and Groton, be, and he is hereby, directed to employ two whaleboats, properly manned, to ply in harbor and Sound near New London and the adjacent coasts, especially in the night season and thick weather, to observe the motion of the enemy in the Sound and on Long Island, &c., as he shall deem necessary and convenient from time to time, and at the present time, and to give notice of the same to prevent surprise at those ports."

On one occasion at least, it is recorded that a requisition was made upon Lieut. Col. Ledyard, commanding the district, "for two fully manned and armed boats" to engage in expeditions against the enemy organized from other parts of the state, showing that they were a recognized part of the coast defenses. The most of the force under the command of General Arnold in his remarkable campaign on Lake Champlain in 1777, was composed of men from Connecticut who were enlisted because they were sailors, and in calling for reinforcements Arnold wrote, "Send me seamen, I want no land-lubbers".

David Bushnell, also, drew his force from among the resourceful seamen of the state in carrying on his disconcerting submarine work, which threw the British into such consternation as is so humorously described in Francis Hopkinson's poem, "The Battle of the Kegs."

My limited space will permit of only a brief reference to the work of the boats, although there is much on records, not given in history, regarding this unique service. I shall therefore confine myself to the quotation of some extracts from the *Connecticut Gazette*, published in Hartford and some others:

October 25, 1777—"It is reported that fifteen prisoners were taken in a small armed schooner in the North river, by Captain Jason Chester

and a party of men in boats, who were brought to Hartford and committed to jail."

"On Sunday night, May 10, 1778, two boats commanded by Captains Dayton and Chester, with 14 men in both, (each?) crossed Long Island, and, carrying one of the boats across a narrow part of the Island to South Hampton, they went about sixty miles up the south side to Fire Island Inlet, and captured five coasting vessels there, loaded with lumber, oysters, household furniture and some drygoods and provisions. The prizes all arrived in safety. More might have been brought off could they have manned them."

Soon after, on a similar expedition they took eight whaleboats, says the paper, and proportionately large results were obtained with them.

October 23, 1778, it was reported in the *Gazette*, that "during the past week Captains Jason Chester and Foster had made another expedition to Fire Island Inlet, and took a schooner (of) 12 swivels and 1 carriage gun and 17 men, and afterwards took 6 other vessels in the Inlet. But while a part of the men were taking salt out of a vessel that had run aground, and others being on board the different prizes, three only (Chester, Foster and another) remaining in the armed vessel, the prisoners took the opportunity to rise, when they knocked Chester overboard, who swam ashore, but the other two were supposed to be killed and ten others made prisoners. Upon this the rest of the party quitted their booty, which was very considerable, and made the best of their way off." This record seems to imply that there were other expeditions of this character in which Chester and Foster had been engaged, and, it is believed, "the half has never been told."

When it is remembered that the commissariat of the British Army stationed at New York depended mainly upon the farms on Long Island for its supplies, we can readily understand the value to the colonists of such raids on the British resources. They not only injured the enemy but at the same time, benefitted our own struggling and half-starved troops.

Another brilliant affair of the boats, an account of which I have taken from the records of the Public Library of Stamford, Conn. is the following:

"CAPTURE OF A BRITISH SLOOP-OF-WAR"

(Published in 1841 in a pamphlet by the Rev. J. W. Alford.)

"A frigate and sloop-of-war belonging to the British were lying in Oyster Bay L. I., opposite to Stamford, Conn., and the whaleboats from the place, commanded by Captain Ebenezer Jones, determined to take the sloop.

On a foggy morning they rowed silently around her and coming nearer they were at length descried and hailed—"Who's there?"—"A friend"—A friend of whom? "I will let you know", said Jones, 'the rebels have been rowing around the bay all night and you have known nothing about it. I will report you to the Admiral for neglecting your watch.' The British Captain thinking Jones was some influential Tory living on the island, who might damage his reputation by making such a report, protested his innocence of the charge with much vehemence. By this time the men in the Yankee boats were climbing up the side of the vessel opposite to that on which the two captains were carrying on the discussion in the presence of the ship's lookouts. Jones, being called on board the cruiser, was still storming away at the Britisher for neglecting his duty, and the much perturbed skipper was endeavoring to exculpate himself by displaying a number of rifles primed for any emergency.

Watching his opportunity, Jones suddenly stamped upon the deck, when his men jumped over the rail of the vessel, seized the muskets ready at hand, with which they overpowered the surprised crew and captured the ship. The sloop-of-war carried from 15 to 20 guns and was fully equipped for service. "Another large vessel was captured about this same time by these boats, in open daylight," continues the narrative.

Many similar records might be produced to show that the private armed boat service, such as that made memorable by the gallant Cushing in our Civil War, was of very considerable strategic value to the colonists in the earlier war.

WHAT THE NAVY ACCOMPLISHED

After the close of the War the soldiers returned to their homes, and by frequent recitals to friends and others who were interested in their war stories, made them acquainted with the exploits of the *armies* of the

country, until some chroniclers with ready pens, seized upon the opportunity to make fame for themselves and their favorites by putting in enduring form what they had heard from these veteran warriors. On the other hand those patriots whose valorous achievements during the war had been confined to the sea, continued to follow their calling on the ocean, separated from friends, and from authors who might have written accounts of their brave deeds. Their exploits gained no attention in the onrush of newer events in the busy world of which they were apart, and their heroic acts were finally forgotten even by the participants themselves. The consequence is that chroniclers who have written general histories of the war have done but little more than tell the story of the soldier. Histories designed to educate the youth of the country have related, with minute detail, the story of the capture of Stony Point and five hundred and forty-three British; of Ticonderoga with its garrison of fifty men; of the battle of Trenton with nearly one thousand prisoners. But few of our children have ever heard of the capture of almost the entire 71st. British Regiment in five transports by the little Colonial brig "Andrea Doria" and the Connecticut State cruiser "Defence".

By the very nature of their vocation the seamen who served in the Revolution were better disciplined than were their army brethren, their restricted environment enabling officers placed over them to control almost every movement made by them, and to hold them under strict subordination. Desertions rarely took place in their ranks when engaged in service, and as practically every voyage they made was subject to critical examinations by prize courts, on the result of which their gain was based, there was every reason that their actions should be legal and proper in every respect.

When we realize that such men as Truxton, Biddle, Barney, Barry, Porter, Perry, Rodgers and others who afterwards increased their fame in the regular Navy of the United States, were once privateersmen, we may realize that the work of the private armed vessels fitted out by the colonists was worthy of the cause for which they fought.

Unfortunately for the country the Colonial Navy was deprived of its Commander-in-Chief early in the Revolutionary War through the bickerings of politicians in Philadelphia, and the Regular Navy was finally wrecked on the shoals of sectionalism. Only John Paul Jones,

separated by three thousand odd miles of ocean from the landsmen who controlled the destinies of the service, with the "cable cut" between them as we would say to-day, could contend with this maladministration, and with the exception of his squadron the vessels belonging to the United colonies were soon laid up in our dockyards.

But as the regular vessels gradually went into the scrap-heap, the volunteer service grew in magnitude and importance, until it became the strongest arm of the national defence, numbering at one time nearly forty thousand men. In the latter part of the war Washington, seeing the hopeless condition of the national ships, wrote to a friend in Congress urging him to use his influence to have an Admiral appointed to take charge of the Navy, or, said he, "if this cannot be done would it not be well to give the vessels belonging to the Colonial Government to officers of experience, and let them operate them for the cause as best they could?"

Notwithstanding the scant reference to the work of the sailor in general histories of the Revolution, no one who traces with scientific accuracy those stirring events that made us a nation, can fail to realize the truth of the statement, made by Washington to Comte de Grasse, that "whatever efforts are made by the land armies the navy must have the casting vote in the conflict." Thus he anticipated Admiral Mahan in appreciating the value of sea-power.

The maritime forces of the nation, including the volunteer service, which I think I am warranted in considering a part of the forces, had a remarkable record during the war, as may be seen from the following statistics:

Regular naval vessels of all descriptions	64
Private armed vessels	1250
Number of guns carried on the Continental vessels	1242
do private armed vessels (about)	18000

The rosters of the private armed ships are not to be had, but if we allow an average of only fifty men for each vessel engaged in the war—a small number indeed, for many of them carried over one hundred—we shall have the total of nearly 70,000 men, as the complement of the Navy—which is the number given in Allen's "History of the American Navy during the Revolutionary War."

The number of British vessels captured was 797, of which about 600 surrendered as prizes to the private armed ships.

The value of the prizes captured during the war was \$24,000,000 three-quarters of which amount was due the volunteers.

As stated by Maclay, the Navy, as a whole, took part in fifty-seven general engagements during the war, of which forty-one were victories for the Americans, or seventy-two per cent of the entire number. This was nearly double the percentage of the Army which met the enemy forty-eight times and won only nineteen victories a score of forty per cent.

Leaving out the 7000 British soldiers captured at Yorktown, which capture was, as is now generally recognized, largely due to the Navy of France, the American Army captured 15,000 prisoners during the war, while those taken by the Navy of the Colonies numbered 16,000.

Maclay further states that "while not a single Continental cruiser was taken by British privateers, sixteen English cruisers were taken by American privateers, or by private enterprise. Of these five were captured by small boats."

With such a record, the American people of to day may well take pride in the glorious achievements of their sea-forces in the Revolution, as they now take pride in the fact that the Navy of the United States has become the strong right arm of the nation and its first line of defence. And as time goes on our people will continue to realize that "sea-power" is the vital force that is necessary to maintain that supremacy of the country in the galaxy of nations, which it rightfully holds as the "Father of Republican Governments."

COLBY M. CHESTER

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN COLONIAL NEW YORK

(This is a conclusion to Mr. Guernsey's article published in the *MAGAZINE* for February, 1906.)

PART III

AFTER THE CONQUEST OF NEW NETHERLAND

THE first Governor of New York was Col. Richard Nicolls as the lieutenant governor of the Duke. The patent of Charles II was dated March 1664. It was entrusted to Nicolls who with three other commissioners consisting of Sir Robert Carr, Sir George Cartwright, and Samuel Maverick were instructed, among other things, to take possession of the Dutch province of New Netherland which was covered by the patent.

These instructions were dated April 23rd, 1664. The commissioners were sent out to settle the affairs of the Provinces, hear cases of appeal, and make reports, &c. The king desired that Governors should hold office from three to five years, and that three persons should be nominated to him for the office, from which he would select one. With reference to religious worship he desired to make no change, unless "they do in truth deny that liberty of conscience to each other which is equally provided for and granted to every one of them (the New England Colonies) by their charter."

In his instructions with regard to Connecticut, after referring to their supposed Presbyterian government, he said; "without in the least restraining them in the free exercise of their religion, but insisting with them as with the rest, that all the rest who dissent from them have the like liberty without undergoing any disadvantage with reference to their civil interest, but that they enjoy the same privileges with the rest."

In April, 1664, Nicolls with four ships and three or four hundred men sailed for New England. They arrived in Boston late in July, and in about a month sailed for New Amsterdam where they arrived at the end of August. Gov. Stuyvesant surrendered the entire Province of New Netherland on 8th September, (27th August, O. S.) 1664, to Nicolls.

Some of the conditions of the surrender have already been referred to, relating to the liberty of conscience in Divine worship and Church Discipline which were reserved to the Dutch. They were required to take the oath of allegiance the same as in all the other Provinces.

The inhabitants of New Amsterdam were still almost exclusively Dutch. The city contained some French and some Spanish, but no English families. They did not like the Dutch as neighbors and would not live among them. Thirty years after the surrender we have a report to the Lords of Trade, in 1695, that there were only forty English families in New York city, and many more French.

Col. Nicolls was the acting Deputy Governor of the new province which had been surrendered by the Dutch. The most flourishing part of it was on Long Island where the English settlements had been established. The upper Hudson and the Delaware settlements were thoroughly Dutch, so that the change of government did not affect them. The English on Long Island wished a more definite government modeled after the other colonies. They induced Nicolls to call a convention to submit to the representatives of the people a new form of local government. This convention was called to meet at Hempstead Long Island, in February, 1665. Only the English towns in the entire new province were notified of this convention. There were two delegates allowed from each of the towns on Long Island and two from Westchester. At this convention the code of laws afterwards known as the "Duke's Laws" was unanimously adopted, and on the first day of March, 1665, these were promulgated from Hempstead. Though they nominally applied to all the new province, it was on Long Island and in Westchester that they were made to apply to the daily life of the inhabitants. These superseded the "Blue Laws" of New Haven and Connecticut on Long Island and in Westchester, which up to that time had prevailed there.

Among the other reservations of the Dutch it was agreed "That all inferior civil officers and magistrates, shall continue as they now are, (if they please) till the customary time of new Elections, and then new ones to be chosen by themselves, provided that such new chosen Magistrates shall take the oath of Allegiance to His Majesty of England, before they enter upon their office."

"The town of Manhattans shall choose Deputyes, and those Deputyes shall have free voices in all Public affairs, as much as any other Deputyes."

The four Commissioners reported to the King on May 27th, 1665 of the New England Colonies and New York, that "In these colonies they freely consent that all administration of justice shall be in the King's name; that all householders shall take the oath of allegiance; that church membership shall not be considered in making freemen; that all persons of civil lives shall have liberty of conscience, so that they deny not their shares of maintenance to the public ministers fairly chosen by plurality of votes."

The Duke's laws were compiled from several codes that were then in force in some of the New England Colonies, and were modifications of them in a more or less degree. Among them relating to church and religion we find the following provisions:

"If any person within this government shall by direct exprest, impious or presumptuous ways, deny the true God and his attributes, he shall be put to death."*

No person shall be molested or fined or imprisoned for differing in judgment in matters of religion, who shall profess Christianity.

To prevent scandalous and ignorant pretenders to the ministry from intruding themselves as teachers: No minister shall be admitted to officiate within the government but such as shall produce testimonials to the governor that he hath received ordination either from some Protestant bishop or minister within some part of his Majesties' dominions, or the dominions of any foreign prince of the Reformed Religion, upon which testimony the Governor shall induce the said minister into the parish.

No Indian whatsoever shall at any time be suffered to pow-wow or perform outward worship to the devil in any town within this government."

Punishments for the violation of these laws were left to the discretion of the Court, but they must not be contrary to the known laws

*It was declared that in each parish a church should be built in the most convenient part thereof, to hold two hundred persons, at public expense. Sundays are not to be profaned by travellers, labourers, or vicious persons.

of England. They consisted of corporal punishment, sitting in the stocks, fine and imprisonment, and banishment.*

The Duke's laws prevailed in the Province of New York until 1673, when the Dutch obtained a surrender from the English commander at New York. The Dutch commander was Col. Colve. He made a new charter for the government of New York city, which was again called New Amsterdam. Under the Colve charter in 1674 for New Amsterdam it was provided that "The Schout and magistrates each in his quality shall take care that the Reformed Christian Religion conformable to the Synod of Dort shall be maintained, without suffering any other sects attempting anything contrary thereto." The nominees by the Governor General for "Schout, Burgomasters and Schepens must be of the Reformed Christian Religion or at least well affected towards it."

Before this charter went into operation the English recaptured the city, and therefore the former treaty of 1664 was deemed to be again in force, and the Duke's laws again prevail.

Major Edmund Andros was selected by the Duke in 1674 to act as Governor. He was in favor of the Catholic church and showed himself disaffected towards the status of the Dutch churches which claimed to be protected by the English treaty of 1664.

In 1675 a Dutch clergyman by the name of Van Rensselaer arrived and claimed the manor of Rensselaerwyck, and was recommended to Major Andros by the Duke to fill one of the churches in Albany; probably, says Smith, "to serve the Papist cause". His right to administer the sacraments was denied by Niewenhyt, pastor of the Church at Albany; on the ground that he had received episcopal ordination in England, and had not been approved by the Classis of Amsterdam on which authority the Dutch Churches in the province depended and were authorized. Andros became a very zealous party to this contest. He summoned Niewenhyt before him in New York and so harassed him by frequent fruitless and expensive attendance as to awaken the sympathy of the people and to excite them to retaliation. Van Rensselaer was arrested and imprisoned by the magistrates of Albany for "dubious

*From the time of the enactment of the "Duke's Laws" the Puritan laws and punishments were confined to their church members so far as they were beyond statutory regulation. In these churches they were a law unto themselves and continued to rule with vigor long after their statutory authority had ceased.

words" in a sermon. Andros ordered his release; then commanded the presence of the magistrates at New York; compelled them to give bail to Van Rensselaer's suit for false imprisonment, in the sum of £5000 each. One of them, Leisler, did not comply and was thrown into prison. The popular uprising was so pronounced against the action of the Governor, that dreading an insurrection he released Leisler and withdrew from the controversy. Van Rensselaer's claim to the manor was unsuccessful.

In the report by Gov. Andros to the English Committee on Colonies in 1678, he says that ministers were scarce and religions many. There were about twenty houses for public worship in the province of which about half were vacant. The Duke supported a chaplain at New York which was the only certain endowment of the Church of England. The law made it obligatory upon every district to build churches and provide for their ministers, whose compensation varied from £40 to £70 a year, besides a house and garden. But the Presbyterian and Independents (Congregationalists) which were the greater and more substantial portion of the English inhabitants, only showed much willingness to comply with the law.

New York City in 1678 contained only thirty-five hundred inhabitants.

When Col. Dongan became governor of the province in 1682, the people regarded him with suspicion because he was a "Papist", but his demeanor was such that they soon became reconciled to him. His instructions required him to organize a government on the English plan; to convoke an assembly to consist of twenty-eight members, eighteen of which were to be elected by the freeholders. This body was authorized to make laws conformable to the general jurisprudence of England, and subject to the approbation of the Duke.

One of the first laws that his new Assembly passed was "The charter of Liberties and Privileges to the Inhabitants of New York and its dependencies," on October 30th, 1683, which was assented to by the governor and his Council. Among other things it granted "That no person or persons which profess faith in God by Jesus Christ, shall at any time be any ways molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question for any difference in opinion or matter of religious concernment, who do not actually disturb the civil peace of the province, but that all and every such person or persons may, from time to time, and at all

times freely have and fully enjoy, his or their judgments or consciences in matters of religion throughout all the province, they behaving themselves peaceably and quietly and not using this liberty to licentiousness, nor to the civil injury or outward disturbance of others."

It also provided that the ministers on Long Island, settled by two-thirds of the votes in any town, or by subscription or agreement for a specified sum for the maintenance of a public minister, should be a town charge, and collected the same as other taxes. It also provided that all the Christian Churches in New York city and the other places in the province be confirmed in their privileges and enjoy all their former freedoms of their religions in Divine worship and Church discipline, and that agreements and contracts to maintain the several ministers in said churches could be enforced and collected by warrant from any Justice of the Peace, if under forty shillings, and if over that sum to be collected same as any other debt. That all other Christian Churches that shall hereafter come and settle within the province shall have the same privileges.

This charter was vetoed by the King in March, 1684.

He confirmed specifically all the charters and patents that had been granted by the Dutch to the English settlements on Long Island. Many of these related to the right of local government and the free enjoyment of religious liberty in Church worship.

By a law of the general Assembly in 1683 which was approved by Gov. Dongan and his Council and the King, an oath of allegiance of any and all persons professing Christianity made them naturalized citizens.

It is said that on Dongan's arrival in 1683 the old Dutch church within the walls of the fort in New York was used every Sunday by the representatives of three religious denominations; the Dutch in the morning, the French at noon, the English in the afternoon; while Gov. Dongan and his few fellow worshipers met in a little chapel for Catholic services. There was only one church edifice in New Amsterdam during his administration.

Some of the Puritan inhabitants denounced him as a "wicked popish Governor."

His conduct as a whole was with moderation and regard for the public weal present and future, and has proved more lasting and beneficial than the acts of any other Colonial Governor.

Though a Catholic, he beheld with alarm, and resisted with energy, the intrusion of the French priests among the Five Nations of Indians in the Central and Northern portions of the Province, and when the Duke, influenced by the Court of France, commanded him to desist from thus obstructing the course of Popish conversion, he continued to warn his Indian allies of the fatal effects upon their interests and to their friendship with the English which must flow from the admission of the priests; and still insisted that the French should not treat with the Indians in alliance with the colony without his privity and intervention. He was ordered by the Duke(now James II) to abandon this position. He was removed in 1688.

When the Duke became James II on the death of his brother Charles II in 1685, he held himself absolved from all his obligations as Duke, because the province with its dependencies devolved on the Crown.

The Edict of Nantes, which granted toleration to the subjects of France for nearly one hundred years, was revoked by Louis XIV in 1685. The persecutions that followed in France this revocation drove the Protestant subjects of France into foreign countries. Many of them year after year came to New York. The most opulent settled in the city; others settled New Rochelle in Westchester County in 1689; a few settled at New Paltz, Ulster County. Those in New York city established a church upon the principles and model of that of Geneva. It was served by two ministers.

When James II came to the throne in 1686 he soon gave orders to Gov. Dongan to "suffer no printing press in his government." Much disaffection arose among the colonists on account of the appointment of professed Catholics to the principal crown offices.

It is said that the first Catholic families settled in New York city in 1685 during Gov. Dongan's administration. In 1689 it appears by official records that there was a Catholic chapel in New York city, which had been there for several years, conducted by Father Smith. It was charged that in some cases the ministers of the Dutch and French churches would give a certificate to a Catholic that he was a Protestant

minister. This was while Dongan was governor of the Province. In 1686 he reported that there were some Catholics and some Jews in the city.

The Jews that had been permitted to settle in New Amsterdam under the Dutch in 1654 were not yet allowed to have a synagogue for public worship. They applied to the city authorities in 1685 for permission to build a place for public worship in New York city, but permission was denied by the city authorities. In April 1678 Gov. Andros reported that there were then some Jews in New York city.

Sir Edmund Andros succeeded Dongan in 1688. His instructions from King James were to give toleration to all Christians, but to encourage the Church of England which was then Catholic. He did nothing of note; the expulsion of King James from the throne of England and placing William and Mary on the throne because they were Protestants and against "Papists" changed the religious situation in the American colonies.

PART IV

AFTER THE ENGLISH PROTESTANT REVOLUTION

AFTER the English Protestant Revolution in 1689 the turbulent times that prevailed in New York city under Leisler caused by the change of the English rulers from Catholic to Protestant need not be recited.

The first Governor after that Revolution was Sloughter, who arrived in New York in March 1691. His instructions contained an order that the English Test act by oath was to be enforced in the Colony of New York. By this all persons holding any civil or military office were required to take the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy; to publicly receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the usage of the Church of England and to subscribe a declaration against the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation. The oath was in this form: "I do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of Bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the

Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous."

In May, 1691 the General Assembly enacted a law that any and all persons that professed faith in God by Jesus Christ should be allowed liberty in matters of conscience. But this did not extend to the Roman religion or the right to exercise it contrary to the laws of England. The test oaths and this law were following in the footsteps of the English Toleration law of 1689.

Gov. Fletcher arrived in August 1692. At the close of the session of the General Assembly in the spring of 1693 he made strenuous efforts to introduce a law which was in effect to establish the Episcopal form of Church government in the Province to be supported at the public expense. It was in a plausible form of establishing English preachers and Schoolmasters. It was earnestly opposed by the General Assembly. In September following another Assembly passed a bill for settling ministers in the several parishes and were to elect their ministers. The Council added an amendment that the ministers should be approved by the Governor. The assembly refused to accept this amendment; this so displeased the Governor that he immediately prorogued the Assembly. The people continued firm in their efforts to prevent this, and soon obtained the Governor's consent to a law that provided for the establishment of "good sufficient Protestant ministers to officiate and have the care of souls: in the city of New York one; in the county of Richmond one; in the county of Westchester two; in the county of Queens two;" to be called by the vestrymen and churchwardens of the respective precincts, and paid by a tax upon all the inhabitants like all other local taxes. They were to be levied by the vestrymen and churchwardens who were elective by such inhabitants. It should be observed that it did not extend to the Eastern part of Long Island, which was then the most populous portion of the Province. This law was certainly designed to recognize the Church of England as the church of the province, and to make it a charge upon the people generally, leaving, as in England, the dissenters and non-conformists at liberty to support the ministers of their own choice. It was sent to England for royal approval, it was confirmed by the king in May 1697. The object and effect of this law was not changed by the fifth section of the law of 1705 providing for the preservation of the liberty of conscience granted to other Protestant Christians by the laws of England or of the Colony.

It appears by an official report in 1695 that in the city of New York there were ninety families of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church; four hundred and fifty families of Dutch Calvinists; thirty families of Dutch Lutherans; two hundred Calvinists; forty English families of dissenters (non-conformists); twenty families of Jews; and twenty families of Dutch Calvinists at Harlem.

In the session of the Assembly of April 1695 the disputes between the Governor and the people were revived. The Assembly asked the Governor's leave to print their minutes by way of an appeal to the public; and by a resolution upon the petition of certain church wardens and vestrymen of the city of New York gave a construction to the law of 1693 widely different from that which the Governor intended which would have its operation confined to Episcopal clergymen—declaring "that the vestrymen and church wardens have power to call a dissenting Protestant minister to be paid and maintained as the act directs." This caused the Governor to dissolve the Assembly at once.

The people adopted the construction of the law as contended by the Assembly.

In June 1696 Gov. Fletcher required the Mayor of New York to give to him a list of the names of all the Catholics in the city. This request was complied with and contained the names of ten men who probably represented as many families.

When the Rev. William Vesey, the first rector of Trinity Church in New York came to the city in 1697, the Reformed Protestant Dutch church on Garden street, being the only church edifice in the city, was offered to him and his congregation for services part of the day until Trinity church was completed. Thus for three months were the services alternated by the Dutch dominie and English rector, one in the English language and the other in Dutch, according to the forms of their respective denominations.

The Earl of Bellomont who came to the Province as Governor in 1698 was more intolerant against Catholics than any of his predecessors. On his arrival he issued a proclamation designating certain persons in the respective towns and counties in the Province who were to administer "the oaths of Test and Association to all of His Majesties' male subjects in the Province sixteen years of age and

upwards." Those that refused to take this oath were regarded with suspicion and were designated non-jurors.

The war between the French and Indians terminated in 1697. The French continued to induce the Indians to favor the French Jesuits in their settlements in the interior of the Province, and to disregard the enticements of the English. In October 1700 the General Assembly passed a law at the instigation of Bellomont, that "all Jesuits, Seminary Priests, missionaries or ecclesiastical persons made or ordained by any power or jurisdiction derived or pretended from the Pope or See of Rome now residing or being within this Province" must depart therefrom on or before the first day of November, 1700. "If any such continue, remain or come into the Province after the first of November he shall be deemed an incendiary, a disturber of the public peace, an enemy of the true Christian Religion, and shall suffer perpetual imprisonment. If any such person being actually committed shall break prison and escape he shall be guilty of felony and if retaken shall die as a felon. Persons receiving, harboring, succoring or concealing any such person and knowing him to be such, shall forfeit the sum of two hundred pounds one half to the King and the other half to the prosecutor,—shall be set in the Pillory three days and find sureties for their good behavior, at the discretion of the Court." They could be seized without warrant on suspicion and brought before a magistrate, and if he find cause he could commit him or them for trial.

In 1701 a law was passed by which "Papists and Popish recusants" were prohibited from voting "for members of Assembly or any office whatever from henceforth and forever."

The Jews were more in favor than were the Catholics at the close of the century. In 1699 Bellomont reports that he called a Jew to appraise the value of some imported jewelry. The next year he reported that he had borrowed money from "one Dutchman and two or three Jews" to pay government expenses. In 1705 Lord Cornbury reported that a Jew kept a warehouse in New York for receiving imported goods. They were not yet allowed to trade with the Indians or with Albany, or the settlements in the colony. They did not have the right to vote for any officers, which right they had had under the Dutch. They were not yet allowed to establish a place for public worship, but they did assemble for worship according to their own forms. A piece

of ground was procured for their burying place in Oliver Street. Some of the monuments there bear the date of 1672. About 1706 a synagogue was erected on Mill street.

When Lord Cornbury was appointed Governor in 1702, in his commission which was from Queen Anne, he was empowered "to collate persons to ecclesiastical benefices." He was a radical English Churchman.

In the summer of 1702 he was driven from New York city by an epidemic disease that prevailed, and retired to Jamaica, Long Island. The pastor of a Presbyterian church there yielded the manse for his Lordship's temporary use. He soon afterwards seized the Presbyterian Church and delivered it to the Episcopal party, and encouraged its agent to farm the glebe for the benefit of the Episcopal church.

He soon after prohibited the Dutch ministers and teachers from exercising their functions without his special license. He was the first Governor that openly disregarded the terms of the treaty with the Dutch that guaranteed to them "the liberty of their consciences in Divine worship and Church Discipline."

There were a few individuals in New York city from New England who were Presbyterians in sentiment, and were in the practice of meeting together in private houses for social worship. In the month of January 1705-6, two Presbyterian ministers, Rev. Francis Makemie and Rev. John Hampton, who had been preaching in different parts of Virginia and Maryland, came to New York. They were informed that they could not preach without permission of Lord Cornbury. Mr. William Jackson invited Makemie to preach in his house on Pearl street, which he did and there baptised a child. During the service the door was not locked. Makemie went over to Newtown, Queens County, and was there arrested by virtue of a warrant from Lord Cornbury and brought to New York city, where he was indicted by the Grand Jury for violating the statute against strolling preachers in the Duke's laws. He was imprisoned to await trial, he having refused to give bail for his appearance. On the trial he admitted the acts charged against him, but contended that they did not make him liable for violation of law, he being a regularly ordained and authorized minister in another colony. He was acquitted by the jury. The court was much incensed at the verdict and ordered Makemie to pay the costs and expense of the

prosecution, which amounted to \$300. An account of his trial, probably written by himself, is in Volume IV of Force's *Tracts*. The sermon for which he was prosecuted was written out by him while in jail, and has been published in *fac-simile* in Vol. 3 of the New York Historical Society's *Collections*.

Hampton was not indicted by the Grand Jury here because his offence was committed in Queens County.

There has been so much written about this Makemie case that it will be pertinent on this occasion to adduce Lord Cornbury's official report of the matter. He says:

"On the 17th January, 1705-6 a man of this town, one Jackson, came to acquaint me that two ministers were come to town; one from Virginia and one from Maryland, and that they desired to know when they might speak with me. I being willing to show what civility I could to men of that character, I ordered my man to tell Jackson that they should be welcome to come and dine with me. They came, and then I found by the answers they gave to the questions I asked them, that one, whose name is Francis Mackemie is a Presbyterian preacher settled in Virginia. The other, whose name is John Hampton, is a young Presbyterian minister lately came to settle in Maryland. They dined with me and talked of indifferent things. They pretended they were going towards Boston. They did not say one syllable to me of preaching here nor did they ask leave to do it. They applied themselves thro' the Dutch minister for leave to preach in the Dutch church in this town, who told them he was very willing, provided they could get my consent. They never came to me for it. They went likewise to the Elders of the French church to desire leave to preach in the French church; they gave them the same answer the Dutch had. All this while they never applied themselves to me for leave, nor did they offer to qualify themselves as the law directs. On the following Monday I was informed that Mackemie had preached on the day before at the house of one Jackson, a shoemaker in this town, and that Hampton had preached on Long Island, and that Mackemie after having preached here on Sunday was gone to Long Island with intent to preach in all the towns in that Island, having spread a report thereto." He then proceeds and says: "That only those persons who dissent from the Church of England should be at liberty to serve God in their own way, in the

several places of their abode, without being liable to the penalties of certain laws."

Governor Lovelace in 1708 granted a patent for land for a settlement in Orange county, to nine persons who were driven from the Rhenish Palatinate by the persecutions that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. They were Lutherans and with their families settled and founded Newburgh.

Governor Hunter arrived in 1710. He was a native of Scotland and brought with him three thousand Palatinates who in the previous year had fled to England. They too were Lutherans and were transported here at the expense of the English government. This was the largest body of colonists that ever arrived on this continent at one time. They were not received well in New York city. Being more suitable for land cultivation many of them were sent to the interior of New York along the Mohawk valley, and at Germantown, Columbia County, and some went to Pennsylvania.

By the termination of the French and English war in 1697, the Indians were forced to adhere to the English and not to allow French priests among them. Some Protestant pastors whom Lord Bellomont proposed to establish among them in 1698 seem to have been delayed until 1712, when one Andrews was sent by the English Society for Propagating the Gospel. The Indians received him kindly but forbade his teaching the English language to their children. After exercising his office among them in the Indian tongue for several years he was universally forsaken by his auditors and scholars and closed a fruitless mission in 1718.

The several rectors of the Episcopal churches in the Province were earnest in their endeavor to have that Church fully established in all parts of the Province. There was no hope in the General Assembly as that was elected by the people. An appeal was made to Gov. Hunter in 1711 by the nine incumbents within the Province in the following words:

"The establishment of the Church here by Act of Assembly being so precarious and liable to so many inconveniences, we beg your Excellency to advise us whether it may be proper for us to address Her Majesty to settle it on a surer foundation, not only in such places where

it is in some manner planted but in other places where the benefit of the Act has not yet extended." It does not appear that any action was taken on this petition. It was deemed fruitless by the Governor. There was then only one member of the twenty-seven members that composed the General Assembly that belonged to the Episcopal Church.

In 1712 the General Assembly passed a law for the naturalization of all Protestants. Gov. Hunter vetoed it. In his report to the Lords of Trade he said: "The house of representatives passed and sent up a bill for the naturalization of all foreigners being Protestants, which has also passed the Council, but an act of the like nature being so lately repealed in England, and their behavior here entitling them to no such favor from the Crown at present I judged it advisable and for Her Majesty's service to refuse my assent to it at this time."

In 1728 a royal commission was issued to the Bishop of London conferring on him spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction in all the plantations in America. The efforts to make the Church of England the established church in New York was steadily pressed, but it was as steadily and very successfully resisted.

In the session of 1734 the Quakers were allowed to obtain the exemption from oaths granted to the sects in Great Britain.

An important event occurred in the legislative Assembly in 1738. In that year on a contested election for member from New York city official exception was taken against Jewish voters. William Smith, afterwards Chief Justice and the historian of the Colony, succeeded in inflaming the religious feeling of the Assembly to such a degree as to induce them to reject the votes of Jews upon the broad ground of the impolicy of Jewish interposition in the legislation of a Christian Community.

In the excitement about the Negro plot to burn New York city in 1741, an Episcopal clergyman, named Ury, who lived by teaching, was arrested as the chief conspirator, and also for being a Catholic priest remaining in the Province in violation of Bellomont's law of 1700. The second charge was made to increase prejudice against him. He had refused to take the test oath. The evidence was very weak—none at all as to the plot. He was convicted by the jury and hanged in August. He was the only white man that was tried for being concerned in the

plot. It was claimed to have been the work of Catholics to burn the city.

The influence of the French over the Indians about 1748 began to wane, because the former were so earnest in their efforts to convert the latter to the Catholic faith. The Indians fancied and were led to believe that the religious ceremonies were arts to reduce them to slavery.

The Assembly of 1754 was under the influence of Lieut. Governor James Delancey who was an ardent "Churchman." He gave his influence to an act incorporating King's college in New York city, by which all persons were excluded from the Presidential chair unless in communion with the Church of England; The Book of Common Prayer was to be used for the religious services. His success in being elected a member of the Assembly in 1769 was regarded as a triumph of the Episcopalians over the Presbyterians. He was a loyalist in the Revolution and was attainted by the New York Legislature.

When the Acadians were expelled from Nova Scotia by the English in 1755 because being Catholics it was feared they would take up arms with the French against the English, two hundred of them came to New York in that year. When they landed says Shea, "they were treated no better than those that were in New England." The adults were forced to labor and the children were bound out to service in Protestant families in the Province. One hundred and nine children were thus scattered through Orange and Westchester Counties.

In 1757 a party of them who had been living in Westchester county made their escape and attempted to reach Crown Point, but were captured near Fort Edward. A considerable number of Acadians were at one time quartered in a house at Brooklyn near the ferry. On the slightest pretext they were arrested, and at one time by general order throughout the Province were committed to the county jails. As Bellomont's law of 1700 only applied to Catholic priests it was difficult to apply any law to the laity. Even as late as 1764 Lieut. Gov. Colden would not allow the Spanish Governor of Martinique to remove one hundred and fifty children from New York.

When the "Sons of Liberty" met in New York city to show their opposition to English rule preliminary to the Revolutionary war they had inscribed on their banner "No Popery." A large part of the people

regarded the Episcopal Church with its daily prayers for the King of England as little better than Popery.

PART V

UNDER THE STATE

THE turbulent period in the Colony a few years previous to the declaration of Independence, is responsible for the apparent quietude and peace in the religious community. The Church of England, the Episcopal Church, was regarded as in favor of the King. This made it unpopular in the province.

While the city of New York was under British military authority, (from August 1776 until Nov. 1783,) the laws of England relating to religious liberty were enforced there. Catholics were not allowed to hold religious services according to the forms of the Catholic Church.

In February, 1778, a large French ship was taken by the British and sent into New York for condemnation. Among her officers was a Catholic priest as chaplain. He with other officers was permitted to go at large in the city within certain limits. He applied to the British commandant for permission to hold religious services on a Sabbath according to the forms of the Catholic Church. Permission being refused he proceeded to quietly hold the services. For this he was arrested and kept in close confinement until he was exchanged.

In August, 1776, the Provincial Convention of New York appointed a committee of its members to report a constitution for the State. The draft of it was reported to the Convention on the 12th March following, and on the 20th April 1777 it was adopted by the Convention. It was not submitted to the people for approval or adoption. They lived under it for nearly half a century. The 38th Article provided "That the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference, shall forever hereafter be allowed within this State to all mankind: Provided, that the liberty of conscience hereby granted shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness or justify practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of this State."

The 38th Article declared: "And, whereas, the ministers of the gospel are, by their profession, dedicated to the service of God and the

cure of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the great duties of their function; Therefore, no minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall, or at any time hereafter under any pretence or description whatever, be eligible to or capable of holding any civil or military office or place within this State."

This last provision was retained until the Constitution of 1821 omitted it. The former provision still continues in full force and effect to this time.

The provisions in the Constitution of 1777 were not regarded as repealing all statutes and laws that had theretofore been enacted that would in any manner conflict with them. The law of 1700 was repeated by the state legislature in 1781. The naturalization oath was required of Catholic priests until 1806 when it was abrogated.

It should be observed that all the laws of the Colony granting religious privileges to any sect were restricted by limitation to the "Christian Religion." This restriction of religious liberty prevailed in every Colony in America except Rhode Island. There, a Jew, Mahometan, wild Indian, or Pagan could exercise his religious conscience, so long as it was conducted in a peaceful and orderly manner.

The constitutional provision in New York, "That no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions on matters of religious belief," was inserted in the constitution of 1846. It was caused by judicial decisions under the former constitutions holding that in some cases religious belief would make a person incompetent to testify as a witness.

Local taxes have ceased to be imposed by law for the support of any minister or construction of a church. They must be supported by voluntary contributions only. They are exempt from taxation, however. The legislature in some cases made appropriations of funds to help support sectarian schools, but the constitution of 1894 prohibits it now.

If persecutions on account of religious belief take place among us it is against law and contrary to public policy. But religious prejudices will continue to be exercised among us as long as there are varieties of religious beliefs and human nature continues in its various moods and caprices to which flesh and blood is heir to. This our observation and experience tells us. Legislation may restrain and repress and guide human nature but cannot abolish it.

NEW YORK

ROCELLUS S. GUERNSEY

END



INDIAN LEGENDS

XVIII

GREEN-CORN CEREMONIES OF THE CHEROKEES

MY main object in the present paper is to record a complete account of the ceremonies which were once practised by the Cherokee Indians, in connection with their principal agricultural pursuit of raising maize or Indian corn. For the great majority of my facts I am indebted to Mr. Preston Starritt, of Tennessee. While this is the case however, I beg my readers to understand that I shall speak of the tribe in question as it existed in the times of old, when its members were the sole proprietors of the southern Alleghanies. Let us, then, banish from our minds the unhappy relations which brood over the Cherokees at the present time*, and, by the aid of our fancy, mingle with the nation as it existed in its pristine glory.

The snows of winter have melted from the mountain peaks, the rains are over and gone, the frosts are out of the ground, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. The beautiful valley to which we have journeyed is entirely surrounded with mountains, about five miles square, watered by a charming stream, and inhabited by two thousand aborigines, who are divided into seven clans, and located in seven villages. The ruling men of the tribe have signified to their people that the period for planting corn has arrived, and that they must gather themselves together for the purpose of submitting to the annual ceremonies of purification. For doing this they have a double object; they would, in the first place, expunge from their bodies every vestige of all the colds and diseases with which they may have been afflicted during the past winter; and, in the second place, they would propitiate the Great Spirit, so as to secure his blessing upon the crops which they are about to deposit in the ground. The moon being now at its full, and a fitting location having been selected, the chiefs and magicians congregate together, and the preliminary measures are thus managed. A magic circle is made to keep out all evil spirits and enemies, and the medicine men then proceed to walk in single file, and with measured steps, completely around the spot which they would render sacred, and

* Referring to the then impending removal of the Cherokees from Georgia.

which is generally half a mile in diameter, marking their route by plucking a single leaf from every tree or bush which they may happen to pass, all these leaves being carefully deposited in a pouch carried for the purpose. In the mean time, the brotherhood of chiefs have not been unemployed, for while the most aged individual of all has been making a collection of roots, the remainder have built a rude dam, and thereby formed a pond or pool of water on the creek which invariably waters the sacred enclosure. The entire population of the valley are now summoned to the outskirts of the sacred enclosure, and a general invitation extended to all to approach and join the chiefs and magicians in the rite they are about to perform; it being understood, however, that no man, under penalty of death, shall venture to participate, who has left a single wrong unrevenged, or committed any unmanly deed, and no woman who has given birth to a child since the preceding full moon. In the centre of the sacred ground, and in the vicinity of the pool, a large fire is now made, around which the multitude are congregated. The night is clear, and the moon and stars are flooding the earth with light. An earthen pot is now placed upon the fire, the roots gathered by the old chief, numbering seven varieties, are placed therein, also the leaves plucked by the magicians, when the pot is filled with water by seven virgins, who are promoted to this honor by the appointment of the senior chief. After the contents of the pot have been thoroughly boiled, and a most bitter but medicinal beverage been made, all the persons present are called upon to take seven sips of the bitter liquid, and then directed to bathe no less than seven times in the neighboring pool, the waters of which have been rendered sacred by the incantations of the priests. All these things being done, the multitude assemble around the fire once more, and, to the music of a strange wild singing, they dance until the break of day, and then disperse to their several homes. The friendship of the Great Spirit has now been secured, and therefore, as opportunity offers, the Indians proceed to loosen their ground, as best they may, and then plant their corn. This labor is performed chiefly by the women, and the planted fields are considered as under their especial charge. Though planted in the greatest disorder, they keep their cornfields entirely free of weeds, and the soil immediately around the corn in a loose condition. At every full moon they are commonly apprehensive that some calamity may befall their crop, and, by way of keeping the Great Spirit on their side, the women have a custom of

disrobing themselves, at the dead hour of night, and of walking entirely around the field of corn.

And now that the sunshine and showers of summer are performing their ministry of good in bringing the corn to its wonted perfection, it may be well to make the reader acquainted with the following facts: As the Indians purify themselves and perform all their religious rites only when the moon is at its full, so do they refrain from plucking a single ear of corn until they have partaken of their annual harvest or green-corn feast. This feast occurs on that night of the full moon nearest to the period when the corn becomes ripe; and, by a time-honored law of the nation, no man, woman, or child is ever permitted, under penalty of death, to pluck a single roasting-ear. So rigidly enforced is this law that many Cherokees are known to have lost their lives for disobeying it, while many families have suffered the pangs of hunger for many days, even while their fields were filled with corn, merely because the harvest moon had not yet arrived, and they had not partaken of their annual feast. If a full moon should occur only one week after the corn has become suitable to pluck the Indians will not touch a single ear until the next moon, even if it should then be so hard as to require pounding before becoming suitable for food. During the ripening period the cornfields are watched with jealous care, and the first stalk that throws out its silken plume is designated by a distinguishing mark. In assigning reasons for this peculiar care, the Indians allege that until the harvest feast has taken place the corn is exclusively the property of the Great Spirit, and that they are only its appointed guardians; and they also maintain that, when the corn is plucked before the appointed moon has arrived, the field which has thus been trespassed upon is sure to be prostrated by a storm or be afflicted with the rot; and therefore it is that they are always greatly alarmed when they discover that a cornfield has been touched, as they say, by the Evil One.

But the harvest moon is now near at hand, and the chiefs and medicine men have summoned the people of the several villages to prepare themselves for the autumnal festival. Another spot of ground is selected, and the same sanctifying ceremony is performed that was performed in the previous spring. The most expert hunter in each village has been commissioned to obtain game, and while he is engaged in the hunt the people of his village are securing the blessing of the Great Spirit by drinking, with many mystic ceremonies, the liquid made from

seven of the most bitter roots to be found among the mountains. Of all the game which may be obtained by the hunters, not a single animal is to be served up at the feast whose bones have been broken or mutilated; nor shall a rejected animal be brought within the magic circle, but shall be given to those of the tribe who, by some misdeed, have rendered themselves unworthy to partake of the feast. The hunters are always compelled to return from the chase at the sunset hour, and long before they come in sight of their villages they invariably give a shrill whistle, as a signal of good luck, whereupon the villagers make ready to receive them with a wild song of welcome and rejoicing.

The pall of night has once more settled upon the earth, the moon is in its glory, the watch-fire has been lighted within the magic circle, and the inhabitants of the valley are again assembled together in one great multitude. From all the cornfields in the valley the magicians have collected the marked ears of corn, and deposited them in the kettles with the various kinds of game which may have been slaughtered, from the bear, the deer, and the turkey, to the opossum, the squirrel, and the quail. The entire night is devoted to eating, and the feast comes not to an end until all the food has been dispatched, when, in answer to an appropriate signal from the medicine men, the bones which have been stripped of their flesh are collected together and pounded to a kind of powder, and scattered through the air. The seven days following this feast are devoted to dancing and carousing, and at the termination of this period the inhabitants of the valley retire to their various villages and proceed to gather in their crops of the sweet maize or Indian corn.

XIX

THE CATAWBA COUNTRY OF NORTH CAROLINA

I NOW write from a log cabin situated on the Catawba river, and in one of the most beautiful of valleys. My ride from Asheville to Burnsville, a distance of over forty miles, was unattended by a single interesting incident, and afforded only one mountain prospect that caused me to rein in my horse. But the prospect alluded to embraced the entire outline of Bald Mountain, which, being one of the loftiest in this section of country, and particularly barren, presented a magnificent appearance. On the extreme summit of this mountain is a very large and an intensely cold spring of water, and in its immediate vicinity a

small cave and the ruins of a log cabin, which are associated with a singular being named David Greer, who once made this upper world his home. He first appeared in this country about fifty years ago; his native land, the story of his birth, and his early history, were alike unknown. Soon after his arrival among the mountains, he fell desperately in love with the daughter of a farmer, but his suit was rejected by the maiden, and strenuously opposed by all her friends. Soon after this disappointment the lover suddenly disappeared, and was subsequently found residing on Bald Mountain in the cave already mentioned. Here he lived the life of a literary recluse, and is said to have written a singular work upon religion, and another which purported to be a treatise on human government. In the latter production he proclaimed himself the sole proprietor of Bald Mountain, and made it known to the world that all who should ever become his neighbors must submit to the laws he had himself enacted. The prominent actions of his life were "few and far between," but particularly infamous. The first that brought him into notice was as follows: A few years after it was ascertained that he had taken possession of this mountain, the authorities of the country sent a messenger to Greer, and demanded a poll-tax of seventy-five cents. The hermit said he would attend to it on the next court-day, and his word was accepted. On the day in question, Greer punctually made his appearance, but, instead of paying over the money, he pelted the windows of the court-house with stones, and drove the judges, lawyers, and clients all out of the village, and then, with a rifle in hand, returned to his mountain dwelling. For some months after this event he amused himself by mutilating all the cattle which he happened to discover on what he called his domain, and it is said was in the habit of trying the power of his rifle by shooting down upon the plantations of his neighbors. The crowning event of David Greer's life, however, consisted in his shooting to the ground in cold blood, and in the broad daylight, a man named Higgins. The only excuse that he offered for committing this murder was that the deceased had been found hunting for deer on that portion of land which he claimed as his own. For this offence Greer was brought to trial and acquitted on the ground of insanity. When this decision was made known, the criminal was greatly enraged, and, when released, started for his cabin, muttering loud and deep curses against the *injustice* of the laws. In process of time a number of attempts were made to take his life, and it was a common occurrence with him to be awak-

ened at midnight by a ball passing through the door of his cabin. After living upon the mountain for a period of twenty years, he finally concluded to abandon his solitary life, and took up his abode in one of the settlements on the Tennessee side of Bald Mountain. Here, for a year or two, he worked regularly in an iron forge, but having had a dispute with a fellow-workman, swore that he would shoot him within five hours, and started after his rifle. The offending party was named Tompkins, and after consulting with his friends as to what course he ought to pursue, in view of the uttered threat, he was advised to take the law in his own hands. He took this advice, and, as David Greer was discovered walking along the road with rifle in hand, Tompkins shot him through the heart, and the burial-place of the hermit is now unknown. Public opinion was on the side of Tompkins, and he was never summoned to account for the defensive murder he had committed.

In coming from Burnsville to this place, I enjoyed two mountain landscapes, which were supremely beautiful and imposing. The first was a northern view of Black Mountain from the margin of the South Toe river, and all its cliffs, defiles, ravines, and peaks seemed as light, dreamlike, and airy as the clear blue world in which they floated. The stupendous pile appeared to have risen from the earth with all its glories in their prime, as if to join the newly-risen sun in its passage across the heavens. The middle distance of the landscape was composed of two wood-crowned hills which stood before me like a pair of loving brothers, and then came a luxuriant meadow, where a noble horse was quietly cropping his food; while the immediate foreground of the picture consisted of a marvellously beautiful stream, which glided swiftly by, over a bed of golden and scarlet pebbles. The only sounds that fell upon my ear, as I gazed upon this scene, were the murmurings of a distant water-fall, and the hum of insect wings.

The other prospect that I witnessed was from the summit of the Blue Ridge, looking in the direction of the Catawba. It was a wilderness of mountains, whose foundations could not be fathomed by the eye, while in the distance, towering above all the peaks, rose the singular and fantastic form of the *Table Mountain*. Not a sign of the breathing human world could be seen in any direction, and the only living creature which appeared to my view was a solitary eagle, wheeling to and fro far up towards the zenith of the sky.

From the top of the Blue Ridge I descended a winding ravine four miles in length, where the road, even at mid-day, is in a deep shadow, and then I emerged into the North Cove. This charming valley is twelve miles long, from a half to a whole mile in width, completely surrounded with mountains, highly cultivated, watered by the Catawba, and inhabited by intelligent and worthy farmers. At a certain house where I tarried to dine on my way up the valley, I was treated in a manner that would have put to the blush people of far greater pretensions; and what made a deep impression on my mind, was the fact that I was waited upon by two sisters, about ten years of age, who were remarkably beautiful and sprightly. One of them had flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the other deep black hair and eyes. Familiar as I had been for weeks past with the puny and ungainly inhabitants of the mountain tops, these two human flowers filled my heart with a delightful sensation. May the lives of those two darlings be as peaceful and beautiful as the stream upon which they live! The prominent pictorial feature of the North Cove is of a mountain called the *Hawk's Bill*, on account of its resemblance to the beak of a mammoth bird, the length of the bill being about fifteen hundred feet. It is visible from every part of the valley, and to my fancy is a more *picturesque* object than the Table Mountain, which is too regular at the sides and top to satisfy the eye. The table part of this mountain, however, is twenty-five hundred feet high, and therefore worthy of its fame.

The cabin where I am stopping at the present time is located at the extreme upper end of the North Cove. It is the residence of the best guide in the country, and the most convenient lodging place for those who would visit the Hawk's Bill and Table Mountains, already mentioned, as well as the Lindville Pinnacle, the Catawba Cave, the Cake Mountain, the Lindville Falls, and the Roan Mountain.

The *Lindville Pinnacle* is a mountain peak, surmounted by a pile of rocks, upon which you may recline at your ease, and look down upon a complete series of rare and gorgeous scenes. On one side is a precipice which seems to descend to the very bowels of the earth; in another direction you have a full view of *Short-off Mountain*, only about a mile off, which is a perpendicular precipice several thousand feet high, and the abrupt termination of a long range of mountains in another direction still the eye falls upon a brotherhood of mountain peaks which are particularly ragged and fantastic in their formation—now shooting

forward, as if to look down into the valleys, and now looming to the sky, as if to pierce it with their pointed summits; and in another direction you look across what seems to be a valley from eighty to a hundred miles wide, which is bounded by a range of mountains that seem to sweep across the world as with triumphal march.

The *Catawba Cave*, situated on the Catawba river, is entered by a fissure near the base of a mountain, and is reputed to be one mile in length. It has a great variety of chambers, which vary in height from six to twenty feet; its walls are chiefly composed of a porous limestone, through which the water is continually dripping; and along the entire length flows a cold and clear stream, which varies from five to fifteen inches in depth. The cave is indeed a curious affair, though the trouble and fatigue attending a thorough exploration far outweigh the satisfaction which it affords. But there is one arm of the cave which has never been explored, and an admirable opportunity is therefore offered for the adventurous to make themselves famous by revealing some of the hidden wonders of nature.

The *Ginger Cake Mountain* derives its very poetical name from a singular pile of rocks occupying its extreme summit. The pile is composed of two masses of rock of different materials and form, which are so arranged as to stand on a remarkably small base. The lower section is composed of a rough slate stone, and its form is that of an inverted pyramid; but the upper section of the pile consists of an oblong slab of solid granite, which surmounts the lower section in a horizontal position, presenting the appearance of a work of art. The lower section is thirty feet in altitude, while the upper one is thirty-two feet in length, eighteen in breadth, and nearly two feet in thickness. The appearance of this rocky wonder is exceedingly tottering, and though we may be assured that it has stood upon that eminence perhaps for a thousand years, yet it is impossible to tarry within its shadow without a feeling of insecurity. The individual who gave the Ginger Cake Mountain its outlandish name was a hermit named Watson, who resided at the foot of the mountain about fifty years ago, but who died in 1816. He lived in a small cabin, and entirely alone. His history was a mystery to every one but himself, and, though remarkably eccentric he was noted for his amiability. He had given up the world, like his brother hermit of the Bald Mountain, on account of a disappointment in love, and the utter contempt which he ever afterwards manifested for the gentler

sex, was one of his most singular traits of character. Whenever a party of ladies paid him a visit, which was frequently the case, he invariably treated them politely, but would never *speak* to them; he even went so far in expressing his dislike as to consume for firewood, after the ladies were gone, the topmost rail of his yard-fence, over which they had been compelled to pass, on their way into his cabin. That old Watson "fared sumptuously every day" could not be denied, but whence came the money that supported him no one could divine. He seldom molested the wild animals of the mountain where he lived, and his chief employments seemed to be *the raising of peacocks*, and the making of garments for his own use, which were all elegantly trimmed off with feathers of his favorite bird. The feathery suit in which he kept himself constantly arrayed he designated as his *culgee*; the meaning of which word could never be ascertained; and long after the deluded being had passed away from among the living, he was spoken as of Culgee Watson, and is so remembered to this day.

I come now to speak of the *Lindville Falls*, which are situated on the Lindville river, a tributary of the beautiful Catawba. They are literally embosomed among mountains, and long before seeing them do you hear their musical roar. The scenery about them is as wild as it was a hundred years ago—not even a pathway has yet been made to guide the tourist into the stupendous gorge where they reign supreme. At the point in question the Lindville is about one hundred and fifty feet broad, and though its waters have come down their parent mountains at a most furious speed, they here make a more desperate plunge than they ever dared to attempt before, when they find themselves in a deep pool and suddenly hemmed in by a barrier of gray granite, which crosses the entire bed of the river. In their desperation, however, they finally work a passage through the solid rock, and after filling another hollow with foam, they make a desperate leap of at least one hundred feet, and find a resting place in an immense pool, which one might easily imagine to be bottomless. And then, as if attracted by the astonishing feats performed by the waters, a number of lofty and exceedingly fantastic cliffs have gathered themselves together in the immediate neighborhood, and are ever peering over each other's shoulders into the depths below. But as the eye wanders from the surrounding cliffs, it falls upon an isolated column several hundred feet high, around which are clustered in the greatest profusion the most beautiful of vines and flowers. This column occupies a conspicuous position a short dis-

tance below the Falls, and it were an easy matter to imagine it a monument erected by Nature to celebrate her own creative power.

With a liberal hand, indeed, has she planted her forest trees in every imaginable place; but with a view of even surpassing herself, she has filled the gorge with a variety of caverns, which astonish the beholder, and almost cause him to dread an attack from a brotherhood of spirits. But how futile is my effort to give an adequate idea of the Lindville Falls and their surrounding attractions! When I attempted to sketch them I threw away my pencil in despair; and I now feel that I should be doing my a pen a kindness, if I were to consume what I have written. I will give this paragraph to the world, however, trusting that those who may hereafter visit the Lindville Falls, will award to me a little credit for my *will* if not for my *deed*.

To be in keeping with my wayward wanderings in this Alpine wilderness, it now becomes my duty to speak of the *Roan Mountain* and the *Grand Father*. By actual measurement the former is only seventy feet lower than the Black Mountain, and consequently measures well nigh to seven thousand feet. It derives its name from the circumstance that it is often covered with snow, and at such times is of a roan color. It lies in the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, and has three prominent peaks, which are all entirely destitute of trees. The highest of them has a clearing containing several thousand acres, and the cattle and horses of the surrounding farmers resort to it in immense numbers, for the purpose of feeding upon the fine and luxuriant grass which grows there in great abundance. The ascent to the top of this peak is gradual from all directions except one; but on the north it is quite perpendicular, and to one standing near the brow of the mighty cliff the scene is exceedingly imposing and fearful. That it commands an uninterrupted view of what appears to be the entire world, may be readily imagined. When I was there I observed no less than three thunder storms performing their uproarious feats in three several valleys, while the remaining portions of the lower world were enjoying a deep blue atmosphere. In visiting Roan Mountain you have to travel on horseback, and, by starting at the break of day, you may spend two hours on the highest peak, and be home again on the same evening about the sunset hour.

In accounting for the baldness which characterizes the Roan Mountain, the Catawba Indians relate the following tradition: There

was once a time when all the nations of the earth were at war with the Catawbias, and had proclaimed their determination to conquer and possess their country. On hearing this intelligence the Catawbias became greatly enraged, and sent a challenge to all their enemies, and dared them to a fight on the summit of the Roan. The challenge was accepted, and no less than three famous battles were fought—the stream of the entire land were red with blood, a number of tribes became extinct, and the Catawbias carried the day. Whereupon it was that the Great Spirit caused the forests to wither from the three peaks of the Roan Mountain where the battles were fought; and wherefore it is that the flowers which grow upon this mountain are chiefly of a crimson hue, for they are nourished by the blood of the slain.

One of the finest views from the Roan Mountain is that of the Grand Father, which is said to be altogether the wildest and most fantastic mountain in the whole Alleghany range. It is reputed to be 5,600 feet high, and particularly famous for its black bears and other large game. Its principal human inhabitants, par excellence, for the last twenty years, have been a man named *Jim Riddle*, and his loving spouse, whose cabin was near its summit. A more successful hunter than Jim never scaled a precipice; and the stories related of him would fill a volume. One of them that I now remember, is briefly as follows:—

He was out upon a hunting expedition, and having come to one of his bear traps, (made of logs, weighing about a thousand pounds, and set with a kind of figure four,) the bait of which happened to be misplaced, he thoughtlessly laid down his gun, and went under the trap to arrange the bait. In doing this, he handled the bait hook a little too roughly, and was consequently caught in the place of a bear. He chanced to have a small hatchet in his belt, with which, under every disadvantage, he succeeded in cutting his way out. He was one day and one night in doing this, however, and his narrow escape caused him to abandon the habit of swearing, and become a religious man.

To the comprehension of Jim Riddle, the Grand Father was the highest mountain in the world. He used to say that he had read of the Andes, but did not believe that they were half as high as the mountain on which he lived. His reason for this opinion was, that when a man stood on the top of the Grand Father, it was perfectly obvious that "*all the other mountains in the world lay rolling from it, even to the sky.*"

Jim Riddle is said to have been a remarkably certain marksman; and one of his favorite pastimes, in the winter, was to shoot at snowballs. On these occasions, his loving wife, Betsey, was always by his side, to laugh at him when he missed his mark, and to applaud when successful. And it is reported of them, that they were sometimes in the habit of spending entire days in this *elevated* recreation. But enough; Jim Riddle is now an altered man. His cabin has long since been abandoned, and he has become a travelling preacher, and is universally respected for his amiability, and matter-of-fact intelligence.

In a valley lying between the Roan and Grand Father mountains, I first heard the Mocking Bird singing at night. He awakened me out of a deep sleep, while perched upon a tree overhanging the cabin where I was spending the night. His lower notes were sweeter than any instrument I ever heard, but inexpressibly mournful, and as unlike the singing of a caged bird as possible. I was told that they were found in great numbers among the Alleghanies, and that when the hunters hear them sing at night, they know that the moon is about to rise, and therefore prepare for their nocturnal expeditions after game. This charming bird is universally beloved by the inhabitants of this region, and I never see it in its native wood, without being reminded of that most gifted of human minstrels, who penned the words, so appropriate to the Mocking Bird,—“Hope of the wilderness—joy of the free.”

CHARLES LANMAN

THE "LINCOLN WAY" INVESTIGATION IN ILLINOIS.

NOTE—The following is an abridgment of a report recently made to the Illinois legislature. In that report the evidence on which conclusions have been reached has been included in an appendix. Of the fourteen kinds of sources drawn on in making the investigation, two alone have involved an examination of 15,000 manuscripts and 10,500 newspapers.

THE expression "Lincoln Way" properly applies to the route traveled by the Lincolns in removing from Kentucky to Indiana in 1816, and from Indiana to Illinois in 1830. Similar expressions such as "Lincoln Highway" and "Lincoln Trail" are used to designate the several ocean-to-ocean highways now projected across these states. There is, however, no connection between these highways and the "Lincoln Way". Its location depends wholly on the route traveled by the Lincolns, and not, as in the case of the highways, on an arbitrary agreement among the makers and drivers of automobiles. The "Way" project had its inception in a desire of the people to build a memorial to Mr. Lincoln and the early pioneers of whom he was a type. The highway agitation, on the other hand, is the result of demands for more and better automobile roads.

This investigation has been conducted by authority of the Illinois legislature, which in 1911 declared in a joint resolution that "it is the sense of the people of Illinois that a fitting and permanent memorial to the memory of the great emancipator would be the consecration and dedication of the route that he traveled from the place of his birth in Kentucky, through Indiana, and thence to (the Lincoln farm in Macon county, Illinois) to be known forever as the "Lincoln Way". Obviously the investigation has been confined to Illinois, and any reference to the location of the "Way" in Kentucky or Indiana is merely incidental and necessarily based on conjectures.

In determining even approximately the location of the "Way" in Illinois several assumptions have been made. It has been assumed, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that the Lincolns traveled by the most direct routes between the points known positively to have been reached by them. It has also been assumed that the accounts of the journey given by the members of the party are correct unless positively

disproved. Without these assumptions the investigation would have been impossible, and the conclusions reached would be of little or no value.

There is some doubt as to the exact number of persons in the Lincoln party when it journeyed from Indiana to Illinois in 1830. Mrs. Harriet Chapman of Charleston, Illinois, who appears to be the only surviving member of the party, says that it was composed of thirteen persons, belonging to three closely related families. One of these families, the Lincolns, comprised Thomas Lincoln, his wife, Sarah Bush Johnston Lincoln, his only living child, Abraham, who was then in his twenty-second year, and his step-son, John D. Johnston. The heads of the other two families were Dennis Hanks and Squire Hall, both of whom had married daughters of the second Mrs. Lincoln. Of the Hanks's there were Dennis, his wife Sarah Elizabeth Johnston Hanks, and their four children, John, Harriet (Mrs. Augustus H. Chapman), Sarah Jane (Mrs. Thomas Dowling), and Nancy (Mrs. James Shoaff). Squire Hall, his wife Matilda Johnston Hall, and their son John made up the remainder of the party.

There is also a sharp difference of opinion as to the manner and methods of the Lincolns' travels. Concerning these even the members of the party have disagreed. Some have said that the entire party had but one wagon, others two, and yet others three. It is certain however, that the motive power was oxen or horses and oxen, and that the wagon or wagons drawn by them were large and strong though crudely built.

About March 1, 1830, the Lincolns left Gentryville, Spencer County, Indiana, to seek a new home in the fertile Sangamon country in Illinois. There they expected to join a relative, John Hanks, who had emigrated to that section a year or two before. The air-line distance between these two points was approximately one hundred and seventy-five miles, but the *détours* necessary in following roads and trails lengthened the actual distance traveled to something like two hundred and twenty-five miles. Leaving Gentryville they went in a northwesterly direction to Vincennes, Indiana, where they crossed the Wabash River by ferry into Illinois.

The "Way" in Illinois extends from a point on the Illinois bank of the Wabash River opposite Vincennes, to the Lincoln farm near Decatur in Macon County. It lies in what were in 1830, the counties of Law-

rence, Crawford, Clark, Shelby and Macon. These five counties had an area of more than five thousand square miles, and contained less than fifteen thousand inhabitants. In this entire area there were few settlements of any importance, no well-improved wagon roads, not one river bridge, and but four ferries. Even the National Road in Illinois had not yet been built, and its route lay in an unbroken wilderness. Along its entire distance of ninety miles from Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois, to the Indiana state line west of Terre Haute, there was but one inhabited cabin. Remnants of Indian tribes hunted up and down the rivers; many of the settlers merely squatted on the public domain, and the people gave more attention to hunting and fishing than to farming and trade. Viewed from any angle, eastern Illinois was at the time typically pioneer.

The greater part of the journey through this section was necessarily made along Indian trails, only a few of which had been transformed into wagon roads by the scattered settlers. The stage of water in the river must have influenced the travelers' selection of routes. On the one hand, there was the desire to avoid the lowlands along the rivers; on the other, the possibility of being able to cross the same rivers at natural fords on traveled trails or roads.

After crossing the Wabash at Vincennes the Lincolns traveled westward on the "Great Western Mail Route" to Lawrenceville, the county seat of Lawrence County. At that point they recrossed the Embarras River by ferry, and took a northeasterly direction so as to pass through Christian Settlement, which was some six or seven miles northeast of Lawrenceville. Between these two points the ground was low and swampy. To it the early settlers of the region gave the name "Purgatories," and the appropriateness of the name has remained unquestioned down to the present time. Fortunately for our travelers the Purgatories appear not to have been submerged, for the stages of water in the Wabash were lower during the first two weeks of March, 1830, than at the corresponding time in any of the other years between 1815 and 1845. Passing through Christian Settlement they came to high ground at the site of Russelville. Here were a few settlers and the remains of what had once been the flourishing Indian town of Little Village. Lincoln is said to have seen an Indian for the first time at Vincennes only a few days before. Perhaps he saw others at Little Village, for it was directly on the trail used by the Indians of central

Illinois in going to and from Vincennes, and its burying ground contained the remains of their chief, Little Turtle.

From this point they followed a comparatively good road along the bank of the Wabash, passing through Palestine and York to Darwin, which was then the county seat of Clark County. At Palestine Lincoln observed perhaps for the first time one of the striking characteristics of the people among whom he had come to dwell. He saw gathered around the public land office groups of men, each intent on securing from the government choice quarter-sections of fertile eastern Illinois land. The force that had brought his father's family to Illinois had brought others; all of them were seeking cheap land. York, the next point on the "Way", appears to have been the most important settlement at the time in eastern Illinois. The town was situated below a rapid in the Wabash, and unless the water in the river were high it was at the head of navigation. In addition it was the starting point for rafts loaded with provisions for the lower Mississippi trade.

Thus far in their journey the Lincolns had encountered no serious obstacles to travel. The road along which they had come led through comparatively densely-populated sections, and with the exception of the "Purgatories" no extensive stretches of lowlands had intervened. From Darwin on, however, they would find conditions less favorable for travel. There they would be compelled for the greater part of the journey to push along Indian trails that led through swampy forests and over muddy prairies. In addition there were four comparatively large streams to be crossed: the Embarras, the Little Wabash, the Kaskaskia, and the Sangamon; and not until they reached the last named river would they again see a ferry. How well they accomplished the task before them is evidenced by their having reached Decatur without either serious accident or appreciable loss of time.

Leaving the river at Darwin they took a north-westerly direction, passed through or near the site of Marshall, the present county seat of Clark County, and pushed on to Richwoods, which was an indefinitely-located settlement near the site of Westfield. In taking this route they made a *détour* of several miles, apparently for the purpose of avoiding the North Fork of the Embarras River. Instead of crossing that stream, as they would have been compelled to do had they followed one of the trails farther south, they passed around its head. From Richwoods they traveled southwesterly, crossed the Embarras River at

McCann's ford, which is a narrow place in the river between high banks near the southern boundary of Coles County, and journeyed to Paradise on the headwaters of the Little Wabash. Here they stopped for a short time with relatives.

Doubtless the most difficult part of the journey was before them. The country between Paradise and Decatur was low and swampy. It was traversed by the Kaskaskia and Sangamon rivers with their many tributaries, which for years afterward resisted every effort to reclaim the land in that section for agriculture. Lincoln himself remembered for many years the difficulties the party encountered in crossing the Kaskaskia. So deeply had the difficulties impressed his mind that he could even thirty years later, point out the place of crossing which was at the site of Nelson in Moultrie County. From this point to Decatur little is known of the exact location of the "Way". It is certain, however, that on or about March 15, 1830, the Lincolns entered Decatur from the south, and that they continued without delay to a squatter's claim near the Sangamon River in Macon County. That claim has since become known as the "Lincoln Farm", and so far as this investigation is concerned it marks the Illinois end of the "Lincoln Way".

Locating the "Way" in Illinois is merely preliminary to the memorial itself. Just what form the memorial will take no one knows at this time, (January 1, 1915). That is a matter for the Illinois legislature to decide, and apparently the members of that body have not yet given it serious thought. It has been suggested that the state co-operate with the counties concerned in improving the "Way" so as to make it a link in the hard-roads scheme now under way in the state. Such a plan is certainly desirable, although it would involve the expenditure of at least a million dollars. Professor Wilhelm Miller of the University of Illinois has developed a plan of road-side planting in which the life and character of Mr. Lincoln would be typified in the trees and shrubs to be planted along the "Way". This plan would enlist the co-operation of the people, especially that of the school children, and would perhaps be more productive of good than a concrete road. A combination of the two plans would be ideal. The least that can be done would be to place markers along the "Way" by which attention might be called to Mr. Lincoln's entry into Illinois.

University of Illinois
URBANA, ILLINOIS

CHARLES MANFRED THOMPSON

DIPLOMATIC AND TREATY RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

IN 1825 Mr. Joel R. Poinsett was dispatched as a Minister to Mexico. He was instructed to "bring to the notice of the Mexican Government the message of the late President of the United States to their Congress, on the 2d of December, 1823, asserting certain important principles of intercontinental law in the relations of Europe and the New World, of which the first principle was, that the American continents are not henceforth to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers, and second that while we do not desire to interfere in Europe with the political system of the allied powers, we should regard as dangerous to our peace and safety any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere."

Poinsett was further instructed to secure, if possible, a treaty of limits and a treaty of amity and commerce, on the basis of the recently concluded convention with Colombia. The treaty which he signed failed because it did not receive the assent of the Senate. The treaty of limits of 1828 was then concluded, and in 1831 a treaty of amity and commerce was signed, which is still in force.

The war between Texas and Mexico affected the relations between Mexico and the United States, and was the cause of frequent communications from the President to Congress, and stirred up a great deal of discussion in Congress, especially at the beginning of the affair when the Mexican Minister left Washington. However, former conditions were soon restored.

In 1836 claims began to arise and to be pressed against the Mexican Government. In 1837 they were made the subject of several Presidential Messages. In 1838 a Convention was concluded for the adjustment of these claims, which was not ratified by the Mexican Government. In 1839 another convention was concluded and ratified by both parties for the same purpose. The acts of Congress to carry this into effect were approved on the 12th of June, 1840, and on the 1st of Sept. 1841.

A radical difference of opinion on important subjects was found to exist when the commissioners from each side met together. The main difference of opinion was:

(1) The American Commissioners regarded the joint body as a judicial tribunal, while the Mexican Commissioners regarded it as a diplomatic body.

(2) The Americans asserted that the claimants had a right to appear personally or by counsel before the Commissioners. The Mexicans denied this and insisted that the proof must come through the Government. Thus much time was lost in these discussions, and when the last day for action had passed, several claims had not been acted upon, which caused a great amount of correspondence later on. Mexico did not keep its engagements under this treaty, and in 1843 a new Convention respecting the payments was made, in which it was agreed that another claims convention should be entered into; but this had not been done when war broke out between the two countries in 1844.

A treaty was concluded with Texas for its annexation to the United States, but it failed to receive the assent of the Senate. Congress then, by joint resolution, declared that it "doth consent that the territory properly included within, and rightfully belonging to, the Republic of Texas, may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas," and on the 29th of Dec. 1845, it was jointly resolved "that the State of Texas shall be one... of the United States of America, and admitted into the Union on an equal footing with all the original States in all respects whatever."

By a clause of the instrument (organizing the colony of the island of Ciare), citizens of the United States were expressly excluded from being members of that colony... This exclusion was regarded as invidious, and as directly at variance with the third article of the treaty of 1831, which stipulates for perfect equality between citizens of the United States and other foreigners who may visit or reside in Mexico.

The Mexican law forbidding American citizens from holding real estate in that country, while that privilege is open to other aliens, may also be regarded as incompatible, if not with the letter, certainly with the spirit of the treaty, the obvious purpose of which was to provide for equality generally between our citizens and other foreigners in that Republic.

On May 11th, 1846 President Polk sent to Congress a message declaring that American blood had been shed on American soil, and that war existed by the act of Mexico. He discussed the various causes of irritation that had existed between the two countries, and communicated to Congress certain correspondence relating to the rupture between them. By an act of May 13, 1846, stat.9, the President was authorized to prosecute the war.

TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO

Mr. Nicholas Trist who was Chief Clerk of the State Department was sent to Mexico to see if peace could be established. He reached Vera Cruz on May 6, 1847. On November 16 he received instructions by which he was directed to return to the United States by the first safe opportunity. In these instructions it was stated that, after a series of brilliant victories, when the American troops were at the gates of the capital and it was completely in their power, the Mexican Government had "insulted our country by proposing terms the acceptance of which would degrade us in the eyes of the world, and be justly condemned by the whole American people." They must, said the instructions: "attribute our liberality to fear, or they must take courage from our supposed political divisions." In this state of affairs the President, it was said, believed that Mr. Trist's continued presence with the army could be productive of no good, but might do much harm by encouraging delusive hopes and false impressions. The President had determined not to make another offer to treat with the Mexican Government, though he would always be ready to receive and consider its proposals. Mexico must now first sue for peace.

When Mr. Trist received his first order of recall, it was expected that an army train for Vera Cruz would leave the City of Mexico about the end of November. The train was delayed for several weeks, but when it did return Mr. Trist did not go with it. On the contrary, he had determined to remain in Mexico and endeavor to conclude a peace. He knew that under the circumstances any action which he might take would more than likely be disavowed by his government, but he decided to assume the responsibility. His proposal of negotiation was accepted by the Mexican Government and plenipotentiaries were duly commissioned to negotiate with him. In about six weeks after their first conference their task was brought to an end by the signing of a

treaty of peace at Guadalupe Hidalgo, Feb. 2d, 1848. Every possible provision was made for its speedy conveyance, and it reached its destination in sixteen or seventeen days after signature—the quickest time then ever made between the capitals of the two Republics—the bearer being James L. Freaner of Maryland, who in a way it is said was instrumental in determining Mr. Trist to make the attempt of which the treaty was the result. The treaty was communicated by the President to the Senate on Feb. 23, 1848, with a message dated the preceding day. In another message to the Senate, on Feb. 29th, the President said: “I consider it to be my solemn duty to the country, uninfluenced by the exceptionable conduct of Mr. Trist, to submit the treaty to the Senate with a recommendation that it be ratified with the modifications suggested.

I deem it to be my duty to state that the recall of Mr. Trist as commissioner of the United States, of which Congress was informed in my annual message, was dictated by a belief that his continued presence with the Army could be productive of no good, but might do much harm by encouraging the delusive hopes and false impressions of the Mexicans, and that his recall would satisfy Mexico that the United States had no terms of peace more favorable to offer. Directions were given that any propositions for peace which Mexico might make should be received and transmitted by the commanding general of our forces to the United States.

It was not expected that Mr. Trist would remain in Mexico or continue in the exercise of the functions of the office of commissioner after he received his letter of recall. He has, however, done so, and the plenipotentiaries of the government of Mexico, with a knowledge of the fact, have concluded with him this treaty. I have examined with a full sense of the extraneous circumstances attending its conclusion and signature, which might be objected to, but conforming as it does substantially on the main questions of boundary and indemnity to the terms which our commissioner, when he left the United States in April last, was authorized to offer, and animated as I am by the spirit which has governed all my official conduct toward Mexico, I have felt it to be my duty to submit it to the Senate for their consideration, with a view to its ratification.”*

Mr. Sumner, on July 14, 1870, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to whom was referred a petition of Mr. Trist for compensa-

*See Sess. Ex. Doc. 52, 30 Cong. 1 sess.

tion for his services, made a report from which the following passages are taken:

"The services of Mr. Trist constitute an interesting chapter in the history of our country. As negotiator of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, he exercised a decisive influence in terminating the war with Mexico, by which we were secured in the blessings of peace and in the possession also of an undisputed title to Texas, and an addition to the national domain equal in area to the present territory of Mexico, and including in its expanse the great and prosperous State of California.

Mr. Trist, while Chief Clerk of the State Department, and in confidential relations with Mr. Buchanan, the Secretary of State, was selected as 'commissioner to negotiate and conclude a settlement of existing differences and a lasting treaty of peace' with Mexico. On the 16th of April, 1847, he left Washington and proceeded to the headquarters of the Army of the United States in Mexico, where for several months he labored anxiously to accomplish the object of his important mission. Not until November, 1847, was the first great point reached. This was the appointment of a commission on the part of the Mexican Government authorized to negotiate.

Meanwhile at Washington there was a spirit hostile to negotiation; Mexico was not sufficiently humiliated. In the midst of his negotiation, when a treaty of peace was almost within his grasp, on the 16th of November, 1847, Mr. Trist suddenly received a letter of recall, with the order to return home by the first safe opportunity. After careful deliberation, and with the sure conviction that if his efforts were thus abruptly terminated the war would be much prolonged, while the difficulties of obtaining another Mexican commission would be increased, he concluded to proceed, and do what he could for the sake of peace. The Mexicans to whom he communicated the actual condition of affairs united with him, and a treaty was signed on the 2d of February, 1848, at Guadalupe-Hidalgo. Mr. Trist remained in Mexico until the 8th of April, 1848, in order to protect the interests of the United States, and would have remained longer had not an order for his arrest, sent from Washington to our military authorities, compelled him to leave.

It is understood that the President, on the arrival of the treaty, proposed to suppress it; but, unwilling to encounter public opinion, which was favorable to peace, he communicated it to the Senate, when,

with certain amendments, it was ratified by a vote of thirty-eight yeas to fourteen nays. And thus the war with Mexico was ended.

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The Texas Act. Feb. 8, 1850, which provides for the investigation by commissioners of land titles with a view to their confirmation by the legislature, since it makes no discrimination between citizens of the United States and of Mexico, does not violate Article VIII. of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which simply guarantees to Mexicans, in respect of their rights of property, the same protection as is extended to citizens of the United States.

The Court of Private Land Claims, provided for by the act of March 3, 1891, to settle titles in Arizona and New Mexico makes it possible to give early relief to communities long repressed in their development by unsettled land titles, and to establish the right and possession of settlers whose lands have been rendered valueless by adverse and unfounded claims.

MESILLA, AND LATER, TREATIES, OR GADSDEN PURCHASE

Under the treaty of December 30, 1853, by which the Mesilla valley was secured by the United States, \$7,000,000 was to be paid by

the United States on the exchange of ratifications, and \$3,000,000 when the new boundary line was established.

In 1861 an extradition treaty* was concluded with Mexico, and in 1868 a naturalization convention, and a convention for the establishment of a claims commission. The commission under the claims convention was duly organized in Washington, July 31, 1869. Its powers were extended by a convention, concluded April 19, 1871, and a further extension was authorized by a convention concluded November 27, 1872.

DOMESTIC DISTURBANCES; INTERVENTION

After the close of the war between the United States and Mexico, the political conditions of the latter continued to be disturbed. Americans made complaints of injuries of various kinds, and claims to a large amount accumulated in the Department of State. In 1856 Mr. Forsyth, then our Minister to Mexico, declared that "nothing but a manifestation of the power of the government of the United States" would avail to punish these wrongs. In 1857 a favorable change in the affairs of Mexico seemed to take place. A constituent Congress adopted a republican constitution, and a popular election was held at which General Comonfort was chosen as President. He took the oath of office and was inaugurated December 1, 1857. A month later, however, he was driven from the capital by a revolution headed by General Zuloaga. The entire diplomatic corps, including the minister of the United States, made haste to recognize Zuloaga's authority without awaiting instructions from their governments. But Zuloaga was soon expelled from power, and his place was taken by General Miramon, a favorite of the so-called Church Party. The reappearance of Zuloaga was secured for the purpose of appointing Miramon as "President-substitute," and in the latter character the diplomatic corps transferred to him the recognition which they had given to Zuloaga. Meanwhile Benito Juarez, who, as the chief justice of the Republic and ex-officio Vice-President claimed to have become President on the deposition of Comonfort, came forward as the leader of the Liberal Party. He established his government first at Queretaro, then at Guanajuato, and then at Guadalajara, but was eventually compelled to leave the country. In 1858, however,

*In session ten years.

he returned to Vera Cruz and established a government. In June, 1858, Minister Forsyth, suspended diplomatic relations with the Miramon Government till he should ascertain the decision of the President. President Buchanan approved the step which Forsyth had taken, and, because of complaints of ill treatment of American citizens, broke off diplomatic relations with Mexico altogether. Subsequently, when the final triumph of Juarez seemed to be probable, he sent a confidential agent to Mexico to report upon the conditions and prospects of the belligerents. In consequence of this agent's report, Robert M. McLane, of Maryland was appointed as minister to the Mexican Republic. Mr. McLane proceeded on his mission on March 8, 1859, invested with discretionary power to recognize the government of President Juarez, if he should find it entitled to such recognition according to the established practice of the United States. April 7, 1859 he presented his credentials to President Juarez, and recognized his government as the only existing government at that time in the Republic. But the Juarez government was not able to expel Miramon from the capital; President Buchanan in his annual Message to Congress of December 3d, 1859, recommended the employment of a sufficient military force to penetrate into the interior of Mexico, where the government of Miramon was to be found, and seek redress from it for the injuries to American citizens. In his message of Dec. 3, 1860, he declared his belief in the "justice as well as wisdom of such a policy," but "stated that having discovered that his recommendation would not be sustained by Congress, he had sought to accomplish the same objects in some degree by treaty stipulations with the constitutional government."

In instructions given to Mr. Corwin, minister to Mexico, April 6, 1861, Mr. Seward stated that the actual conditions of affairs in Mexico was so imperfectly understood in Washington that the President found it difficult to give him particular and practical directions. Information had been received that President Juarez had overthrown his adversaries and established his government at the Capital, and that he had been chosen as President at an election lately held, but there were other rumors afloat to the effect that his government was unable to maintain order, that robberies were frequent on the high roads, and that even a member of the American Legation had been murdered on his way from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. If the last mentioned occurrence should prove to be true, Mr. Corwin was informed that it would be regarded as a high offense against the dignity and honor of the United

States, and would prove a severe shock to the sensibilities of the American people. As to claims, he was not to put them forward for the present, but he was to keep the Mexican Government in mind of the fact that such of them as should be found to be just would in due time be presented and urged upon its consideration. The performance by the United States of its duty to "reason" with the government of Mexico, was, said Mr. Seward, embarrassed by the occurrence of civil commotions in our own country, by which Mexico, in consequence of her proximity is not unlikely to be affected. Both governments must "address themselves to this new and annoying condition of things, with common dispositions to mitigate its evils and abridge its duration as much as possible." Mr. Corwin was, however, advised that the President would not suffer the representatives of the United States to engage in any discussion of the merits of its domestic difficulties in the presence of foreign powers, but he was to assure the government of Mexico that those difficulties had not arisen out of any deep and permanent popular discontent, and that the President believed the people of the United States would speedily and in a Constitutional way adopt all necessary remedies for the restoration to the Republic of peace and the preservation of the Federal Union. Peace, order, and constitutional authority, in each and all of the American Republics were, said Mr. Seward, "not exclusively an interest of any one or more of them, but a common and indispensable interest of them all." The President was, moreover, satisfied that the safety, welfare, and happiness of the United States would be more effectually promoted if Mexico should retain its complete integrity and independence, than if any part of its territory should be transferred to another power, even though that power should be the United States itself. It was understood, said Mr. Seward, that the ability of the government and people of Mexico to preserve and maintain the integrity and sovereignty of the republic might be much impaired, under existing circumstances, by hostile or unfriendly action on the part of the United States. The President would therefore use all proper influence to favor the restoration of order and authority in Mexico, and, so far as might be in his power, prevent incursions of or any other form of aggression by citizens of the United States against Mexico. The Mexican government had lately complained of an apprehended attempt to invade the State of Sonora by citizens of the United States. Mr. Corwin was to assure the Mexican government that effective means would be adopted to put the neutrality laws of the United

States interference, and that the intention was a recognition of the preservation and safety of the Republic which had been up to the border. It was never that such attention would be given to the subject by the authorities of Mexico.

On October 31, 1880, France, Great Britain, and Spain took into a convention with reference to continuing operations against Mexico in the enforcement of claims. They agreed that they would not in the employment of measures of coercion, must not avail themselves of coercion, or take any particular advantage, or exercise in the domestic affairs of Mexico any influence incompatible with impartial recognition, and in order that their proceeding might not seem to be of an exclusively character, they also agreed to communicate a copy of the convention to the United States and invite that government to accept of it. These operations were begun in April, 1881, but being that time they took an unfavorable turn in consequence of the French having extensive protection to General Alvarado and other leading men of the Reaction, any party who had been banished from the country. On this question of the intervention of the French in the domestic affairs of Mexico the concert of the powers was dissolved. The United States had declined to join them in coercive measures, and as Great Britain and Spain refused to accept of the policy of intervention, France was left to pursue alone the way that led to the attempt and a serious failure to establish an alien monarchy in Mexico.

LATER RELATIONS

For some years after the withdrawal of the French from Mexico the peace of the latter country continued to be interrupted by domestic contentions. These were attended with serious border troubles, which at times impaired the good relations between the United States and Mexico and gave rise to troublesome questions. The acute stage of the difficulties was passed in 1877.

Mr. Blaine, on June 1, 1881, wrote to Mr. Morgan, Minister to Mexico as follows:

"The record of the last fifteen years must have removed from the minds of the enlightened statesmen of Mexico any possible lingering doubt touching the policy of the United States toward her sister Republic. That policy is one of faithful and impartial recognition of the

independence and the integrity of the Mexican nation. At this late day it needs no disclaimer on our part of the existence of even the faintest desire in the United States for territorial extension south of the Rio Grande. The boundaries of the two republics have been long settled in conformity with the best jurisdictional interests of both. The line of demarkation is not conventional merely. It is more than that. It separates a Spanish-American people from a Saxon-American people. It divides one great nation from another with distinct and natural finality. The increasing prosperity of both Commonwealths can only draw into closer union the friendly feeling, the political sympathy, and the correlated interests which their history and neighborhood have created and encouraged. In all your intercourse with the Mexican government and people it must be your chiefest endeavor correctly to reflect this firm conviction of your government."

President Cleveland in his annual message Dec. 3d, 1888, wrote: "It is with sincere satisfaction that I am enabled to advert to the spirit of good neighborhood and friendly cooperation and conciliation that has marked the correspondence and action of the Mexican authorities in their share of the task of maintaining law and order about the line of our common boundary."

FREE ZONE

President McKinley, in his annual message Dec. 5, 1898 said: "The problem of the Mexican Free Zone has been often discussed with regard to its inconvenience as a provocative of smuggling into the United States along an extensive and thinly guarded land border. The effort made by the joint resolution of March 1, 1895, to remedy the abuse charged by suspending the privilege of free transportation in bond across the territory of the United States to Mexico failed of good result, as is stated in Report No. 702 of the House of Rep. submitted in the last session, March 11, 1898. As the question is one to be conveniently met by wise concurrent legislation of the two countries looking to the protection of the revenues by harmonious measures operating equally on either side of the boundary, rather than by conventional arrangements, I suggest that Congress consider the advisability of authorizing and inviting a conference of representatives of the Treasury Departments of the United States and Mexico to consider the subject in all its complex bearings, and make report with pertinent recommendations to the re-

spective governments for the information and consideration of their Congresses."

CROSSING OF BORDER BY CATTLE

Congress by a joint resolution of January 15, 1894, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to permit owners of cattle and horses in the United States to pass over into Mexico for the purpose of pasturing them, and afterwards to re-import them to the United States free of duty within twelve months from the date of the resolution. The Mexican government declined to concur in the carrying out of the resolution, on the ground that a convention between the United States and Mexico, signed July 11, 1888, for the reciprocal crossing of cattle from one country to the other was still pending before the Mexican Senate, and that, in view of the opposition to the convention among the inhabitants of the frontier States, the President of Mexico did not consider it opportune to take any action in the matter.

Peace and quiet between the United States and Mexico reigned until the early part of 1913, when President Madero was murdered. Since then has been constant friction of which no man can foresee the end.

NEW YORK

JOHN EDWARD OSTER

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

(Thirteenth Paper)

Chapter XII.

WHILE McClellan was in front of Yorktown, the President and Secretary of War and Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury—practically the Administration—came down and took up their quarters at Fort Monroe, staying with us at headquarters. The evening of their arrival Yorktown was evacuated, and the enemy retired upon Williamsburg, pursued by McClellan's forces. The latter had an engagement at Williamsburg with the rear-guard of his army, and suffered severely, losing about eighteen hundred men. The news of the battle reached Fort Monroe that evening, previous to the arrival of the President. The enemy meanwhile was retreating up the Peninsula.

Upon the party's arrival in a revenue cutter I boarded the vessel, and reported to the President the results of the engagement, (for we had no notice of his coming) and suggested that the party should come to headquarters within the fort; a messenger being despatched to the General, who came down with his staff to meet them and escort them to the Fort.

The Navy, in command of Admiral Goldsborough, had repeatedly refused to co-operate with us in making an effort to take Norfolk, and this was the real reason of the President and Secretary of war coming down; their object being to establish harmony of action between the Army and Navy.

General Wool represented to the President that he could do nothing with his army, except he had a naval force to cover his landing upon the opposite shore. The result was that they proceeded off to the flagship at once, meeting Admiral Goldsborough with General Wool, and from there issued an order that night, that the Navy should go into action next day, and bombard the forts of the Elizabeth River, Sewell's Point and Craney Island. Wool said to the President:

"If you will order the Navy to co-operate with me, I will take Norfolk in three days.

with certain amendments, it was ratified by a vote of thirty-eight yeas to fourteen nays. And thus the war with Mexico was ended.

The commissioner who had taken such great responsibility reached Washington on his return in June, 1848, only to encounter the enmity of the administration then in power. His mission had been crowned with success, but he was disgraced. By the order of President Polk his pay was stopped at November 16, 1847, so that his service, as peace-maker, rendered after that date was left without compensation, as without honor. Mr. Trist was proud and sensitive. He determined to make no application at that time for the compensation he had earned, and to await the spontaneous offer of it, unless compelled by actual want."

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The Texas Act. Feb. 8, 1850, which provides for the investigation by commissioners of land titles with a view to their confirmation by the legislature, since it makes no discrimination between citizens of the United States and of Mexico, does not violate Article VIII. of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which simply guarantees to Mexicans, in respect of their rights of property, the same protection as is extended to citizens of the United States.

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Article VII. of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, while it was declared to have been rendered nugatory for the most part by the first clause of Article IV. of the treaty concluded December 30, 1853, and proclaimed June 30, 1854, was, by the second clause thereof, reaffirmed as to the Rio Grande below the point when, by the lines as fixed by the latter treaty that river became the boundary between the two countries. Said Article VII. is recognized as still in force by Article V. of the convention concluded November 12, 1884, and proclaimed September 14, 1886.

The Texas Act. Feb. 8, 1850, which provides for the investigation by commissioners of land titles with a view to their confirmation by the legislature, since it makes no discrimination between citizens of the United States and of Mexico, does not violate Article VIII. of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which simply guarantees to Mexicans, in respect of their rights of property, the same protection as is extended to citizens of the United States.

The Court of Private Land Claims, provided for by the act of March 3, 1891, to settle titles in Arizona and New Mexico makes it possible to give early relief to communities long repressed in their development by unsettled land titles, and to establish the right and possession of settlers whose lands have been rendered valueless by adverse and unfounded claims.

MESILLA, AND LATER, TREATIES, OR GADSDEN PURCHASE

Under the treaty of December 30, 1853, by which the Mesilla valley was secured by the United States, \$7,000,000 was to be paid by

the United States on the exchange of ratifications, and \$3,000,000 when the new boundary line was established.

In 1861 an extradition treaty* was concluded with Mexico, and in 1868 a naturalization convention, and a convention for the establishment of a claims commission. The commission under the claims convention was duly organized in Washington, July 31, 1869. Its powers were extended by a convention, concluded April 19, 1871, and a further extension was authorized by a convention concluded November 27, 1872.

DOMESTIC DISTURBANCES; INTERVENTION

After the close of the war between the United States and Mexico, the political conditions of the latter continued to be disturbed. Americans made complaints of injuries of various kinds, and claims to a large amount accumulated in the Department of State. In 1856 Mr. Forsyth, then our Minister to Mexico, declared that "nothing but a manifestation of the power of the government of the United States" would avail to punish these wrongs. In 1857 a favorable change in the affairs of Mexico seemed to take place. A constituent Congress adopted a republican constitution, and a popular election was held at which General Comonfort was chosen as President. He took the oath of office and was inaugurated December 1, 1857. A month later, however, he was driven from the capital by a revolution headed by General Zuloaga. The entire diplomatic corps, including the minister of the United States, made haste to recognize Zuloaga's authority without awaiting instructions from their governments. But Zuloaga was soon expelled from power, and his place was taken by General Miramon, a favorite of the so-called Church Party. The reappearance of Zuloaga was secured for the purpose of appointing Miramon as "President-substitute," and in the latter character the diplomatic corps transferred to him the recognition which they had given to Zuloaga. Meanwhile Benito Juarez, who, as the chief justice of the Republic and ex-officio Vice-President claimed to have become President on the deposition of Comonfort, came forward as the leader of the Liberal Party. He established his government first at Queretaro, then at Guanajuato, and then at Guadalajara, but was eventually compelled to leave the country. In 1858, however,

*In session ten years.

he returned to Vera Cruz and established a government. In June, 1858, Minister Forsyth, suspended diplomatic relations with the Miramon Government till he should ascertain the decision of the President. President Buchanan approved the step which Forsyth had taken, and, because of complaints of ill treatment of American citizens, broke off diplomatic relations with Mexico altogether. Subsequently, when the final triumph of Juarez seemed to be probable, he sent a confidential agent to Mexico to report upon the conditions and prospects of the belligerents. In consequence of this agent's report, Robert M. McLane, of Maryland was appointed as minister to the Mexican Republic. Mr. McLane proceeded on his mission on March 8, 1859, invested with discretionary power to recognize the government of President Juarez, if he should find it entitled to such recognition according to the established practice of the United States. April 7, 1859 he presented his credentials to President Juarez, and recognized his government as the only existing government at that time in the Republic. But the Juarez government was not able to expel Miramon from the capital; President Buchanan in his annual Message to Congress of December 3d, 1859, recommended the employment of a sufficient military force to penetrate into the interior of Mexico, where the government of Miramon was to be found, and seek redress from it for the injuries to American citizens. In his message of Dec. 3, 1860, he declared his belief in the "justice as well as wisdom of such a policy," but "stated that having discovered that his recommendation would not be sustained by Congress, he had sought to accomplish the same objects in some degree by treaty stipulations with the constitutional government."

In instructions given to Mr. Corwin, minister to Mexico, April 6, 1861, Mr. Seward stated that the actual conditions of affairs in Mexico was so imperfectly understood in Washington that the President found it difficult to give him particular and practical directions. Information had been received that President Juarez had overthrown his adversaries and established his government at the Capital, and that he had been chosen as President at an election lately held, but there were other rumors afloat to the effect that his government was unable to maintain order, that robberies were frequent on the high roads, and that even a member of the American Legation had been murdered on his way from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. If the last mentioned occurrence should prove to be true, Mr. Corwin was informed that it would be regarded as a high offense against the dignity and honor of the United

States, and would prove a severe shock to the sensibilities of the American people. As to claims, he was not to put them forward for the present, but he was to keep the Mexican Government in mind of the fact that such of them as should be found to be just would in due time be presented and urged upon its consideration. The performance by the United States of its duty to "reason" with the government of Mexico, was, said Mr. Seward, embarrassed by the occurrence of civil commotions in our own country, by which Mexico, in consequence of her proximity is not unlikely to be affected. Both governments must "address themselves to this new and annoying condition of things, with common dispositions to mitigate its evils and abridge its duration as much as possible." Mr. Corwin was, however, advised that the President would not suffer the representatives of the United States to engage in any discussion of the merits of its domestic difficulties in the presence of foreign powers, but he was to assure the government of Mexico that those difficulties had not arisen out of any deep and permanent popular discontent, and that the President believed the people of the United States would speedily and in a Constitutional way adopt all necessary remedies for the restoration to the Republic of peace and the preservation of the Federal Union. Peace, order, and constitutional authority, in each and all of the American Republics were, said Mr. Seward, "not exclusively an interest of any one or more of them, but a common and indispensable interest of them all." The President was, moreover, satisfied that the safety, welfare, and happiness of the United States would be more effectually promoted if Mexico should retain its complete integrity and independence, than if any part of its territory should be transferred to another power, even though that power should be the United States itself. It was understood, said Mr. Seward, that the ability of the government and people of Mexico to preserve and maintain the integrity and sovereignty of the republic might be much impaired, under existing circumstances, by hostile or unfriendly action on the part of the United States. The President would therefore use all proper influence to favor the restoration of order and authority in Mexico, and, so far as might be in his power, prevent incursions of or any other form of aggression by citizens of the United States against Mexico. The Mexican government had lately complained of an apprehended attempt to invade the State of Sonora by citizens of the United States. Mr. Corwin was to assure the Mexican government that effective means would be adopted to put the neutrality laws of the United

States into activity, and that due attention would be given to the preservation and safety of the peaceable inhabitants residing along the border. It was hoped that equal attention would be given to this subject by the authorities in Mexico.

On October 31, 1861, France, Great Britain, and Spain entered into a convention with reference to combined operations against Mexico for the enforcement of claims. They agreed that they would not, in the employment of measures of coercion, make any acquisition of territory, or take any particular advantage, or exercise in the domestic affairs of Mexico any influence incompatible with its political independence; and, in order that their proceeding might not seem to have an exclusive character, they also agreed to communicate a copy of the convention to the United States and invite that government to accede to it. Hostile operations were begun in May, 1862, but before that time things took an unfavorable turn, in consequence of the French having extended protection to General Almonte and other leading men of the Reactionary party who had been banished from the country. On this question of the intervention of the French in the domestic affairs of Mexico, the concert of the powers was destroyed. The United States had declined to join them in coercive measures; and as Great Britain and Spain refused to accede to the policy of intervention, France was left to pursue alone the way that led to the attempt and disastrous failure to establish an alien monarchy in Mexico.

LATER RELATIONS

For some years after the withdrawal of the French from Mexico the peace of the latter country continued to be interrupted by domestic contentions. These were attended with serious border troubles, which at times impaired the good relations between the United States and Mexico and gave rise to troublesome questions. The acute stage of the difficulties was passed in 1877.

Mr. Blaine, on June 1, 1881, wrote to Mr. Morgan, Minister to Mexico as follows:

"The record of the last fifteen years must have removed from the minds of the enlightened statesmen of Mexico any possible lingering doubt touching the policy of the United States toward her sister Republic. That policy is one of faithful and impartial recognition of the

independence and the integrity of the Mexican nation. At this late day it needs no disclaimer on our part of the existence of even the faintest desire in the United States for territorial extension south of the Rio Grande. The boundaries of the two republics have been long settled in conformity with the best jurisdictional interests of both. The line of demarkation is not conventional merely. It is more than that. It separates a Spanish-American people from a Saxon-American people. It divides one great nation from another with distinct and natural finality. The increasing prosperity of both Commonwealths can only draw into closer union the friendly feeling, the political sympathy, and the correlated interests which their history and neighborhood have created and encouraged. In all your intercourse with the Mexican government and people it must be your chiefest endeavor correctly to reflect this firm conviction of your government."

President Cleveland in his annual message Dec. 3d, 1888, wrote: "It is with sincere satisfaction that I am enabled to advert to the spirit of good neighborhood and friendly cooperation and conciliation that has marked the correspondence and action of the Mexican authorities in their share of the task of maintaining law and order about the line of our common boundary."

FREE ZONE

President McKinley, in his annual message Dec. 5, 1898 said: "The problem of the Mexican Free Zone has been often discussed with regard to its inconvenience as a provocative of smuggling into the United States along an extensive and thinly guarded land border. The effort made by the joint resolution of March 1, 1895, to remedy the abuse charged by suspending the privilege of free transportation in bond across the territory of the United States to Mexico failed of good result, as is stated in Report No. 702 of the House of Rep. submitted in the last session, March 11, 1898. As the question is one to be conveniently met by wise concurrent legislation of the two countries looking to the protection of the revenues by harmonious measures operating equally on either side of the boundary, rather than by conventional arrangements, I suggest that Congress consider the advisability of authorizing and inviting a conference of representatives of the Treasury Departments of the United States and Mexico to consider the subject in all its complex bearings, and make report with pertinent recommendations to the re-

spective governments for the information and consideration of their Congresses."

CROSSING OF BORDER BY CATTLE

Congress by a joint resolution of January 15, 1894, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to permit owners of cattle and horses in the United States to pass over into Mexico for the purpose of pasturing them, and afterwards to re-import them to the United States free of duty within twelve months from the date of the resolution. The Mexican government declined to concur in the carrying out of the resolution, on the ground that a convention between the United States and Mexico, signed July 11, 1888, for the reciprocal crossing of cattle from one country to the other was still pending before the Mexican Senate, and that, in view of the opposition to the convention among the inhabitants of the frontier States, the President of Mexico did not consider it opportune to take any action in the matter.

Peace and quiet between the United States and Mexico reigned until the early part of 1913, when President Madero was murdered. Since then has been constant friction of which no man can foresee the end.

NEW YORK

JOHN EDWARD OSTER

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

(Thirteenth Paper)

Chapter XII.

WHILE McClellan was in front of Yorktown, the President and Secretary of War and Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury—practically the Administration—came down and took up their quarters at Fort Monroe, staying with us at headquarters. The evening of their arrival Yorktown was evacuated, and the enemy retired upon Williamsburg, pursued by McClellan's forces. The latter had an engagement at Williamsburg with the rear-guard of his army, and suffered severely, losing about eighteen hundred men. The news of the battle reached Fort Monroe that evening, previous to the arrival of the President. The enemy meanwhile was retreating up the Peninsula.

Upon the party's arrival in a revenue cutter I boarded the vessel, and reported to the President the results of the engagement, (for we had no notice of his coming) and suggested that the party should come to headquarters within the fort; a messenger being despatched to the General, who came down with his staff to meet them and escort them to the Fort.

The Navy, in command of Admiral Goldsborough, had repeatedly refused to co-operate with us in making an effort to take Norfolk, and this was the real reason of the President and Secretary of war coming down; their object being to establish harmony of action between the Army and Navy.

General Wool represented to the President that he could do nothing with his army, except he had a naval force to cover his landing upon the opposite shore. The result was that they proceeded off to the flagship at once, meeting Admiral Goldsborough with General Wool, and from there issued an order that night, that the Navy should go into action next day, and bombard the forts of the Elizabeth River, Sewell's Point and Craney Island. Wool said to the President:

"If you will order the Navy to co-operate with me, I will take Norfolk in three days.

The naval vessels went into action next day, and in less than two hours silenced the forts. Then the *Merrimac* appeared for the second time, (and) the naval vessels at once retired from action, notwithstanding the four large rams we had there for the express purpose of destroying the *Merrimac*. Nothing could be more humiliating than this exhibition on the part of the commander of the Navy. So conspicuous was this irresolute act that it caused the relief of Admiral Goldsborough from the command in a few days, and an order from the President that his war vessels should go up the James River and assist McClellan by bombarding the forts on Drewry's Bluff.

General Wool determined to make an advance on Norfolk, and had secured a large number of big canal-boats that had brought down the cavalry and mules of McClellan's command. On these he proposed to embark about ten thousand men, and land them at a place called Pleasure-House Beach, which was the most accessible point to the Eastward of Norfolk, and to take the rebel works. General Wool's troops had never been brigaded, and I sat up all night with him, making details of the regiments that were to go. The information we had received was that General Huger had about twenty thousand men in Norfolk, inside defences. I suggested to General Wool that as his troops were all new levies and had not been brigaded, and the amount of artillery he had was insignificant, our chances of success seemed very remote. It seemed to me the attempt would result in inevitable disaster.

General Wool asserted at once, with great confidence:

"If I land, General Huger will run. Huger has been on my staff, and he knows I will never wet my feet."

"Suppose he does not run", I said; "We will either be driven into the sea or will have to surrender".

"It is not a supposable case," General Wool replied: "General Huger will evacuate."

I was the ranking officer on the staff at Fort Monroe. It is military etiquette that the highest ranking officer should be assigned as Aide-in-waiting to the President. President Lincoln occupied my sleeping-room, while I slept on a stretcher in the hall. As Aide-in-waiting, I was practically secretary to the President.

I was utterly depressed by General Wool's confidence, which was not based on any consideration of military affairs and of the exact situation, but was purely a game of brag. On the following day, when General Wool was out, reviewing the command that was going on the expedition, the President and Secretary observed that I was very reticent and depressed, and asked me what the trouble was. I avoided the question for some little time, but they urged upon me that I should tell them what was the cause of my trouble. I replied to them:

"I am going to do a very insubordinate act". Then I told them precisely what General Wool was about to do: that he was going to move the following night to attack Norfolk, purely on the belief that if he landed General Huger would evacuate the place. I said: "We have had so many disasters that one coming now would be terrible, not only in its consequences to us, but fearful in its influence on McClellan's advance."

The President was thoughtful for a long time, and finally said: "Well, what do you suggest?"

"I have nothing to suggest", I said, "but there is a remedy".

"What is it?" asked the President.

"Relieve General Wool of his command."

They knew my close personal relations with General Wool, but this they were not prepared to do. At dinner that evening the President asked General Wool how many men he was going to move with.

"About ten thousand", said the General.

"But", the President said, "has not General Huger nearly twenty-thousand men, and are they not behind fortified works?"

"Well, possibly", answered General Wool, "but that is of no consequence, he is not going to fight, he will run if I land."

Then the President repeated very much what I had said to him about the situation.

"Mr. President," said General Wool, "you are not a military man and do not understand the situation. If you stay here forty-eight hours, I will present Norfolk to you."

The troops were embarked on the barges at nightfall, and very clever, skillful arrangements were made for landing them. Two or three of these barges, empty, were to be driven ahead by a tug with great velocity, and run right upon to the beach, bows first. Anchors and chains were immediately to be carried ashore to keep the barges in position. Then another barge was to be brought under the stern of these, in water sufficiently deep for others to come up alongside and disembark the troops.

Secretary Chase accompanied General Wool on the expedition, leaving Fort Monroe about four o'clock A. M. of May 10th.

The troops had gone ahead in the barges during the night, and laid off the proposed landing-place. I reported with my horse and orderly, to go on board, and the General at once asked me: "What are you doing here, sir?"

"I am going with the expedition of course," I answered.

"No, you are not going", said General Wool; "I will take nobody with me who has any doubt of my success".

"Am I to be humiliated, General Wool," I replied, "in consequence of my confidential relations to you? If so, I shall resign from the service."

"No," said he, "you are left in command of the reserves and of this fort, and I will not trust anyone else."

"That is more monstrous than anything else, if you will allow me to suggest it," I said: "I shall obey the order, but I must ask you to leave the Adjutant-General with me."

The Adjutant-General was very indignant at being left behind, but it was so ordered, and he had to remain.

General Wool embarked, and all day long we heard nothing from him. At times we could hear firing and could see some smoke. The President and Secretary of War were almost overcome with anxiety concerning the expedition. They could not but feel that they were in a manner responsible, as they had consented to it.

The whole day passed, and no word came from Norfolk. Evening set in, and when it got to be about nine or ten o'clock I persuaded

the President to go to bed in my own room. I also persuaded Secretary Stanton to retire. He had a bed in my office. I went outside the fort with Captain Rodgers of the Navy, and we went down on the Ordnance wharf. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and there we remained waiting for some news to come.

After a long time I heard a distant sound (as) of paddle-wheels splashing in the water. The sound came nearer and nearer and finally up came a little gunboat, with General Wool and the members of his staff and Secretary Chase on board, and the news that Norfolk was taken—General Huger *had* run.

The excitement was wonderful. General Wool came up into the fort, and as we approached Headquarters the sentinel challenged, "Who goes there?" The President heard the challenge, and the next thing we saw was six feet of white night shirt at the French window.

"What is it?" asked the President.

"General Wool, to present Norfolk to you," I replied.

"Call up Stanton, and send Wool up here " he said,

I roused up Secretary Stanton and told him: "General Wool has returned, and we have taken Norfolk."

"My God!" he said, and jumped out of bed, and started up stairs in his night-shirt to the President's room.

President Lincoln was sitting on the edge of the bed; General Wool was there in full uniform and all covered with dust, and one or two of his officers were also there. Secretary Stanton rushed impetuously into General Wool's arms in his excitement, and embraced him fervently. The President broke out laughing at seeing the General in full uniform and the Secretary in his night-shirt clasped in each others arms, and said:

"Look out, Mars!—if you don't the General will throw you". Secretary Stanton, with his usual quickness of perception and appreciation, said:

"This is the most important capture that has been made. Its importance nobody can estimate. You should immediately proceed to Norfolk, Mr. President, and issue a proclamation on rebel soil."

I got the Secretary some covering, and he sat down and right then and there wrote (out) the proclamation for the President.

At five o'clock that same morning—Sunday, May 11th, 1862—we started on a gunboat for Norfolk. We took President Lincoln, Secretary Chase, Secretary Stanton, and Admiral Goldsborough, who came on board. But we knew the *Merrimac* was there yet, and whether or not we could get to Norfolk we did not know. We had gone but a short distance when we heard a tremendous explosion. Looking in its direction, we saw it was in the Elizabeth River. It proved to be the destruction of the *Merrimac*, which the rebels had blown up. Later, as we were going in, we passed over her wreckage.

Soon after breakfast we arrived at Norfolk, and found our troops in possession of the city. I mentioned to Secretary Chase on the way, that it was most important to make a strong political point there. At Norfolk were large numbers of poor people and negroes, and a vast amount of property at the Navy Yard that ought to be preserved; and I suggested that the military command should pursue a policy which would operate to cause dissension among the southern people. Employment should be given to these poor people; they should be taken into the service of the United States; this would naturally beget jealousy between them and the people of wealth, who were insignificant in numbers.

Furthermore, we should pursue the same policy with the negroes that we had adopted at Fort Monroe. Secretary Chase talked earnestly with me about the matter, and then went and talked with the President. Then he came back to me and said: "The President wants to make you Military Governor of Norfolk. We will speak to General Wool if you assent to it; and no doubt he will readily endorse the proposition."

"It is impossible," I said, "my health is impaired—and furthermore, my duties are almost entirely advisory, executive rather than military."

"That is what we want more than anything else, in the army," said the Secretary; "and the President wants you to take this post."

But I utterly refused the offer. Later, when I went to Washington with the President and Secretaries, Chase again urged the matter on me.

I said "I must go home to my family, some of whom are ill."

"Well, bring your family here and take up your quarters at Fort Norfolk* " he said. It was, he urged, the first place where we could impress upon the people of the South that if they wanted Union protection they must recognize the National authority. Finally, to get rid of their importunity, I said I would go home, take the matter under consideration, and advise them of my decision. Secretary Chase said:

"If you will take this position, and should find that you have occasion to go home temporarily, I will come down myself and relieve you of the command until you return. I particularly desire that you should accept it, because of its great importance and because of our perfect accord in regard to the position."

I returned to New York—but having suffered from malaria for some time and being then far from well, I was influenced by my family and my physician to decline the proffered post, and to tender my resignation from the Service—which was accepted on June 11th, 1862.

LEGRAND B. CANNON

*So in the original—possibly a slip for Fortress Monroe.

(To be continued)

GENERAL RENO AT FREDERICK, BARBARA FRITCHIE AND HER FLAG

In October, 1863, about thirteen months after the incident referred to occurred, John Greenleaf Whittier published his "Barbara Frietchie." The poem immediately attracted wide attention, and immortalized not only Barbara Frietchie, but the town of Frederick, Maryland. The opening stanzas depict a beautiful and fertile country with "meadows rich with corn" and with "apple and peach tree fruited deep," as "fair as a garden of the Lord." The poem is most remarkable for its lofty patriotism and for its heroic action.

Mr. Whittier's information of the incident was derived from Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, who was then residing in Georgetown, D. C. Mrs. Southworth heard the story from friends who were in Frederick at the time, and from Mr. C. S. Bransburg, a neighbor of hers who was a connection of Barbara Frietchie, and from Samuel Tyler, a lawyer of Maryland who afterward wrote a life of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. Mr. Whittier received Mrs. Southworth's letter at Amesbury, in August, 1863, and within two weeks afterward he wrote his stirring ballad. It was sent to Mr. James T. Fields for publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and on August 24, 1863, Mr. Fields sent a note to Mr. Whittier expressing his great appreciation of the poem. "'Barbara' is most welcome," he wrote, "and I will find room for it in the October number, most certainly. . . . You were right in thinking I should like it, for so I do, as I like few things in this world. The piece must go into your book, of course.' . . .

Mr. Fields's opinion of the literary excellence of the poem has held its place in the world of letters, and his estimate seems none too high. Though written by one without military training, the ballad is replete with the spirit of army life; with the tread of marching soldiers; with the officers' orders, short and sharp; and with the quick fire of rifles.

This and other poems relating to the Civil War entitled Mr. Whittier to the warm regard of the Union Army. On April 9, 1890,

—Read before the Massachusetts Loyal Legion.

he was accordingly elected by the Massachusetts Commandery, a third-class member of the Loyal Legion of the United States, an honor which has been bestowed upon very few civilians.

The poem represents one of the favorite generals of the South, "Stonewall" Jackson, in a dishonorable light, and for this reason immediately aroused violent protests from the Confederates, and many denials of all sorts. The charge was made and believed by many that no such person as Barbara Fritchie ever lived in Frederick; that there was no such house in Frederick as the one occupied by Barbara Fritchie; that she was blind and bedridden in September, 1862; and that her sympathies were with the South, and that if she had waved any flag at all, it would have been the Confederate flag.

Some persons have said that her flag was buried with Barbara Fritchie's body, and still others have said that after her death the flag was purchased by a Confederate and destroyed as a matter of spite and revenge.

Writing to the editor of the *Century* under date of June 10, 1886, Mr. Whittier said:

"The poem 'Barbara Fritchie' was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth."

In a later letter to the editor of the *Century* dated March 7, 1888, Mr. Whittier stated that he had

"Also received letters from several other responsible persons, wholly or partially confirming the story, among whom was the late Dorothea L. Dix."

Barbara Fritchie was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on December 3, 1766. She was a daughter of Niclaus Hauer, who left Germany on May 11th, 1754, and arrived in Pennsylvania on October 1st, 1754. She lived the early years of her life in Pennsylvania, and com-

pleted her education in Baltimore, Maryland. Her grand-niece, Mrs. Julia M. Abbott, wife of John H. Abbott of Frederick, Maryland, states that her education was the best that could be obtained in her day. She was not only able to read and write, but was a thoroughly well-read woman. Even up to her ninety-second year she attended to business matters and signed business papers. It is not certain precisely what time the family removed to Frederick, Maryland, but it does appear that on May 6th, 1806, Barbara Hauer was married to John Casper Fritchie at Frederick City, by the Reverend Mr. Wagner of the German Reformed Church, and that she lived in Frederick from that time until her death. Her husband was a well-known glove-maker, and carried on that business in Frederick until his death, which occurred November 10th, 1849.

Barbara Fritchie never had any children, and at the time of her death her nearest relative was Mrs. Hanshew, a niece, who was the only child of Mrs. Fritchie's sister, and had lived with Mrs. Fritchie many years.

Her personal appearance has been described by her old friend Henry M. Nixdorff, of Frederick, as being slight in figure and scarcely of medium height, weighing not over one hundred and fifteen pounds, with eyes that were small but penetrating and keen; with hair that was dark in early life, but gray towards its end. She generally wore, when not at work, a black satin gown with a clear starched muslin kerchief crossed over her breast, and a close white cap such as the old New England grandmother usually wore. The likeness of her which has become commonly known was taken when Barbara Fritchie was about seventy-six years old.

In character she was firm and decisive when she believed herself right, but at the same time was gentle and sympathetic when the occasion required. Her grand-niece writes that "as children we knew we must obey her, but loved her for her kindness."

Barbara Fritchie died on December 18th, 1862, and was buried beside her husband in the cemetery of the Evangelical Reformed Church at Frederick.

The charge that she was bedridden during the occupation of the town by the Confederates, and was therefore unable to perform any

heroic act, seems to be the one upon which her opponents chiefly rely. One man has even gone so far as to state that upon Sunday, September 7th, 1862, she was so ill that he was obliged to carry the sacrament from the church to her house. This charge, however, has been refuted by several well-known citizens of Frederick who were personally acquainted with Barbara Fritchie, and who saw her daily during the time that the Confederates occupied the town.

Mr E. A. Gittinger, at present* City Registrar of Frederick, who in September, 1862, was residing in Frederick, and was between twenty-five and thirty years of age, writes upon this point "The Southern forces were naturally tired out, and frequently laid down or lounged on the porches, and Mrs. Fritchie being quite old, walked with a cane, and is known to have occasionally passed in and out from her home, and threatened to drive the soldiers off from her porch." This statement is also corroborated by the testimony of Mr. Henry M. Nixdorff, to whom previous reference has been made, a personal friend of Barbara Fritchie, and who lived only a short distance from her house. He writes: "On one occasion a number of Confederate soldiers halted and sat down on the porch in front of her dwelling, and were drinking water brought from the spring near by. To this she had not the slightest objection, but before leaving they began to talk in a derogatory manner of her beloved country. In a moment she arose, and passing to the front door she bade them clear themselves, and applied the cane with which she used to walk, in the most vigorous manner, clearing the porch in a few moments of every man upon it."

The most serious charge, however, which has been made against Barbara Fritchie is that she was not loyal to the Union, and that if she waved any flag at all while the Confederates occupied the town, it was the Confederate flag. This charge seems to have originated with Valerius Ebert, who was one of her husband's nephews and a strong Southern sympathizer, whom Barbara Fritchie once described as an "arrant rebel." Upon this point, however, the evidence is overwhelming in favor of Barbara Fritchie's staunch loyalty to the old flag, and her outspoken and fearless behavior whenever the subject was broached.

Mr Henry M. Nixdorff says in his sketch of Barbara Fritchie: "In the early days of the rebellion, when one disaster after another had

*1900

befallen the Union Army, and other patriotic hearts were almost overwhelmed with grief and beginning to despond; when matters looked so dark, so portentous, she stood entirely unmoved, displaying the greatest composure imaginable. Her loyalty to the country of her birth was of the most pronounced character. She never suffered that country to be spoken of in her presence in a disparaging way, without at once, and in the most earnest manner, resenting it. Yes, those small bright eyes would flash excitement and indignation, and her usual calmness change to that of resoluteness and strong determination, until the offensive remark was recalled, which was invariably done, for all knew that she meant what she said in her inmost soul. She realized that in 'Union there is strength,' and believed it with her whole heart.

"I shall never forget her appearance as she came into my store during the earlier part of the war, leaning on her staff, and saying with greatest earnestness: 'Do not for a moment despair, stand firm.'

"Often when she entered the store, she would ask: 'How do matters look now for the Union side?' Sometimes I had just heard good news of a cheering character, and when I would communicate it to her, joy was manifested in the most fervent manner. Her whole frame kindled with emotion and her bright eyes sparkled with delight. At other times news of a saddening character had been received, and when I made it known to her I felt greatly depressed. She would notice it at once and remark: 'Oh, do not be cast down! It will all come right, I know it will: the Union must be preserved,' and remark with the greatest emphasis: 'Be assured that God takes care of his people, and he will take care of this country. I feel perfectly satisfied that the Union of the States will be maintained. I am sure that it is God's will that the Union shall continue, and you know that nothing can stand against that.'"

Whittier himself never doubted the loyalty of Barbara Fritchie. In 1888 he wrote a letter to a member of Barbara Fritchie's family, in which he stated: "There has been a good deal of dispute about my little poem; but if there was any mistake in details, there was none in my estimate of her noble character and her loyalty and patriotism."

It would have been strange, indeed, if one who had witnessed the stirring scenes attending the birth of the Union, and had passed a long and happy life under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, had at the

close of such a career, sympathized with the attempt to destroy the Union and to dishonor the flag!

For a great many years before her death Barbara Fritchie lived in a small one story and a half brick house situated on West Patrick Street, one of the principal streets in Frederick. The house had two front doors, three windows in front on the ground floor, and two dormer windows in front in the long sloping roof. A small stream known as Carroll Creek flowed past the gable end of the back building, and on July 14, 1868, a corner of this building was washed away by what is known as the "Great Freshet." The house was soon afterward removed from the lot, the land having been purchased by the corporation of Frederick. The purchaser of the house cut up the window frames and oak rafters and made canes out of the wood.

On Saturday, September 6, 1862, the Confederate forces under Lee and Jackson entered the town of Frederick. One of the principal purposes of this expedition into Maryland was to obtain recruits for the Confederate army, and on Monday, September 8, 1862, General Lee issued his famous proclamation addressed to the people of Maryland. In this proclamation he recited among other things, that "the people of the Confederate States had long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political and commercial ties. They have seen with profound indignation their sister state deprived of every right and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

"Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you to again enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen and restore independency and sovereignty to your state. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you yourselves are concerned. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without restraint."

The response to the proclamation was disheartening to the Confederates. It is true that there were Southern sympathizers in Frederick and other parts of Maryland, but there seem to have been at that time very few who were willing to enlist. On September 10, 1862, Jackson's corps marched from Frederick toward Harper's Ferry and

surprised and captured the latter place a few days later. The rest of the Confederates however remained in Frederick until September 12. Jackson made his headquarters during the four days that he was near Frederick, at Best's Grove, situated about three miles from Frederick proper. The day after he crossed into Maryland, he was presented with a spirited horse, and while riding him received a fall which rendered him lame for several days. Upon Sunday, September 7, 1862, he drove into Frederick accompanied by Colonel H. Kyd Douglas and several other members of his staff. He attended church services in the evening and during a part of the service at least was fast asleep. So far as I have been able to ascertain General Jackson did not again enter Frederick until the early morning of September 10th, when he was again accompanied by Colonel Douglas and his staff. Colonel Douglas, informs me that he was with General Jackson every moment of the time of these two visits to Frederick. On the morning of September 10th, Jackson stopped at the square on Patrick Street, gave some orders and asked some misleading questions of citizens and rode to the house of Rev. Dr. Ross, a Presbyterian clergyman who was a friend of his. General Jackson and Douglas reached the house of Dr. Ross about six o'clock in the morning before Dr. Ross was up, and not seeing him, left a penciled note for him with his colored man who was standing at the gate.

Colonel Douglas further informs me that General Jackson did not pass the house of Barbara Fritchie, that he never saw her, and that no shooting at the Union flag occurred in his presence. He repudiates with friendly warmth the charge that General Jackson was capable of firing upon an old woman who happened to be waving a Union flag, and mentions an incident which occurred on the same morning in Middletown, about six miles from Frederick. Two little girls, he says with ribbons in their hair, ran out of a house and waved tiny Union flags at General Jackson as he rode past. General Jackson took off his hat, smiled and bowed to them and his staff uncovered, and he rode on. A moment afterward their frightened mother came out, and hurried the children into the house, amid the cheers of Jackson's ragged rebels. There seems to be no doubt that Jackson was gentle and chivalric toward women and children. In Mrs. Jackson's life of her husband, she states upon the authority of members of his staff, that this episode, so far as it relates to General Jackson, was unfounded in fact.

I have collected and examined the evidence upon both sides of this question with care, and as a son of Jackson's old friend and classmate, I take pleasure in expressing my belief that Jackson never gave an order to fire upon Barbara Fritchie's flag. Whittier's information of the event came in a roundabout way, and was not correct upon this point. General Reno and General Jackson were both born in that part of the State of Virginia now constituting West Virginia. In 1842 they both entered West Point in the same class, and in 1846 they graduated together. From graduation they both went immediately to the Mexican war, and participated in the battles of Chapultepec, Cerro Gordo, and others. In September, 1862, they both held commissions as major-generals, and both were mortally wounded upon the field of battle. General Jackson was accidentally shot by his own men, and although General Reno was not shot by his own men, it was under such circumstances as gave rise to the rumor that he had met his death in that way.

Upon the same street in Frederick, and only a few doors from Barbara Fritchie's house, there lived in September, 1862, a widow, Mrs. Mary Quantrell. At this time she was engaged in teaching a private school. When the Confederates were leaving the town, she and several of her scholars came out upon her front porch and waved a small United States flag in the sight of the passing Confederates. Some of them became angered at this act, and tried to take the flag from her. A Confederate officer then rode his horse across the pavement and up to the porch where she was standing, and prevented his men, so long as he stayed there, from taking the flag or doing any harm to Mrs. Quantrell. After his departure, however, some of the Confederate soldiers renewed the attack, knocked the flag from her hand, and broke the staff in several pieces. Mr. Nixdorff was an eye-witness to this occurrence, and his account has been corroborated by several other witnesses.

Did Barbara Fritchie keep her flag waving from her attic dormer window while the Confederates held possession of Frederick? If so, was it fired upon?

In Mrs. Southworth's letter to Mr. Whittier describing the incident, written in August, 1863, she stated that the following paragraph had gone the rounds of the Washington papers in September, 1862: "When Lee's army occupied Frederick, the only Union flag displayed

in the city was held from an attic window by Mrs. Barbara Fritchie, a widow lady, aged ninety-seven years." Mrs. Southworth obtained her information chiefly from Mr. C. S. Bramsburg and other friends who were in Frederick at the time of the event. Mrs. Southworth adds in this same letter that when the advance of Lee's army under Jackson entered Frederick, every Union flag was lowered and the halliards cut, but that Barbara Fritchie went up to the top of her house, opened a garret window, and waved the Stars and Stripes over the heads of the marching soldiers; that the order was given, "Halt! Fire!" and a volley was discharged at the windows from which it was displayed. After this volley Barbara Fritchie leaned out of her window and cried in a voice of indignation and sorrow "Fire at this old head, then, boys; it is not more venerable than your flag." They fired no more, and she secured the flag in its place, where it waved unmolested during the whole of the rebel occupation of the city. Stonewall Jackson would not permit her to be troubled.

Jacob Schmidt, who lived near Barbara Fritchie, informed a mutual friend that he saw her flag waving the morning that the Confederates marched out of Frederick. Miss Dorothea L. Dix, who served as a hospital nurse in Frederick shortly after the battle of Antietam, expressed the opinion that Barbara Fritchie kept her flag flying from her attic window while the Confederates occupied the city.

Strong corroborative testimony upon this point has been received from Colonel and Mrs. John A. Tompkins, now residing in Baltimore, Maryland. Shortly after the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, in both of which Colonel Tompkins took part, he visited Frederick and spent some time there. He heard the story of Barbara Fritchie from reputable citizens, some of whom were eye-witnesses of the events described. Mrs. Tompkins is a daughter of the late General Shriver of Frederick, a staunch Union man, whose house was the headquarters for the Massachusetts troops, particularly the second Massachusetts regiment. Mrs. Tompkins was personally acquainted with Barbara Fritchie, and saw and conversed with her a few days after the Confederate forces retreated from Frederick. She was also told of Barbara Fritchie's heroism at that time by her friends and eye-witnesses. Both Colonel and Mrs. Tompkins inform me that the investigation which they made at the time of the incident convinced them that Bar-

bara Fritchie kept her flag waving from her window while the town was held by General Lee's troops.

This evidence, when supplemented by Barbara Fritchie's well-settled habit of flying her flag from the same window before the arrival of the Confederates, and her intensely patriotic and fearless character, seems to justify the conclusion that she kept her flag waving from her window during a part of the time at least that the Confederates occupied the town.

Was the flag fired upon by the Confederates? There were thousands of soldiers in Frederick during the six days from September 6th to September 12th, 1862. They were not all of them as considerate of the feelings of the Union people as was "Stonewall" Jackson. There were rough and unruly members among Lee's army. They were not all angels of light. The undoubted attack upon Mrs. Quantrell for waving a Union flag shows that there were some men there capable of firing upon Barbara Fritchie's flag. I do not believe that a volley was fired at her flag under the orders of any Confederate officer; but it would be passing strange if a Union flag kept flying from a house on the principal street of the town was not honored by a few scattering shots from straggling or drunken soldiers.

On September 12th, 1862, the advance of the Union forces entered Frederick and had a skirmish with the retreating Confederates. General McClellan was in command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Burnside had command of the right wing of the army, constituting a grand division of two corps. General Hooker was in command of one of these and General Reno was in command of the other, the Ninth. The Ninth Army Corps then consisted of four divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Wilcox, Sturgis, Rodman and Cox. It was composed of about twenty-five thousand men, and had been recently organized under the supervision of General McClellan. The 23d Ohio Volunteers, which was under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the Loyal Legion, formed a part of the fourth division.

The first of the Union forces to enter Frederick were four companies of the First Virginia Cavalry under the command of Major Moore. They were accompanied by Colonel B. F. Reno, a younger brother of

General Reno, who has given me the following details relating to the skirmish with the Confederate Cavalry.

"We entered Frederick by the main turnpike in the forenoon between ten and twelve o'clock.

I told Major Moore to hold his men back until I could reconnoiter in the field to the right of the turnpike. Major Moore halted his men, and I took my two orderlies of the First Maine Cavalry and proceeded about five hundred feet to the right of the turnpike. While looking up the main street I saw some Confederate cavalry; and about this time, as I turned to look toward Moore, I saw him start to charge the enemy up the street.

I immediately followed with my two orderlies, and got nearly up to Moore's command and went along with them.

Suddenly I noticed the front men were coming back, and I soon discovered that all Moore's men were being driven back by a superior force. I held on, thinking our men would make a stand; but at last I saw Major Moore coming back, so I concluded it was about time for us to leave. I was then riding a black horse which belonged to General Reno, which by mistake had a martingale bridle, the ring of which caught in his bit.

A Confederate soldier who was about sixty or eighty feet away fired three or four shots at me, and I pulled the trigger of my revolver at him, but it did not fire.

My horse was becoming more and more restive during this time. I therefore dismounted and left my horse and ran up an alley. All this time the Confederates were advancing and our forces were falling back. After going sixty or seventy feet, I came to a high board fence, which looked about eight feet high, which I managed to climb over. I found myself in a garden of flowers and fruit trees in the rear of a brick house. I entered the rear door of the house and walked to the front, where I found three ladies. They were very much surprised to see a man in a Union uniform and I introduced myself as a Union officer. One of them arose and walked towards the front door. I said, 'Madam, please don't open the door.' (The Confederates were then passing the front of the house in pursuit of our troops.) She stopped,

and I said that I did not wish to be captured, and that I would leave the room and go out into the garden; which I did.

A few moments afterward I heard reports of musketry and the Confederates were then falling back. Soon after they had passed the house, I came back close to the house and found a door that led into the alley and I went out on to the street.

The Confederates had then passed and I could see our infantry coming up. I spoke to one of the citizens, a large number of whom had come out into the street, and asked a gentleman if he had seen a black horse. About this time a boy of ten or twelve years of age came down the alley and hearing me ask the question, he said there was a black horse in a yard on the next street. I went up the alley with the boy and found my horse in the front yard, quietly eating grass. I told a gentleman who appeared to be watching the horse that he was mine. He replied that he had no claim to the horse; so I mounted and rode up to the square in the centre of the town.

When I arrived at the square I saw a large three or four story building of brick, which was filled with Confederate soldiers, convalescent. I was then, so far as I knew, the only Union man in the town. I said to them: 'Just keep quiet; our troops are now coming up, and will see that you are taken good care of.' I then made up my mind that the best thing for me to do was to leave at once. Going out by the same street that I entered on, I met the 51st Pennsylvania Infantry and Colonel Hartranft. I informed him there was a large number of Confederates in this large building. He detailed a company to take charge of it.

Going further to our rear, I met Generals McClellan, Burnside and Reno about half or three-quarters of a mile back on the turnpike. The orderlies of the First Maine had reported to my brother that they had seen me shot in the streets of Frederick. I was pleased to inform him that I had not been shot.

The Union troops were then advancing towards Frederick, the whole right wing; the Ninth Corps in the lead. We then took possession of the city, and stayed there until the morning of September 13th, 1862. Here we rested and waited for the rest of Hooker's corps to come up."

On Saturday morning September 13th, 1862, the Union forces started to leave Frederick on their way to the battle fields of South Mountain and Antietam. General Reno was early in the saddle and while riding down West Patrick Street, accompanied by Colonel Reno and some other members of his staff, he was attracted by a crowd of people in front of Barbara Fritchie's house. It was common talk in the town at that time among the soldiers that some old lady had kept a Union flag flying from her window while the Confederates held possession of the town and that some of the Confederate soldiers had fired upon the flag. General Reno reined in his horse and upon being told the age and character of Barbara Fritchie exclaimed "The spirit of '76!" He then dismounted, walked up the steps of Barbara Fritchie's house upon her invitation, shook hands with her, and stepped into the house for a few moments. Mrs. Fritchie served him with a glass of her home-made currant wine, and after a few moments' conversation he asked if she would sell him one of her flags. Mrs. Fritchie declined to sell either of her flags, but kindly presented him with the large bunting flag which she had kept flying from her dormer window. He then came out of the house and handed the flag to Colonel Reno, who had remained on horseback during the time that General Reno was indoors. General Reno was quite affected by his interview with Barbara Fritchie and when he handed the flag to his brother he remarked, "Frank, whom does she put you in mind of?" referring to Barbara Fritchie. Colonel Reno replied "Mother," and General Reno nodded his head in the affirmative.

The silk flag which Barbara Fritchie prized greatly and which she generally kept in her Bible, was a small flag about twenty-two inches long and about thirteen inches wide. It had thirty-four white stars upon the blue field and was used by her as a hand flag. This silk flag remained in her possession until her death and then became the property of her niece Mrs. Hanshew. Upon the death of Mrs. Hanshew, in 1892, this flag became the property of her daughter Julia, now the wife of Mr. John H. Abbott of Frederick. There is no doubt that Barbara Fritchie waved this silk flag to the Union forces as they entered Frederick. She was greatly excited by this event and stood at her window watching the troops file past. It was at Mrs. Abbott's suggestion that this silk flag was obtained from between the leaves of the Bible and given to Mrs. Fritchie and waved with great earnestness by her for some time. This attracted the attention of the passing troops, many

of whom cheered for the old lady and her flag. In the course of time this silk flag became much worn and somewhat torn in places by age and much handling, and in 1898, Mrs. Abbott had the flag framed and now keeps it hanging in her parlor in Frederick.

The bunting or cotton flag which Barbara Fritchie presented to General Reno resembled the silk flag in some respects, but was considerably larger and had a strip of canvas with holes in the canvas, through which a cord could be passed and the flag attached to a staff. This flag also has thirty-four white stars and seven red stripes and six white stripes. It is eight feet nine inches long and three feet eight inches wide. The stripes are sewed together with long stitches, and the whole flag bears unmistakable evidence of having been homemade.

Colonel B. F. Reno took the flag when it was handed to him by General Reno, and put it into the holster attached to his saddle. He carried it all day with him and at night placed it in a small leather bag or satchel which General Reno used for papers. The next morning, Sunday, September 14th, 1862, the battle of South Mountain commenced and the flag was allowed to remain at headquarters. At the close of the battle, General Reno was mortally wounded and died within an hour after he was shot. The flag was taken from the battle field by Colonel Reno and carried to Baltimore, where General Reno's body was embalmed, and there placed on his casket. It remained on the casket from Baltimore to Boston, where Mrs. Reno was then residing. The flag was then left in the custody of Mrs. Reno, who always kept it in the army chest containing General Reno's uniform and sword.

For many years the flag had a small piece of paper attached to it in the handwriting of Mrs. Reno, bearing the words, "Barbara Fritchie's Flag." About twenty years ago however, this paper was lost or destroyed. The flag has remained in the possession of General Reno's sons and is still in a good state of preservation.*

BOSTON

CONRAD RENO

*The flag was exhibited to the Commandery by the author, on the evening when this paper was read.

THE TRUE VERSION OF THE BARBARA FRITCHIE EPISODE

Very few, if any, of the great ballads in our language will stand minute cross-examination as to historical accuracy. Almost every line of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is a misstatement of fact. "Evangeline" has little of history back of it. The story upon which Whittier depended when he wrote "Barbara Fritchie" really comes nearer to accuracy than the average of the most noted ballads in any language. Indeed he told the story almost exactly as he had it from Mrs. Southworth, but she was mistaken in bringing General Jackson personally into it. I think the real incident is given below, as told by Barbara herself to the niece of her husband, who is now residing in Frederick, and who has lately been interviewed in regard to it. She says:

Dame Barbara did not knowingly, at first, wave the star-spangled banner at the Confederate soldiers. A niece had gone to see her aunt that morning, and told her that it was said "the troops" would pass through the town that day. Later the same small maid ran in, in much excitement and called out:

"Aunt Fritchie, the troops are coming."

To the loyal old lady "the troops" meant only one army, the Northern; and when she heard the sound of marching feet, she rose, and taking a small silk flag which she had removed from its staff and hidden in her Bible for safe keeping, she stepped out upon the porch and waved it at the passing men. Instantly a murmur arose, and an officer riding up to the porch said kindly:

"Granny, you had better take your flag in the house."

"I won't do it! I won't do it!" said the old lady, childishly; and then becoming aware for the first time that it was the men in gray that were passing, she defiantly shook the flag at them.

The excitement in the ranks now increased, and threatening murmurs arose, so that another officer left the line and said to her:

"Old woman, put that flag away or you may get in trouble."

"I won't!" she replied, and repeated her action. Angry shouts arose from the men, and a third officer, approaching the porch, sternly said:

"If you don't stop that you'll have that flag shot out of your hand."

The first officer, who had remained throughout this scene, thereupon turned to the last speaker and exclaimed angrily:

"If you harm a hair of her head I'll shoot you like a dog."

From another source I have an additional incident relating to the dame. When the Confederate troops were retreating, they were followed through Frederick by Federal regiments under command of General Reno, who was killed in the battle of South Mountain the next day. Upon arriving in Frederick, General Reno hearing of the incident of the flag, called on the old lady, who took from her Bible the silken trophy and gave it to him. It was found in his pocket after his death, and is now in the possession of his son, Mr. Conrad Reno, a Boston lawyer.

SAMUEL T. PICKARD

P. S. In regard to spelling of "Fritchie." The poem as written by Whittier has it "Frietchie". But her tombstone has it without the first "e", and I suppose this is as she spelled it.

S. T. P.

Transcript, Boston

CHANGES IN SUMMER SPORTS

OUR GRANDFATHERS' SIMPLE AMUSEMENTS

WHEN recess-time came the boys went out with a whoop and a rush which carried them as far as the fence. Arrived at that boundary certain of them were sure to look longingly towards "the Hole"; and, though the master had forbidden them to approach it between the hours of nine and four, he could not prevent the engagements, made at almost every intermission while warm weather lasted, to meet there after school was out.

The Hole was an old cellar, twenty feet, perhaps, in diameter. Somewhere at the bottom there must have been a spring, for the cavity was always level full of water. Two rude rafts, public property, were moored at the bank. The challenging party balanced himself on one of these and poled it to the centre of the little pond. The challenged took the other raft, his undertaking being to cross the pond; his opponents' to prevent his doing so. If the rafts encountered, the boy who was first to sit down was the loser of the trick. As a rule, they did collide, and both boys went overboard.

This game was extremely unpopular with fathers and mothers, and at the moment when an unsuccessful player was having his trousers dried in the old fashioned way, the boy himself was willing to admit that the pastime had its disadvantages. Yet he always returned to the Hole, and either a conservative or a progressive might have defended that deed; for this was the one original game which the boys of a certain Maine village knew.

Other sports, current at the place and period, will need no introduction to the boys of thirty years ago. In early spring, stilts were in fashion. A little later, the boys "buxed" marbles, for fun or for keeps, though this was too sedentary an amusement to win high favor. Through the summer and autumn, baseball and football of the artless sort prevailed, supplemented, of evenings, with the eternal tag. In winter the boys coasted and skated and warred over snow forts. Winter would have been the boys' most favored season had there been no snow to shovel.

Characteristic of all these diversions was their exceeding simplicity as compared with modern games. Baseball, for instance, invited strong arms and ready legs; but when the ball was actually "pitched", with the palm upward, a perplexing curve was so nearly impossible that almost anybody could be a batter; and, so long as the "first bounce" was "out", the fielder had little need to take long runs and desperate chances. Football, at least in the country, resolved itself into kicking that was almost aimless. Games that required a large or expensive outfit would not have been tolerated; and there were many popular games that, as one recalls them, seem to have demanded no equipment but a pair of lungs.

Perhaps, indeed, the perennial charm of tag resides in the fact that it can be played in any place, at a moment's notice, by two boys or two hundred. Yet there are variants of the game that, like "the red lion", a favorite form in western New York show a degree of complexity in organization. In this case the other boys, circling about "It", cry:

Six and four are ten:
Command the red lion out of his den.

Thereupon the lion, joining his hands in front of him, makes for the boys. If he separates his hands he must return and touch the goal. When he tags a boy with the joined hands that boy also becomes a lion, and at a repetition of the signal the two start out hand in hand, forbidden to break apart. As the game progresses the row of lions grows longer, and a fleet-footed boy finds it increasingly easy to escape. With boys as with men, it is hard to act in unison. Until a master spirit makes itself felt, the line of lions waveringly pursues as many purposes as there are boys.

In its own way this game is almost, not quite, unique. Boys like to know, what they are about. Most of their pastimes admit of few rules or of rules that are easily to be construed and enforced. But "prison goal" is another exception, and this particular form of tag has been responsible for much railing and more or less bloodshed.

Here the players are divided in two groups, each aiming to imprison the other. A player is entitled to tag any player who left the opposite goal before he started from his own—and such a one only. "Who was the last man out?" is the burning question that continually

arises. At such a time an unprejudiced umpire would be invaluable; but a dozen volunteer arbiters stand for anarchy, riot and red ruin.

As a rough-and-tumble that yields obvious results, a game once popular at the Episcopal Institute of Burlington, Vt., deserves to be mentioned, even though it be not commended. A ball was placed in a corner of the room. A boy squeezed into the corner, two boys stood in front of him, and three boys lined up in advance of them. These six lads were the defenders. The object of the other side was to drag them away and get the ball. It was a simple game, but it had its charms; and the clothiers and the haberdashers approved it highly.

A slow boy who had strength or a weak boy who was crafty might excel in this pastime, but at most athletic sports, the handicapped do not shine, and "Guard the Sheep" would be particularly hard on a stupid lad who chanced to be "It". As the game is played in New York and some Western States, a stick is set up for sheep-guard. "It" blinds his eyes and counts a hundred while his comrades hide. Perhaps he reels it off by the syncopated method, "Ten, ten, double ten, forty-five and fifteen". Anyhow, having finished the count, he seeks the other players. If, after he has espied and named one, It is first back at the goal, the boy who was espied becomes a prisoner.

But the distinguishing feature of the game is that, if an unnamed boy can run into the goal, he is at liberty to throw away the stick and yell, "Sheep-guard down!" By this act, all the imprisoned sheep are freed, and, before It can recapture any, he must replace the stick. In the neighborhood of Buffalo, horrid tales are told of lads who have been "It" for hours at a time, on this basis. Probably in self-defence they finally grew up or left the country.

A boy who is merely muscular and not particularly "smart" might find his opportunity in "truck", however, if he could introduce it. A prominent lawyer of Vermont says that at Waterville, fifty years ago, he was the "best fellow" who owned the roundest and smoothest truck—a section of wood, say a foot in diameter, cut from the end of a saw-log. Two goals were marked off, and the players divided. Members of the one party took turns at rolling the truck; the other side endeavored to check its progress with boards or cudgels or stones, not being permitted to lay a hand upon it.

The gentleman who gives the description says that he never saw the game played elsewhere. He makes the same remark about "drop-ball," another Waterville diversion. The start of this pastime was, for every lad to lay his hat on the ground and then "stand by". Presently, It dropped the ball in one of the hats, and that was the signal for a scattering. The boy in whose hat the ball rested had to snatch up the ball, throw it, and strike one of his mates, or be It in his turn. Commonplace, as it sounds, the game demanded alertness and shrewd calculation. If the boy stood near the hats, he was the more likely to be hit. If he edged away, and the ball was dropped in his hat, the less likely was he to reach the ball and tag somebody who was breaking for cover.

Both of these games make a brave show of originality; but, though it cannot be learned that they have found a home in any other region, the appearance may be deceptive. As Stevenson puts it, "The harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of the United States." Professor Rolfe used to tell us that the boy Shakespeare probably played games that Jimmy in Los Angeles and Bob in Eastport continue to pursue. It seems a far cry from Shakespeare's England to our America, but human nature—boy nature, if you will—defies the centuries.

And yet there may be ground for the assertion that the simpler sports are somewhat in decadence. A local sociologist so maintains, and ascribes the alleged fact, in part, to the lamentable decline of "recess". In many of our cities and towns this intermission has been discontinued or abbreviated in order to gain a shorter schoolday, and it is alleged that on this account a boy who needs exercise and who in a general scramble would be forced to take it, misses the opportunity; while the young athletes of the school flock by themselves during the long afternoon, engaging in scientific sports to which the "duffer" is not invited—from many points of view, a double misfortune.

The weakness of the argument, on one side, inheres in this, that the old-fashioned amusements in which our commentator expects all boys to join have their ideal abiding place in the country—not in communities that have modified their school hours. It has frequently been demonstrated that a successful game of tag is possible within the contracted bounds of a city flat and the boys of almost any locality seem native to the joys of chalk-corners and "Jack, Jack, show a light." But

to run well and give tongue lustily, a boy needs the encouragement of space. Then, too, the janitor and the policeman would be against him, in many a city neighborhood, even though a vacant lot breathed inspiration; and there are wide, unfriendly areas in which vacant lots are scarce.

That conditions influence the form of city games is sufficiently shown by "squat tag", a variety of entertainment with which country boys seem unfamiliar. The characteristic of this game is that, when it comes dangerously near, the pursued "squats" suddenly. In the crouching posture, he cannot be tagged. The genesis of such a rule may advisably be sought in the alley, the ungenerous *cul de sac* that affords no room to run. For equally obvious reasons, one seldom sees in urban regions a game of tag on stilts. A country road offers good foothold, and grass or earth is comforting to fall upon, but of neither brick nor granite nor macadam may these things be said. City boys have no less courage than their country cousins, but that is a wise discretion which withholds them from inviting a broken back.

It would doubtless be possible, if one could prolong the inquiry, to show that when a game falls into disuse in any quarter, the explanation is grounded in the very nature of things. More than one reason might be given for the decline of a pastime which, fifty years ago, diverted the boys who lived on an island in Casco Bay, near Portland, Me. The necessary adjuncts to the boys were a steep hill and a stout barrel. The "game" was, to curl up in the barrel and roll down hill. If a boy fell out, or if in the course of the journey he protruded an arm or a leg, he was adjudged a loser.

The reader would not care to take part in that sport. But, if it shames us to concede that we were not such boys as our fathers were, there is still consolation in the thought that our sons may restore the ancient halo. Some day, it may be, barrel-rolling will be revived as a gentle prelude to the training demanded for college football.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1800

THE United States has a number of exciting Presidential elections—indeed every one is more or less exciting; but that at the beginning of the 19th century was really the first exciting election. It was the fourth Presidential election; but the two elections of Washington were mere formalities, and the election of Adams, although closely contested by Jefferson, lacked the intensity and excitement of the fourth. This proved to be the most complicated perhaps of all our thirty-two Presidential elections, for Jefferson had not only to defeat his Federalist rival, John Adams, but also to fight for the Presidential office with a member of his own party, Aaron Burr.

In 1789 when Washington was inaugurated we had really only one political party. It is true that previous to this, before the adoption of the Constitution there had been two parties, the Federalists, in favor of the Constitution and the Anti-Federalists, opposed to it. But by 1789 most influential men were Federalists, and the Antis disappeared soon after the adoption of the national Constitution; so that there was really only one party, although of course there were political cliques, during 1789. And it was naturally so, because as yet the new Constitution and the new Government were more or less experiments; but by 1792 when Constitution and Government alike had begun to prove their worth, a new party, the Republican, was coming into existence: a party which later elected Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, and extinguished the Federalists as that party had extinguished the Antis.

In the election of 1796 John Adams and the Federalists defeated Jefferson and the Republicans by an electoral vote of 71 to 68; but Jefferson, having received the second highest vote, became Vice-President. In 1796 the Federalists, as such, elected their last President, although their successors, the Whigs, and the second or present Republican party, were successful respectively in 1840 and 1848, and

have been almost continually so since the election of Lincoln. The downfall of the Federalist party really began with the election of Jefferson in 1800, although that party struggled stubbornly along until after the election of 1816. In 1800, however, the battle between Republicans and Federalists was rather close, being in doubt until some of the last of the electoral votes were announced. The Federalistic party had, however, done its work; its great monument, our national Constitution, remains to mark its former existence; and the spirit of opposition to a broader extension of the central government, as well as the strong belief in "state rights", was the political foundation of the Republican party which thus arose to defeat and extinguish the party of Adams and Pinckney.

Previous to the state selections of Presidential electors, public opinion that the Republicans would be victorious was general; but at that time of stagecoach and post-horse the results of these states elections were not known for several weeks. Indeed it was not until the 8th of December, 1800, that the results of the election in Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey were known in Philadelphia. These results gave Adams and Pinckney nineteen electoral votes, Jefferson and his associate thirteen. The electoral colleges had already assembled in the several states (December 4). Thus, the first results of the election were favorable to the Federalists, although it was alleged by the Republicans that they would have had another elector in Maryland had they not lost him because the Federalists, in a Republican district, set the woods on fire during election day, thus keeping the farmers too busy to go to the polls! A unique device not repeated since then, so far as we know.

On the 9th of December the returns of the vote in Delaware and Connecticut were further favorable to the Federalists; but this gain was offset on the same day by the returns from New York. The next day the vote of Massachusetts was announced, and on the 11th that of Virginia. The results from these states, added to those from Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey, made a total of forty-seven for Adams and forty-six for Jefferson. Naturally the Federalists were overjoyed; but on the 16th their joy was blighted, for South Carolina was declared to be Republican, putting Jefferson in the lead with sixty-six votes, Adams having sixty-five. Of course this was a very small margin; but since the other states to be heard from would in all prob-

ability be Republican, the result of the Presidential contest seemed certain.

And so it was. The total returns from the several states gave Jefferson and the Republicans seventy-three electoral votes, while Adams and the Federalists remained at sixty-five. The election of 1800 had been carried by the Republicans. Jefferson had defeated Adams, the Republicans had vanquished the Federalists; but suddenly a new situation confronted Jefferson and his party. As is the case to-day, the President was chosen by electoral votes; but the Presidential electors voted for him somewhat differently then, than now.

According to Article II, section 3, of the Constitution, "The electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose by ballot one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then from the five highest on the list the said House shall in like manner choose the President. But in choosing the President, the vote shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote." In other words, each Presidential elector was to vote for two persons for President, and the person having the largest majority vote of all the state electors would be President of the United States. But there was the possibility that each one of the electors might vote for the same two persons on his ballot. That is, taking the election of 1800 as an example, all the state electors would vote for Jefferson as their first choice and then all might select exactly the same other man for their second choice. As a result, both their first and their second choice would have just the same number of votes; and this was what actually occurred in the election of 1800. The electors gave, of course, Jefferson seventy-three votes as their first choice, and then

having to express a second preference they happened to give just seventy-three votes to the other person. Thus, Jefferson and this other person—who was Aaron Burr—were tied for the Presidency, a condition of affairs which threw the election into the House of Representatives, the members from each state there having only one vote in choosing the President.

Of course such a “tie-vote” for the Presidency is not possible today, for Article II, section 3, of the Constitution has been superseded by Article XII of its Amendments, wherein the electors are directed to “name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President.” Thus, the electors vote separately for a President and a Vice-President, instead of casting a ballot for both together. But in 1800, Article II, Section 3, was in force; a tie-vote resulted; and it was left to the House of Representatives to choose a President.

Jefferson had defeated Adams; but it now looked as though he would have to defeat a member of his own party. Until the rumor of a tie-vote for the Presidency was heard, there had been only one person thought of by the Republicans for that office. Indeed the Republican party had paid little attention to the Vice-Presidency, not having nominated anyone for the position previous to the selection of Presidential electors. And it was not until after the result of the election in New York became known—which went Republican—that a Republican caucus was held to choose someone as a possible Vice-President. Naturally, owing to the fact that the influential state of New York had been carried by the Republicans, it was decided at that caucus that a New Yorker should be selected as a candidate for Vice-President.

Accordingly the caucus sent a delegate to confer with the Republican politicians in New York, to find out whom they favored for the office. These leaders named three men, Chancellor Livingston, George Clinton and Aaron Burr. Of these three men, Clinton and Burr were seriously considered, and Burr finally was chosen. Thus, it came about that Jefferson’s rival for the Presidency happened to be Burr; and from the time that the tie-vote was publicly known until February 11th, 1801—when it was necessary by law to count the electoral vote—the excitement over what seemed certain to be a political contest within the Republican party increased day by day.

Of course neither Jefferson and his friends nor Burr and his were idle. Since Burr was a New Yorker there was a strong possibility that that state might support him rather than Jefferson, a Virginian. Jefferson therefore sought to secure the assistance of a very influential Republican in New York, Edward Livingston, and promised, were he elected, to appoint Livingston's brother, Robert R., Secretary of the Navy. He also wrote to Burr himself with respect to the situation; but Burr's reply was not such as to be reassuring politically to the man who had defeated Adams and the Federalists.

Just before the formal counting of the electoral vote there was a large influx of visitors to Washington drawn thither by the national excitement over the probable contest between Jefferson and Burr. On February 11, the Senate and House assembled in the Senate chamber, and tellers were appointed to count the electoral votes. These tellers announced that there was a slight irregularity in the vote of Georgia but that they had decided, nevertheless, to allow its vote. The President of the Senate who happened to be Jefferson himself in his official position of Vice-President then proclaimed that there had been no choice of a President, owing to the same number of votes being cast for two candidates, and that the election would, accordingly, be decided by the House of Representatives.

At that time the House consisted of one hundred and six members, the Federalists being in a majority. But, as directed by the Constitution, in choosing a President the vote was to be taken by states, each state having only one vote. When this contest between Jefferson and Burr occurred, the Union contained sixteen states; but neither Federalists nor Republicans controlled a majority of these. As soon as the formalities were over in the Senate chamber, the House assembled in its own chamber, and prepared to elect a National President. The public were denied admittance, and on the floor of the House seats were provided for the President and Senators. The Speaker of the House presided, and the representatives from each state sat together. Each state then chose a teller, and voted, depositing its written ballots in a box, one box being assigned to each state. After this the ballots of each state's representatives were counted, and the name of the candidate having a majority of the state's ballots was written on two slips of paper. In case, however, a state had a divided vote, the word "divided" was written upon each of the slips.

After all the states had voted upon Jefferson and Burr, and the result had been recorded on the two slips, the Sergeant-at-Arms went around among the Representatives, carrying with him two ballot-boxes, and each state deposited one of its two written slips in each of these. Having thus collected all the slips—thirty-two in number—he then placed the boxes upon the right and left side respectively of the Speaker of the House. After this, each state chose a teller—sixteen in all—and eight of these examined the ballots in one box, the other eight examining those in the other one. Since the name written on both slips of paper was the same, the votes in the box on the Speaker's right tallied exactly with those in the other box, and this result was declared to be the "true vote of the House of Representatives".

This first "true vote of the House of Representatives" to elect a President of the United States took place on February 11, 1801. As had been expected, eight states voted for Jefferson and six for Burr, while two—Vermont and Maryland—were "divided". Jefferson thus lacked but one state of a majority of sixteen states; but the political problem was how to get that one state. Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee were for him, and Bayard of Delaware or Morris of Vermont might at any time by a single vote add another state to these eight, and elect him. On the other hand, Livingston and Bailey of New York, Lynn of New Jersey and Dent of Maryland might by taking the side of Burr, give that candidate three states, which added to his six would elect him President. Of course the Federal members of the House controlled the situation, and they were just as likely to choose Burr as Jefferson.

The first ballot was, therefore, not successful and a table respecting the individual vote of the sixteen states will be of interest at this point:

FOR JEFFERSON

Virginia	16 votes	(Burr - 3 votes)
Pennsylvania.....	9 votes	(" - 4 ")
North Carolina	9 votes	(" - 1 ")
New York	6 votes	(" - 4 ")
New Jersey	3 votes	(" - 2 ")
Kentucky.....	2 votes	(" - 0 ")
Tennessee.....	1 vote	(" - 0 ")
Georgia	1 vote	(" - 0 ")
Total	47 votes	14 votes

FOR BURR

Massachusetts.....	11 votes (Jefferson 3 votes)	
Connecticut.....	7 votes (" o "
South Carolina.....	5 votes (" o "
New Hampshire.....	4 votes (" o "
Rhode Island.....	2 votes (" o "
Delaware.....	1 vote (" o "
<hr/>		
Total.....	30 votes	3 votes

DIVIDED STATES

	JEFFERSON	BURR
Maryland.....	4 votes	4 votes
Vermont.....	1 vote	1 vote
<hr/>		
Total.....	5 votes	5 votes

From this table it is seen that the total vote of Jefferson amounted to fifty members of the House, that of Burr to forty-four members: also that the change of one vote in either Maryland or Vermont, from Burr to Jefferson, would elect the latter. But all the voters held firm, although after the first ballot six more were rapidly taken. Then there was a pause for an hour, when the eighth was cast. After this eighth ballot eight more ballots were taken, but there occurred no change in the vote. Neither was there any change in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth ballots which took place respectively at 10, 11 and 12 p. m. Thus ended the 11th day of February, without an election of a President.

The 12th also passed without an election, although twenty-eight ballots in all had been cast during the two days' voting. On the 13th and upon the 14th there was further balloting, also without any change. Then the House decided to wait until the 16th, at noon. This was Monday; and the thirty-fourth ballot was taken with the vote remaining just as it was at the close of the first ballot. On the following day, the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth ballots were ordered, and that thirty-sixth ballot elected Jefferson President.

It was James Bayard of Delaware who broke this political deadlock. Bayard was the Federalist leader in the House, and at first had been in

favor of electing Burr, because of two Republican evils Burr seemed the lesser, or rather he expected that Burr would support Federalist measures in case he were chosen President by the aid of Bayard's party. Burr, however, was not as responsive as Bayard wished; and Bayard called a meeting of all the Federalists of the House. It was finally agreed by them that Burr had no chance of election, and they decided to elect Jefferson, after ascertaining that his Presidential policy in the main was satisfactory to them; that he would preserve the navy, maintain public credit and would not remove subordinate office-holders because of political opinions. Accordingly, on Tuesday, the seventeenth of February, 1801, after the thirty-fifth ballot had been taken without any change, on the thirty-sixth ballot Morris of Vermont was absent from the House and the two Maryland Federalists, Craik and Baer, deposited blank ballots in the box. Since Vermont and Maryland were "divided" states, this action of Morris, Craik and Baer made the vote of Vermont and Maryland respectively 1—0 and 4—2 in favor of Jefferson. It gave him two more states, which with the eight he had already, was a majority of the sixteen states, and elected him President.

Thus, Jefferson was finally elected President. But it had been a long and difficult task. It had been quite a battle to defeat Adams and the Federalists; but Jefferson had won —seventy-three electoral votes to sixty-five. It had been even a greater battle to defeat Burr and his friends; but Jefferson won, in the House of Representatives, ten states to six. The results of the election of 1800 were several. First, Jefferson and Burr became respectively President and Vice-President; secondly, the tie-vote of seventy-three to seventy-three and its resulting complexity caused the later annulment of Article II, Section 3, of the Constitution; and, thirdly, the election of 1800 marked the beginning of the end of the Federalist party. In 1804 Jefferson was again elected President of the United States; but this second time he was chosen by the electors overwhelmingly over the Federalist candidate.

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

WALLS OF CORN

There are many people living who remember Kansas as an untilled State. When the old Union Pacific drove its first shining line of steel into the West it cut through a territory whose heavy sods had felt the plough in few places. Someone—a humble poet, or perhaps no poet at all— wrote a verse on “the walls of corn” which were easily Kansas’ beauty and wealth. Corn is today a source of rich income to the Western State, but it is to wheat that the people owe their increase. Kansas this year harvested 181,000,000 bushels of wheat. About one-half of this quantity is held on the farms for higher prices. But 90,000,000 bushels of first-class wheat sold at fall prices meant millions for the people of Kansas.

Indianapolis News.

The humble poet who wrote “Walls of Corn” was Ellen (Palmer) Allerton, who was born at Centreville, N. Y., in 1835. In 1862 she was married to Alpheus Allerton, with whom she took up her home in Wisconsin, where they resided until 1879, when they removed to Hamlin, Kan. Mrs. Allerton early manifested a fondness for literature, but wrote little for publication until after her marriage, when she began to contribute largely, especially in verse, to the newspapers in the Far West. A volume of these poems was collected in 1885, under the title of “Annabel, and Other Poems.” Following is the poem referred to in the clipped editorial:

F. B. M.

Smiling and beautiful, heaven’s dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.
But the wide, wide lands that stretched away
Before my eyes in the days of May—
The rolling prairie’s billowy swell
Breezy upland and the timbered dell,
Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.
All the wide world is narrowed down
To walls of corn, now sere and brown.
What do they hold, those walls of corn
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?
He who questions may soon be told,
A great State’s wealth these walls unfold.
No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warder’s horn;

Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold,
Left all unbarred though thieves are bold—

Clothes and food for the toiling poor,
Wealth to heap at the poor man's door;

Meat for the healthy, and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in chambers dim;

Shoes for the barefooted, pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;

Things of use for the lowly cot,
Where (bless the corn) want cometh not;

Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Gifts of a rich and fertile land.

All these things, and so many more
It would fill a book to name them o'er,

Are his and held in walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn.

Where do they stand, these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?

Open the atlas, conned by rule
In the olden days of the district school;

Point to the rich and bounteous land
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand.

"Treeless desert," they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and shunned by men.

Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.

Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?

And how would the wise ones have laughed in scorn
Had the prophet foretold these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss on the breeze of morn?

WAR-TIME RECOLLECTIONS

(*Fifth Paper*)

HOW BELLE ISLE LOOKED TO A LIBBY MAN

AFTER the 1st of January, 1864, life in Libby became a daily torture and a nightly horror. In order to force the Government at Washington to exchange prisoners, the Confederate authorities refused to receive any more supplies under flag of truce, a decision that compelled us to live—it forced many to die—on the insufficient and innutritious prison rations.

The last supplies that came through were forwarded *via* Fortress Monroe by the United States Sanitary Commission. The distribution of these supplies, consisting of food and underclothing, was left to a board of Union officers, who, with the concurrence of the other prisoners, agreed to distribute them to our poor fellows, who, in the course of that terrible Winter, died like diseased sheep on Belle Isle. Gen. Neal Dow, Col. Cesnola, Col. Sanderson, and other officers whose names I cannot recall, constituted this board. To assist them in their work they frequently called upon some of their Libby associates to go with them.

Early in January I was one of the fortunates selected for this work, the object of the board being, in addition to securing assistance, to give as many as possible a chance to breathe a little fresh air and to stand where God's sun might shine on them, if only for an hour. The supplies to be distributed were sent ahead of us, and, although each member of this detail had given his parole to Major Turner not to escape, a guard was provided to bar the possibility of our forgetting the obligation.

It was a crisp, cold day, with the wind from the northwest and the sun shining down from an unclouded sky. The canal, immediately under the southern wall of Libby, and the graves, separated from the canal by a narrow strip of bare earth, were frozen over. But after long weeks in the filth and the shadows of that wretched building it was not the landscape nor the grateful sun, set in a sky of liquid amethyst, that most impressed me. The feeling of comparative liberty was subjective.

I became suddenly taller and stronger, and I walked with a lighter step than when trying to take exercise by jostling through the dense throngs of pale-faced men in Libby. The bitter feeling left my heart for the time, and for those two hours I enjoyed, at least in imagination, the realization of the dream of liberty that had been with me night and day since my capture.

We passed Castle Thunder, and through the glassless windows we could see the ragged, gaunt figures and lean, ashy faces of political prisoners and men charged with being spies. To these poor fellows no supplies had ever come through, nor were they permitted to communicate with their friends. For them there was no prospect of exchange, and the only way in which the most hopeful could see release was in the sudden capture of the city by our forces, while the many under sentence of death might well look to the grave as a welcome exit from an earthly hell. If the story of Castle Thunder is ever written, it will add to the history of the war its most dramatic and thrilling chapter. Here, "unknown, unheeded, and unsung," some of the most patriotic Union men suffered in silence or went out to death for a principle. Here men rotted into the grave rather than swear allegiance to a Government that was not theirs. Here women suffered as well as men; and from its dingy portals prisoners went to the gallows, who, tempted either by love of country or hope of gain, had been caught within the enemy's lines under circumstances that warranted their being treated as spies.

Belle Isle had the advantage over Libby in that there was an abundance of fresh air and sunlight, but, these apart, it was infinitely worse. The roof and thick brick walls of Libby kept off the snow and rain and broke the force of the bitter wind; there was no such grateful protection on Belle Isle. Lines of tattered tents, holes dug in the wet sand and covered with roofs of ragged canvas, shelters of earth and barrel staves, in which the prisoners crouched together from the cold, and where death kept his headquarters, and yet so crowded was the island that only the fortunate ones had this protection, and many had to sleep out of doors. The men in Libby were bleached for the want of sunlight, but one soon grew accustomed to the white faces and did not notice them. Here on Belle Isle the faces were an ashy brown, and so lean and gaunt, so big-eyed and hollow cheeked, as to touch with tearful pity men, like ourselves, who were not unfamiliar with suffering.

Far be it from me to utter a word that would stir up past bitterness or to fan a spark from the embers of that fire of sectional hate which has happily so nearly died out and soon must be extinguished forever. Certainly such is not my design in giving these reminiscences of my experience in Southern prisons. For the honesty of purpose and the splendid courage of the Confederate veterans no man entertains a higher respect than myself. He was not responsible for the condition of the prisons, nor was he cruel to the men captured in the battle's front. But it is my object simply to record my own experience and pass over, as foreign to the subject, the question of responsibility.

My main purpose in wishing to go to Belle Isle was to learn the condition of the men captured with me. Twenty-seven unwounded men had been brought to this place. The oldest was not thirty. All were strong, active, and in the very flower of physical manhood; yet six had died in less than seven weeks, and out of the whole number twenty were destined to perish on this wretched island or in the pen at Andersonville, to which they were subsequently sent.

Among the prisoners there were a few negroes. These unfortunate men were heartily hated by the Confederates, who called them "smoked Yankees," and, being looked on as the cause of the suspension of the cartel of exchange, they were not popular with many of their fellow-captives. After the Emancipation proclamation went into effect the Government enlisted colored troops. Many of these were ex-slaves, who had come into our lines. Subsequently some of these men were captured in battle, but instead of being treated as prisoners of war they were punished and sent back to their masters. The Government at Washington insisted that all men who wore the blue, without regard to their race or "previous condition of servitude," should be treated alike when captured. The Confederates refused to send back ex-slaves in exchange for their own white soldiers, and so the cartel was suspended early in 1863. The result was that nearly 50,000 Union soldiers died in Southern prisons or from the effects of hardships endured there.

Sergt. Helm of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, who had been captured at Campbell's Station, in East Tennessee, by Longstreet, said to me, in all seriousness and with no notion of being grimly humorous or horribly suggestive: "If ever an exchange does take place of man for man and rank for rank, our Government is going to be pretty badly sold."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well," he responded, "the rebs in our hands are well cared for, and when exchanged they are ready to go to the front at once. Most of our boys have the seeds of death in 'em, and it'll take months to fetch the strongest of 'em round so that they can sit a saddle or carry a musket. So my plan is, instead of exchanging man for man, to do it by the pound—a thousand pounds of Belle Isle or Libby Yankees for a thousand pounds of, say, Fort Delaware rebs. In that way we'd get about two men for one, and kind of even things up."

As I recall that visit to Belle Isle the whole scene comes as vividly to my mind as if only twenty-seven hours instead of twenty-seven years had passed since it was made, and this impression must remain with me till I, too, have crossed the dark river to the white tents of the silent. On my return to Libby the gloomy structure seemed quite palatial, and even the lower Chickamauga room into which never a ray of sunlight entered, seemed cozy and comfortable by comparison.

A few days after my trip to Belle Isle Libby Prison was thrown into a state of commotion by a visit from Gen. John Morgan of Kentucky, the famous raider. Morgan was a fine-looking man; he was over six feet in height, straight as the typical Indian, and with the lithe form and ease of carriage that always denote the union of great strength with endurance and activity. His eyes were a grayish blue, the chin firm, and the mouth large and sensual. His beard was reddish and his hair as fair as that of a Viking, but both were unusually short at this time. In his brand-new General's uniform Morgan—destined to fall with a bullet in his heart before the year went by—was a most imposing figure. From the papers we learned that he was the idol of the hour in Richmond, and his last exploit certainly merited the laudation of a people who have ever been susceptible to manly appearances and brilliant deeds.

It will be remembered by those who can recall the war—old soldiers imagine that everybody must remember what is ever so vivid to themselves—that Morgan crossed the Ohio from Kentucky into Indiana in the Summer of 1863. He wanted to show the Northern people what war, genuine war at their own homes, was like, so he raided with his brigade through Southern Indiana and into Ohio. He burned bridges, took horses without giving a receipt for them, and thoroughly frightened

the children and old women, but at the same time he roused the home guard and the furloughed soldier to wrath. The Ohio farmers took down their rifles, mounted their horses, and went gunning in dead earnest for Morgan and his raiders.

This expedition was very fine while it lasted, but it was one of those errors which the Southern Generals invariably made when they left their own territory and became the aggressors. Morgan's men were whipped whenever brought to a stand, and finally all were killed or captured. It was asserted that Morgan had violated the rules that should govern civilized warfare. The Buckeyes tried him, found him guilty of horse stealing and similar offenses, and sent him as a convict to the Columbus penitentiary, where his tawny hair and beard were cut off. But, unlike Samson, this did not affect his strength of brain or brawn. Morgan at once began to plan for freedom. He bribed one of the guards, and after weeks of hard work he cut a tunnel from his cell through the foundation wall of the prison and succeeded in making his escape.

Many of the Kentuckians in prison were old friends of Morgan, and I recall how he gloated over his success in getting away from the Yankees and how he rallied us on our not attempting to rival his brilliant exploit.

THE TWO TUNNELS OUT OF LIBBY

After Morgan left the prison I overheard Capt. Johnson of the First Kentucky talking with a friend and commenting on Morgan's escape. "Let him chuckle," said the Captain with an oath. "They laugh best who laugh last. Before many weeks go past, we'll show them what a tunnel is."

I kept those words in mind, and in a short time I was one of the thirty or forty men out of the 1,300 in Libby who knew that a tunnel was being built and who assisted in digging the same.

The famous Libby tunnel was for a long time credited to Col. Streight of Indiana, but beyond getting through it after it was made, that gallant officer had nothing to do with the plan or construction. The credit of this enterprise, or at least its conception, is entirely due to Col. Rose of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, who had been captured at Chickamauga. There were really two tunnels cut under Libby,

both planned by Rose, but as the first was a failure, its existence is never heard of except among the old prisoners who took part in the work. This tunnel was cut from the cellar under the hospital so as to tap the sewer under Cary Street, the intention being to get into the sewer and work along its foul depths by night till a manhole below the Pemberton Building and out of sight of the guards was reached. This enterprise was successful so far as tapping the sewer was concerned, but the stench of the place was so intolerable as to preclude the possibility of escape by that avenue.

To properly appreciate the difficulty that beset the tunnel enterprise, it may be well to refer again to Libby's advantages as a prison, from a Confederate standpoint, and to indicate the precautions taken to strengthen its natural position. The building stood alone, with streets on three sides and an open space extending indefinitely to the west. Around the prison and at distances of not more than twenty-five feet apart, a line of vigilant guards was maintained at all hours. These guards were instructed to keep the men in that crowded prison back from the windows and to fire on any man who touched the bars or came to the opening to look out. How faithfully these orders were obeyed I shall presently point out. At night the prisoners were confined on the upper floors, but the middle room of the ground floor was the place in which the cook stoves were kept, and the Confederates never dreamed that the Yankees could have any object in coming into this apartment after the lights were ordered out.

The neglect to keep a guard in this cook room at night was the one weak point in the prison and Col. Rose was quick to see it. By taking up the bricks from the back part of the hearth and from the wall of one of the fireplaces, a hole was made through which a man could crawl feet foremost and drop into the cellar directly under the hospital, which was the most eastern room on the ground floor of the prison.

The tunnel that eventually proved successful was cut through the thick eastern foundation wall of the prison, across a street about 110 feet, coming up behind a high board fence that partly surrounded a warehouse to the east. In this warehouse were stored the thousands of boxes that had been received under flag of truce but never delivered; on these boxes the Confederate guards made nightly raids, and this fact facilitated our escape when the tunnel was completed.

The difficulties in the way were very great and the appliances for surmounting them were very primitive, and in the hands of men less daring and determined they would have been worthless. An iron bar that had been cribbed from the mechanics when strengthening the windows the Fall before, a chisel from the same source, shovels made from cans in which the provisions had come through from the North, two wooden boxes intended to be used as spittoons in the prison, shreds of blankets twisted into the semblance of ropes, and the cape of an overcoat to be used as a fan at the mouth of the tunnel, these were the tools with which the work was carried on night after night for seven weeks, while the guards tramped overhead and shouted at their posts that all was well.

The importance of a stirring event is seldom realized by the actors in it. It is only when time has given the essential perspective that we can rightly estimate the daring and the persistency that accomplished a certain purpose. Looking back at the famous Libby tunnel after the lapse of a quarter of a century it impresses the survivors of Southern war prisons as a creditable undertaking, while the new generation, or those who were not active participants in the contest, regard the escape as one of the most daring exploits of the war. The novelty of the enterprise and the success attendant on its execution have no doubt much to do with the romance that surrounds the event. I am very sure that Colonel Rose, the originator of the tunnel, and the little band who carried out his design, had no thought that they were doing anything particularly heroic.

Exchange had come to be a hope deferred, but in the case of the men in Libby it did not make the heart sick. If the authorities would not or could not give them liberty, they were determined to achieve it for themselves. It was this intense, never-ceasing desire to be free that designed the tunnel and kept the men working during the black cold nights of that wretched Winter, till they had cut a way for freedom from the prison to a point that took them out of the notice, if not out of the reach, of the line of guards encircling the gloomy structure in which they had been so long cooped up.

I have already indicated the imperfect implements with which the tunnel was made, but it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the difficulties to be surmounted. The cutting through of the thick foundation wall was in itself a formidable undertaking. The work had to be

done at night. The men were guided entirely by the sense of touch, for even in the day time the Carey Street front of the hospital cellar was always dark. This part of the cellar had once been used as a storage place for fodder, and much of this had been broken and scattered over the floor—a most fortunate arrangement for the men working in the tunnel. The fodder was drawn back in places each night, and the dirt, taken from the tunnel in the bags of wooden cuspidores, was spread on the floor, and when the work for the night was done the fodder was replaced and the opening in the foundation was concealed in the same way, so that a casual examination of the place would have disclosed nothing out of the ordinary.

The front part of this cellar, and not a hundred feet from the mouth of the tunnel, was on a level with the street skirting the canal. Here there were two large storerooms filled with barrels of potatoes and sacks of cornmeal. Our men, wounded or sick on the floor overhead, were not slow to discover the whereabouts of this food, and their audacity in raiding it not only endangered themselves but threatened the discovery of those working in the tunnel. They succeeded in cutting up the floor under one of the cots, and through this opening they descended into the storeroom, which they regularly plundered within fifteen feet of the guard.

The men in the hospital knew about the tunnel, and one night, to the great alarm of the workers, a noise coming from the front was heard; the intruder was Capt. Singer of Portsmouth, Ohio, who, with the aid of a crutch, had worked his way down from the hospital to learn how matters were progressing and to say that when all was ready he proposed to “shin out” himself.

As the tunnel neared completion the anxiety of the workers became intense, and weary though they were with long weeks of labor, they redoubled their efforts. Captain Johnson of the First Kentucky was one of the most energetic workers. He was, I think, the most tireless man I ever met, and the only one who seemed to be entirely indifferent to sleep. He preferred to be right in the tunnel grubbing to hauling out the dirt by means of the rope or string fastened to the box, or to fanning in air from the entrance by means of a blanket or coat, which was kept going continuously so long as there was a man inside.

There were no engineering instruments to measure distance, nor

could we send out to get the number of feet between the prison wall and the high board fence to the east, behind which it was proposed to have the exit from the tunnel, so that close guesssing was a factor in the construction.

One morning, when the tunnel was nearing completion, Captain Johnson was missing from roll-call. The prison was searched and the guards questioned by Turner without giving any clue to the disappearance of the absent man. At length he was given up for "lost", and with this the prison authorities had to be content. Johnson's companions, however, were at no loss to account for him. He had simply made up his mind to live in the cellar and to work night and day till the job was completed, and this he did in those Stygian depths and without seeing a ray of light for ninety-six hours.

Johnson's enthusiasm and energy came near bringing disaster on the whole enterprise. He miscalculated his distance and began to work up too soon; the consequence was a cave-in on the wrong side of the fence. A guard saw the earth moving and giving way, and, supposing it was caused by a rat, he sprang to the place and plunged his bayonet into the opening again and again. It is said that one thrust passed through the Captain's coat sleeve. It took twenty-four hours to remedy this mishap and work for another opening.

In the early morning of the 10th of February, 1864, the tunnel was practically completed, and the following night was set as the time to reap the fruits of this long and arduous labor. Up to this date the secret of the tunnel had been so carefully guarded that, outside those actually engaged in the work, it is safe to say that not more than fifty out of the one thousand three hundred men in the prison knew anything about it. Of course, every man would have been more than willing to have helped along with the work, and it would have been perfectly safe to intrust him with the secret, but there were enough enlisted for the purpose of construction, and more than those would have been in each other's way and have jeopardized the success of the undertaking. But as soon as the tunnel was ready the injunction of secrecy was removed, and each tunneler told the friends he wanted to get out, and these friends told other friends, so that by night every man in the prison knew of it and made his preparations to go through to "God's land."

It was a day of feverish anxiety. There were no mock courts, no bone carving, no walking for exercise. Men examined their worn boots and speculated as to how far they would have to tramp before they would be forced to walk shoeless over the frosty ground. Men from the West consulted men from the East, who knew from experience the country from the Chickahominy to Fortress Monroe, and they gathered in groups and drew maps on the floor or on the walls with their penknives and gave estimates of the distances.

There was little or no eating in prison that day. The meagre ration of corn bread was stored away to be used on the march, for there was no knowing when we could get food again. But we did not feel hungry. The burning pain of long weeks vanished before the intense hope of release. Men who had become bowed and gaunt walked erect once more, and there was a brave light in eyes that suffering had made hollow and dim. No man preparing for escape seemed to realize that the capacity of the tunnel was limited, and that only a certain number could get out, and of these many must inevitably be recaptured. But it is always the other man who is going to fail; and, failure or no failure it was worth a life to make the effort.

If it had been possible to organize the men and to regulate the order in which they should drop from the cook room chimney into the cellar and so reach the tunnel, one thousand instead of one hundred and ten might have left the prison that night. Up to this time the shout of the guards at nine o'clock ordering "Lights out" was never a welcome sound, but to-night the men listened for it with feverish impatience, and as soon as it was heard the few tallow dips fastened here and there to the posts were extinguished on the instant.

A majority of the men who had worked in the tunnel succeeded in getting to the opening first, but some had to take their chances with the great crowd surging down to the cook room. In the awful eagerness to escape, the rights of the weak were entirely ignored, and the stronger and heavier men forced their way to the fire-place by brute strength.

It was generally understood that it would increase the danger if, after we got out, we kept together in squads. Two were enough for any party, and in the event of one giving out on the march, which must be done at night, the other would be on hand to help him. Captain

Martin and myself decided to go out together, though both being from the West, we were entirely ignorant of the country to be traversed.

In the cook room we kept close together, and often when within a few feet of the coveted opening we would be pulled back and crowded away by the surging throng of men behind us. The uproar in the place was increasing every moment and there was danger that it might arrest the attention of the guards and lead to an investigation. We heard the half hours called by the men at their posts until twelve o'clock was announced, and yet the prospect of getting through was no better, not so good, indeed, as at first, and we were becoming exhausted by the effort. At this juncture we heard two men talking near us by the wall and one of them said:

"There's only one way to clear the room and get a chance for ourselves and by—I'll try it."

"What is that?" asked the other.

"Why, raise the cry that the guards are coming, that will stampede the crowd to the upper floors, and we'll have a clear field to ourselves."

I groped for the speaker till I could feel his arm, then I gave him my name in a whisper and added, "I overheard you, and myself and Martin will help along the scheme." Keeping close together we raised the cry:

"The guards! The guards! Make for quarters, boys! The guards are coming."

Manning of the California Battalion of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry deserves the credit for this beautiful scheme. It worked as never charm worked since the days of the first astrologer. The alarm spread on the instant, and the great crowd, shouting "The guards!" dashed through the darkness for the steps and some were seriously injured.

The space about the chimney was cleared, and our opportunity had come. In less time than it would take to write a description of the act in shorthand we crept down, one at a time, feet foremost, and dropped into the hospital cellar. We listened and could hear the sound of returning feet overhead; the men had discovered that the alarm was false and were returning with more care.

We had no trouble in finding the familiar entrance to the tunnel. I went ahead, Martin following close behind. The excavation at its widest part was about twenty inches in diameter and ninety feet in length, so that a fat man would have had difficulty in getting through; but, then, there were no fat men to try it. As we both stood panting at the exit, the cry of the guard to the west of the prison could be heard: "Half-past twelve! Post number one, and all's well!" and my heart echoed back, "All's well!"

The only way to get out of the inclosure was to go through an archway in the prolonged wall of the building to the east. It is a curious fact that the guards saw the men going out all right toward the south or canal side of this structure. They did not call the attention of their officers to the fact, for the very good reason that in this warehouse there were thousands of Yankee boxes that had been received under flag of truce and never delivered. The men of the guard detail not on duty at night were in the habit of entering this building and plundering the boxes under cover of the darkness, and so the men coming out of the archway were thought to be their own friends, making a more than ordinarily persistent raid on the supplies, for most of which so many brave fellows were actually famishing.

As Martin and myself walked out to the street and turned to the left we saw, not 100 feet away, the guard standing under a lamp at the southeast corner of the prison, and that he saw us was evidenced by the fact that he made a motion from his empty haversack toward his mouth, as if inviting us to come over and share with him. We passed to the east and out of sight of the guard. It was a cold night, not so cloudy as to hide all the stars, but we did not feel the cold nor miss the light. We walked on with the proud, strong stride of old, for the exhilarating sense of freedom gave us a strength that for the time seemed inexhaustible.

Before starting out, my companion and myself decided on the course we should take. We had studied with some care a map drawn by a New York officer who had participated in the seven days' fight before Richmond, and with this in our minds we determined to make our way to the northeast, so as to reach the swamp of Chickahominy by daylight. Our plan was to lie concealed in the daytime and travel at night till we reached our lines near Williamsburg or Fortress Monroe.

A short distance below Libby we turned north into Carey Street, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, the streets were deserted, and our spirits and confidence increased every minute. Through the darkness we saw to the left a depression, and the light of a distant lamp fell on glistening iron. It was a railroad track that had not been set down in the map we had been studying, but as it led north and seemed to have no houses on either side, we followed it. We had walked along the track a mile or more, and were thinking of ascending the hill to the right, when we were startled by hearing a shout close to our ears of:

"Halt! who goes there?"

Our first impulse was to ignore the challenge and run for it, but as it was accompanied by no appearance in our front, and the voice seemed decidedly husky, I put a bold face on it and asked:

"Hello! Who are you?"

"My name's Williams, d— you, and if you've got a better one I'd like to hear it." Saying this, the man rose unsteadily from the ground, and, dark though it was, we could see that he had no arms, while his breath told us that he had been out on a carouse.

"My name's Brown and my friend's name is Robinson," I replied.

"D—good names, boys; glad to know you. I belong to the Eighth Georgia. Been back here on furlough for a week, and got in with the boys, and drank a little. But you don't blame me, do you, ole fels?" and Mr. Williams insisfed on shaking hands with us.

"We don't blame you at all," said Martin, "but I am mighty sorry you didn't bring some of the liquor away in a bottle instead of carrying so much inside."

"Say, you think I'm a d— recruit, don't you? Well, I ain't. I'm a— a veteran, I am. I can forage for myself, and the Quar'master and the Com'ssary'll have to keep thar eyes peeled and sit up nights, and then they can't stop my gettin' what I go huntin' for."

As the Confederate spoke he unstrung his canteen, drew the stopper and, after taking a drink himself to show that the stuff was all right, he thoughtfully wiped the mouth on his sleeve and passed it over.

The canteen was half full of new, strong-smelling corn whiskey. Neither my companion nor myself cared for liquor, but to show our appreciation of the man's generosity, and with a dim notion that it might give us strength for our undertaking, we each took a drink. Then Williams wanted to know where we were going and the command to which we belonged. We gave a fictitious regiment, and said we were going to join it out on the Chickahominy.

"Why, when did you fellahs git down thar?" asked Williams in evident surprise.

"Yesterday," I replied.

"Oh, yesterday! Wa'al, that's all right. Knowed thar wasn't any troops out thar day before. Wonder what in h—I's up now. Must be that that d— Butler's a-comin' up the Peninsula. Let 'em come, let 'em come— but if they don't never come I'll lnever hunt em up. Mebbe you think I'm licked, but I ain't. I've been hit four time, once along top of the head 'nother such and it'd been good-bye Mary Jane. But I want the d—d Yanks to stay home and let us go home. Ain't that right, boys?"

We assured him that he was quite right; then, after refusing "another pull at the canteen," we shook hands with the generous Georgian and resumed our journey. At the top of the slope to the right we came, upon a rough clay road that led east, and this we followed for some miles without seeing a living thing or even the glimmer of a light in front. Now and then we saw on either side and close to the roadway one of the many earthworks that made up the line of formidable defenses surrounding Richmond.

The road led directly into one of these works. We found the guns mounted and the bomb proofs open. We both regretted that we had not the means along to spike these guns, and we were sorry that we had not struck the fortification later on, so that we might be able to utilize one of the bomb proofs as a place of concealment during the day.

Throughout nearly all the night the north star was visible, and this not only served as a guide, but, eager to draw comfort from any source, we looked on it as a sign of success. We rarely spoke, and then only in whispers, and every few hundred yards we halted to listen for a possible pursuit or to ascertain if there was danger in front.

We were now off beaten roads, and were making our way across fenceless fields and through patches of jungles, where the briars made sad havoc with our ragged clothes. About a half hour before daylight and just as we were beginning to fear that we had missed the Chickahominy or would not reach it before sunrise, we entered a jungle consisting, as we could tell by the touch, of water willows. After passing through the outer fringe we found ourselves on a field of ice, broken here and there by islandlike hummocks that rose above the surface.

"Hurrah! We have reached the swamp!" This exclamatory whisper had scarcely left Martin's lips when a crackling sound was heard. The next instant he was through the ice to his armpits. I rushed to his assistance, but it was only to share the same fate.

We had to break a way for a hundred feet to the nearest hummock before we could rise. After this we broke through a dozen times. Daylight found us on a hummock, our teeth chattering with the cold and our little stock of corn bread reduced to mush by the soaking.

ASA N. HAYS

(To be continued)

JONATHAN ELKINS, JR., PLYMOUTH PRISONER

A YANKEE BOY'S DIVERSION

WHEN Jonathan Elkins, a captive in Mill Prison, Plymouth, England, in the year 1782, improved his enforced leisure by studying arithmetic, he little fancied that the book containing his neatly executed problems would be exhibited with pride more than a century after in a city thousands of miles nearer the sunset than the western limits of the American colonies then extended.

This book is a cherished possession of Henry K. Elkins, of Chicago who is a son of the original owner. It was made in the prison and consists of a number of sheets of foolscap, roughly bound in coarse brown paper.

Jonathan Elkins was a boy of fourteen when the battle of Lexington fired the flames of rebellion, but by the time Cornwallis had yielded up his sword the boy had passed through a greater variety of experiences than falls to the lot of an ordinary lifetime.

Employed as a scout in a branch of the patriot army, he was taken prisoner in 1781, and incarcerated at St. John's at the head of Lake Champlain; from here, after months of hardship, he was removed to Quebec. This period of the boy scout's career is a succession of dramatic incidents. He suffered from cold, starvation, sickness, treachery of associates, the cruelty of heartless captors, ineffectual efforts to escape, and all the horrors of war. Finally the scene shifted from the lofty fortresses of Quebec to the fog-laden shores of old England. It happened in this wise: A fleet of merchant ships when ready to sail was deserted by the seamen. The commanders instituted an unavailing search for their men. There were no substitutes to be hired and the perplexed officers applied to the Canadian governor for sailors. This functionary was not without resources. He ordered out 150 American prisoners of war, young Elkins among them, and they were promptly distributed among the ships wanting hands.

Jonathan Elkins was assigned to a vessel of 500 tons burden. It had only six sailors before the mast and five or six boys, whereas twenty men were needed. This necessitated severe labor on the part of the

crew, and they were insufficiently clad and fed, and the weather cold. The young hero of this story had related that his boots were worn out and his shirt "broken off behind". When he went aloft the wind blew his coat over his head allowing the hail and rain free course down his unsheltered back. In addition they had a boisterous and dangerous passage.

After several transfers to other ships they were landed at Plymouth (which Jonathan Elkins wrote Plimoth) and taken to a public house, where each appeared privately before an examining board of British officers. They were questioned regarding age, birthplace, and where they were taken prisoners. When Jonathan Elkins, in response to the last interrogation, replied: "In Peacham, Vt.," the examining committee was puzzled and even indignant.

"There is no such place as Vermont in America," shouted one red-coat excitedly. No one present, the prisoner excepted, had ever heard of Vermont. There was a rustling of charts and a general suspicion of the New England lad until it occurred to him that the section had been originally called the Hampshire Grants. This name the English gentlemen recognized. Accepting it, they made out the following mittimus:

You, Jonathan Elkins, are committed to prison for high treason till his majesty shall see fit for a trial.

The Americans were scarcely able to sustain life upon what was furnished them in this prison. Benjamin Franklin, then American minister to France, learning of their circumstances, sent each prisoner one shilling sterling a week. This modest sum not only relieved their wants, but enabled the more ambitious to make valuable use of their period of idleness, and this is where the story of the "arithmetick" comes in. The ship captains were frequently educated men. In Jonathan's memoranda he states that there were among them "over forty captains and others of learning". Within three weeks after they received Franklin's gift of the shilling each a number of schools were set going, patronized by such as could afford to pay four coppers a week.

From Jonathan's book it appears that the teacher of the section of which he was a member was one Lemuel Pearson. The only monument to Lemuel Pearson is the worn and faded book in which his vigorous, sensible scholarship was recorded by a worthy and industrious

pupil. He was a teacher of ability; he carried his text-books in his head. There could scarcely have been much resorting to "keys" and other helpful publications in Plymouth Mill Prison. He must have had at his finger tips all the subjects necessary for a young man's business education. The triumphs of the modern "business college" exhibit no more concise and well ordered methods than this man taught his comrades in misfortune.

On the cover of this volume is written in a large distinct hand and with a proud array of flourishes:

This done in Plimoth in England in March, 1782, by Jonathan Elkins, Junior.

The work is methodically arranged, the first subject being the addition of money. Under this head is the table of English money. Then follow subtraction, multiplication and division of the same subject, with a large number of problems illustrating each. The entire computation is set down and preserved in these pages. The neatness and precision of the work far exceeds that of fin de siècle school boys.

Under compound multiplication are written two notes:

"Ye Rule is to Multiply ye Price by ye Quantity and ye Product will be ye Answer. II. When ye Given Quantity exceeds 12 find two Numbers that when they are Multiplied together will make that Quantity and the Last Product will be the Answer."

There are copious tables of weights and measures and an elaborate exposition of the subject of reduction. The latter is worth reading:

"Reductions, which are applications of Multiplications and Divisions, showing how to Reduce Numbers of one Denomination to another thereby discovering ye Sume's value through the Different Formes, as first all great Numbers were brought into smaller by Multiplications as pounds into shillings, pence or farthings by multiplying by 20' 12 and 4, or hundred weights into pound weights by Multiplying by 4 and 28 or by 112, lower into ounces or drames by Multiplying by 4' 12 and 20, and pound weight into hundred weight by dividing by 28 and 4, ye drames into pounds by dividing by 16 and 16, but you may note that pounds are brout into pence by Multiplying by 240, or into farthings by multiplying by 960 and just Contrary by Divisions."

Several pages are occupied by what he writes as "Tare and Trett," the subject written in a fine large hand and a wealth of flourishes. Jonathan seems to have been partial to ornamental handwriting. His capital C's are often a succession of handsome ovals, the complete letter being three inches in length.

The space and evident importance assigned to the consideration of the "Rule of Three" is surprising to one familiar only with the modern styles in mathematical science. Forty-three finely written lines of the foolscap paper are devoted to the "Rule of Three Direct," seventeen lines to the "Rule of Three Inverse," twenty-three lines to the "Double Rule of Three Direct," and twelve lines to the "Double Rule of Three Inverse." The introduction to the "Rule of Three Direct" commences in this wise:

"It is called Ye Golden Rule of Three from its Excellent Performance in Arithmetick and in other parts of Mathematical Learning and is called Ye Rule of Three because from 3 Numbers given, proposed or known, to find out a forth Number Required or unknown which beres such proportion to ye others as ye Second Doth to ye first Number, from whence also it is called the Rule of Proportion."

Toward the close of the book thirteen elaborate "cases" are given which teach rapid methods of computation, short cuts to results. They all come under one heading, "Practice," and have the following introduction or preface:

"These rules are most Compendiously Contrived for the Special Casting up of any sort of goods or Merchandise and thare fore are of Excellent use to many Merchants, Tradesmen etc. for thare Quick and Elegant Dispatch of Business and from thare frequent use are called Rules of Practice. Any Question in the Rule of Three that hath an unit or 1 for its number may be much sooner done by this Breef Rule than the method followed in that as too much a Bounding in figures. In order for working the following tables are to be well understood and Perfectly got by Hart."

Here is a problem that does not vary in principle from others of a class that always will arise in the business world, but Lemuel Pearson's is couched in more courteous language than one is accustomed to apply to such formalities:

"Admit I lend a Frend on his ocasion 100 pounds for 6 months and he promises me the Like kindness when I desire it, but when I come to Request it of him he can lend but 75 pounds. The Question is how long I may keep his Money to Recompense my Courtisy to him."

Jonathan found that seven months would "Recompense the Courtisy".

There are a number of intricate and catchy problems, and here is one that must have taxed Jonathan's ingenuity, but he grappled with it successfully as a long array of figures bears testimony. It is in rhyme:

As I was Beating on thee Forest Ground,
Upstarts a hare before my two Greyhounds.
The dogs being light of foot did farely run
Unto her 15 Rods just 21.
The distance that she started up before
Was 4 score 16 Rods just and no more.
Now this I would you have and unto me declare,
How far they run before they Caught ye Hare.

Following young Elkins' work it is found that he considered 336 rods a correct result.

Another, more puzzling, is also metrical in form:
If 20 Dogs, for 30 Groats, go 40 weeks to grass,
How many Hounds, for 60 Crowns, may winter in the place.

One would have expected Jonathan to apply the favorite "Rule of Three" to solve this question, but he followed another line, as follows:

Groats	_____	
30	_____20_____	60
<u>4</u>		<u>5</u>
120		300
		<u>12</u>
		3600
		<u>20</u>
		12(0)7200(0)
		600 days.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{Days.} \\
 40 \text{ --- } 600 \text{ --- } 12 \\
 \quad \quad \quad \underline{40} \\
 12 \overline{)24000} \\
 \quad \quad \underline{2000} \text{ Answer.}
 \end{array}$$

In all the book contains the complete performance of about 1000 problems, together with a long array of tables, rules, notes and other memoranda.

June 24, 1782, 1733 American prisoners were released by the conquered and mortified English in exchange for Cornwallis's grenadiers and light infantry and put aboard cartels bound for America. One of these exchanges was Jonathan Elkins, and next to his shirtless skin, buttoned tight under his thin, worn, pea-jacket—in order to escape the prying fingers of English officials—he carried safely home to Vermont his "Plimoth Millprison Arithmetick."

AMERICAN HISTORY ABROAD

UNCLE SAM'S STRANGE MIDWAYS

WERE one to ask his friends the whereabouts of the Midways, the chances are that none could inform him—and yet they are the strangest lands our country owns.

These two little white dots in the Pacific were not upon any of those maps we pored over when we were at school. Indeed, they are not to be found as a rule even in the best atlases in general use prior to 1903, when (it being true, it is no slang to say it) our Government put them on the map. Up to that time, about all the knowledge possessed of them was in a pigeonhole of the Navy Department and in the minds of the few survivors from the wrecks that had been left upon the coral reef which, like a huge serpent, almost completely encircles these tiny lands.

If one take a map of the Pacific and lay a ruler upon it from San Francisco to Yokohama, and just half-way between the two look at a point a little lower down, under the thirtieth parallel, he will be gazing at the approximate location of the Midways, whose exact position is latitude $28^{\circ} 13' 15''$ North, and longitude $177^{\circ} 21' 30''$ West. They are measured as being 956 miles to the northwest of Honolulu, almost upon a straight line drawn between that port and Yokohama, and are about in the latitude of New Orleans and Shanghai. When first seen they appear to be a white, thin, flat line upon the horizon, with a score of dark-colored, scattered humps rising above them like the backs of huge elephants in a plain about two lofty water tanks. Indeed, were it not for the elephants and the tanks no careless eye would see the islands at all much before bumping into them, as many a sailor has found to his cost, for their level is less than ten feet above the low tide.

The islands are two in number, Sand Island and Eastern Island, separated by about a mile of water that is only two or three fathoms deep. They are contained within a most remarkable reef from ten to fifteen feet in width which completely surrounds them with some sixteen miles of dusky, red coral, except in two places—one an opening on the west called Seward Roads, between what we may well designate as the

serpent's head and tail, which lie some three miles apart. Here it is that entrance must be made by anything larger than a dory, and, once inside, an anchorage about half a mile in diameter and termed Welles Harbor, opens up.

This enormous coral serpent is solid except for a shallow place about 500 feet wide upon the south, the second opening. At high tide little of the reef is visible, but when the water is out, one may see the coral projecting a foot or so above the waves, and then a man may walk nearly the whole length of it. The islands lie about a furlong from the southern part of the reef. Without the protection of the reef the islands could not survive the rise of a single tide.

Sand Island, the larger one, and the one possessing all the humps, is a mile and three-fourths long with an average width of about half that. Its highest point is on the summit of the tallest elephant, forty-three feet above the sea. The extreme length of Eastern Island, lying to the east of its fellow, is a mile and a quarter, with an average width of considerably less. Its entire flat surface is covered with a rank sea grass.

Upon approaching, the elephants become green, several buildings come into view and an American flag is seen lazily flying from a tall staff. There are two things that the visitor will never forget about the trip, which he must take in a small boat from his ship, for no careful mariner will steer any large craft within the jaws of the red serpent. These two are the color of the water within the coral circle, and the birds which accompany him. Almost every moment he may reach in any direction and touch one of these handsome birds, usually of a species of tern, whose spread is about three feet, with clear white on the back and upper feathers of the wings, and a Nile green underneath shading into a delicate sky-blue at the tips of wing and tail.

The coloring of the sea-water imprisoned within the shallow basin is surprising. The water is so translucent as to offer practically no obstruction to the sight, and when a view is had of the whole sheet it does not seem so much like water as like the surface of metal that is melting hot in a crucible and trembling and shimmering with marvelously intermingling shades of turquoise, very light greens and blues, so beautiful and gorgeous that anybody who has not seen it would never take for truth an exact reproduction of it upon canvas. The Karesee

in the Dolomites is the only water I have ever seen that could be deemed a rival, and this little pool lacks the remarkable contrast that one sees at the Midways when glancing from the imprisoned sheet to the heavy blue of the great ocean outside the reef.

Upon landing one perceives that Sand Island is nothing but a collection of deadwhite coral sand, which is almost blinding under the tropical sun. Not a thing, not even a shrub, grows there, except upon one end and upon the elephants, where the color is due to the green of a wild dwarf magnolia.

The coral sand is very dry and loose and one may reach into it readily to the depth of six inches or more, and walking is exceedingly tiresome. The birds are rather disquieting to one not accustomed to their attentions, for they are very curious and utterly devoid of fear of man. As I walked about, a member of the tern family, with a yard-spread of wing, always flew steadily and evenly in front of me, so near that I could have reached it, turning its head first to one side and then to the other to glance back at me. Another, even larger, kept continuously just over my forehead, with its head lowered and its glistening eyes searching down into my own, its sharp beak altogether too close for comfort.

As one proceeds he will note large dark spots, here and there, upon the white sand, and upon approaching, these are often seen to move about. Once in a while one of them will waddle off. Usually, however they will not stir until the strange man is two or three yards distant and still coming on. Then will arise the most awkward figure imaginable, a huge black and white bird with enormous beak and large webbed feet spread far apart as he confronts the intruder. I wanted one of these birds, so I sprang for him, and after he had squawked a little and batted me with his wings, which spread fully four feet, I had a young albatross tucked under my arm and was carrying him off in triumph.

Upon the southern side of the island is a fringe of rank sea-grass, and here the albatross nest, affording a sight that is often remarkable. The air is filled with flapping wings, thousands of them, so thick that they literally obscure the sun, and the birds are so importunate that the unaccustomed man is ill at ease and afraid especially of losing his sight, for they seem possessed to get as near one's eyes as possible.

At the same time, there are as many more all about upon the ground, quietly nesting, or upon every hand, dancing. They always indulge in dancing upon returning from a long voyage, perhaps in celebration of finding their single offspring alive and well. The young have a pretty desperate time of it, so far as surface indications go. Their biography is usually as follows: One day a single brown-spotted egg with a cream ground, about as large as that of a domestic duck, is deposited upon the bare white sand. In six weeks the mother hatches a most ungainly chick, which, too weak to stand, and with no possibility of getting food or even water, is promptly deserted by both parents.

In about three weeks after he enters this vale of sorrow they return, search him out, minutely inspect him, and then solemnly seat themselves on either side of him and begin an absorbing conversation. First one speaks and then the other, then both together.

In five minutes or so this *pourparler* is completed, the old birds arise, touch bills, bow profoundly, in exact union, and the most bizarre dance in all the world is on. They advance, retreat, pirouette to the right and then the left, bow again, run to one side and back to the centre, then do it all over again, in the same order, and for the final figure hurry together, rise upon their toes, expand their breasts, elevate their bills straight up to the sky, flap their wings and emit in perfect tune a single shrill whistle—and then fall to and repeat the whole performance in the same order and the same perfect unison. If disturbed, they desist until they have moved a few yards away, when they begin again and proceed as if nothing had interrupted them.

This dance consumes about fifteen minutes, and is followed by the first feeding the child ever has had. The meal does not take much time or ceremony. The mother opens her enormous bill, the youngster's head disappears down her throat and, after a gobble or two, the father submits to a similar operation—and all is over. Then the entire family sit down until the next day, when the child is again abandoned for another two or three weeks of solitary fast. It was one of these helpless ones I had captured.

The elephants are sand dunes covered with green bushes. Their existence is doubtless due to a single seed of the wild magnolia, one day long ago set down on Sand Island by the restless waves that had brought



it across the wide waters from some distant land, probably Oahu, a thousand miles away.

This little mite, pregnant with a force that was to revolutionize the whole landscape for all time, sprouted in the coral sand, sent down a root, started up into the air and became a sturdy bush. As it expanded its branches caught and held the flying sand and together they mounted for a score of feet. Then the sand proved too much for the bush and began to smother it. As it gradually weakened, the sands fell away and after being a sand dune for probably half a century, the grains returned to the lower levels from which they had sprung and all that remains to show that there had ever been a dune is a little circle of stubs of dead magnolia.

But the dune's place was taken by its children, then by their offspring, until the family is firmly established, with always a goodly herd, never less than a score, and they will doubtless continue to inhabit the island forever.

On the Midways live a colony of forty people, fifteen of whom are employees of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, for this is a relay station for the cable to the Philippines, as is Honolulu and Guam. At each of these places all messages have to be taken off and sent forward with a stronger electric spark than that with which they arrived, and we may try in vain to imagine with what interest the exiles upon Sand Island read the news from the great world so far away and so isolated that often it is half a year since the last mail and the last visitor.

Of the remaining inhabitants twenty-five are marines, who live in tents. The cable employees and the marine officers reside in five two-story houses of Oriental architecture, with long balconies upon the second floor, the area devoted to them being surrounded by concrete. Besides these modern structures are some ten others that are mere one-story boxes, the structures occupied by the cable people when they first came in 1903.

Up to the last report from them only one woman has ever lived upon Sand Island, and she has been there continuously since 1903, when her husband, Mr. Colley, came there as superintendent for the Cable Company. To the remainder of the colony she has been like an angel, and more than any other influence she has kept the men from deteriorating as men will when so marooned unless there be a woman

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present, or else some wonderfully strong man who keeps this danger constantly in mind.

For amusements there can be but a very limited variety, chief among which are the books that this little world subscribe for at a circulating library in San Francisco, baseball and card-playing. More than once during a national game for the championship of their world between the marines and the cable employees, there has been a cessation of hostilities, until a disputed rule could be settled by reference to what every American boy calls "the book," the nearest copy of which was only 3000 miles away at San Francisco. When the controversy had thus been settled over the wire the contestants went at it again as if there had been nothing extraordinary about the incident.

The entire population was suddenly obliged, several years ago, to hustle with all speed behind one of the sand dunes, where they had to remain an entire afternoon while the magazine of ammunition and explosives shot off all its contents through an accidental fire.

The Midways have had much of tragedy in their brief career, and probably much that will never be known. So far as civilized visitors are concerned in their history, they were first visited in 1859 by a Honolulu ship, which took possession of them in the name of our Government. Wrecks piled up on the hidden reef, and survivors marooned, murdered, or gone insane with suffering continue the story and there are four or five hulls now grinding to pieces on the red coral.

The temperature upon the islands is never above 86 degrees nor below 58 degrees, while the tides average less than a foot, with a maximum of two feet one inch. But there is something more than the tide, and that is the typhoon. Within five years one of these scourges of the Pacific came near ending the existence not only of the inhabitants of Sand Island, but of the island itself, for in 1907 a fierce wind blowing at a rate of ninety miles an hour tore up all the tents of the marines, scattered canvas and flooring from one end of the island to the other, and not content with that, hurled the water from the outside over the southern part of the coral reef and soon divided the island into three, and if the fates had not moved the typhoon off to do something somewhere else we should never have known what swallowed up that little world with all its people, who had taken to the small boats they had.

Strange to say, only four feet beneath the surface of Sand Island there is an abundance of good drinking water.

The marines offer to sell the feathers of the boatswain bird, which abounds, as do the sickle-billed curlew, the plover and a curious wingless bird which is very fleet of foot and which has not yet been properly classified. The boatswain feathers are about fifteen inches long, red and white on a black quill, the white occupying the first three inches from the larger end, where there is a width of half an inch, gradually tapering down to a needle point. The island price is nothing to friends and twenty-five cents to a visitor—after he refuses to pay fifty.

Fishing is the easiest ever, for all that the inhabitant has to do is to await the fall of the tide and then walk out on the reef and take all the fish he wants out of the first pothole in the coral.

One curious fact about the albatross I came near neglecting to mention: The bird has a depository near or in its stomach containing a supply of oil which will burn about as well as any other kind. I know of one instance in which, during an oil famine on the Islands, more than a quart of this product was obtained for lantern use from five of the birds, which eject the oil when held up by the legs.

You may be interested in the fate of the albatross I carried on shipboard. The story is short. One of the sailors of the real old-fashioned sort with a superstition about everything, particularly about sailing in a vessel upon which an albatross has alighted, deprived me of presenting the only albatross ever delivered to a zoological garden, by promptly throwing the bird overboard in midocean the first time I had my back turned. As we arrived in Guam a week later, I have no doubt the sailor was sure that he had saved the ship.

FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN

THE WILD PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES

(To most Americans Manila is the Philippines. Dean C. Worcester has done a great deal to make us better acquainted with the true character of our possessions, but we have still much to learn. The centre of the new revolt is still one of the least known portions of the islands. It is a wild country to the south of the archipelago, and it is a wild people who inhabit it. To see them is to understand the present uprising—and those that are sure to follow until the long process of civilization is nearer to completion.

It is lonely in Bongao, but it is not dull. There is little of the humdrum of life among the Moros. The blood runs too hotly in their veins and they carry too many weapons for that. There are several thousand Moros scattered through the islands of the Tawi-Tawi group of which Bongao is the capital. The constabulary officer is deputy governor of the district; also he is justice of the Tribal Ward Court, deputy collector of internal revenues, deputy collector of customs and a few more things besides. For all these Moros he is governor, judge, father and friend in one. To him they come after a cutting affray, when he must place the blame, award damages and bind up the wounds of the combatants; for he is chief surgeon, too, for his own soldiers and for the ignorant, half-savage people around him. One day he may be binding up the wounds of a Moro; and a few days later chasing that same Moro along the coasts of Tawi-Tawi to capture a cargo of opium or Chinamen which speedy recovery from his wounds has enabled him to procure on the Borneo side.)

IT is not uncommon to find the little, one-room, whitewashed hospital at Bongao filled to overflowing with surgical and medical cases. Several may have gaping wounds inflicted by those terrible Moro machetes, the kris and barong, either of which in the hands of an expert will cleave a man in half. When every man carries a knife as heavy as a butcher's cleaver and as sharp as a surgeon's scalpel a slight dispute may lead to bloody blows. Then there are the sloughing tropical ulcers to treat—sores as large as a saucer and eating to the bone. Malaria and beri-beri are common and this young officer with the help of a Filipino practicante (medical student) must treat all who come to him. And it is by the measure of the sympathy he shows that his Moro subjects will judge him:

By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Much of his success in handling the turbulent population of his district may be due to friendships and sympathies gained in the daily clinic at Bongao. And, although the constabulary officer must possess courage and force of character, it is, after all, through sympathy for the Moros that his greatest victories over their superstition, ignorance and suspicion are won.

Piracy and smuggling are comparatively popular amusements among the Sulus and it is the constabulary officer, with a small detachment of Moro enlisted men, who must suppress these illegal sports; for piracy and smuggling are sports to the hot-blooded young Sulu brave.

In their swift-sailing vintas or sapits the Sulus move through the maze of islands between Mindanao and Borneo, threading their way between the coral reefs by tortuous channels. There are hundreds of islands, some mere sambuangan, or anchoring places, while others are large and fertile; one a mere strip of dazzling sand, just rising above the water; another a green and wooded cone with cultivated dells and wooded dingles. Many are thus cone-shaped, apparently old volcanoes which have blown their heads off. Others are atolls, circular reefs of coral a few feet above water edge and densely covered by coco palms. Here the islands are separated by wide, treacherous straits where the tide rushes through at as much as eight knots an hour; there the islets are huddled so closely together that only careful inspection discloses the narrow channels between them. For miles along the shores of the larger islands are lagoons and inlets screened by mangroves and other salt-water trees. Altogether as pretty a place for a game of marine hide-and-seek as could well be imagined, with thousands of snug holes for pirates, smugglers and the like.

A picturesque but a typical figure is Rodriguez; a Filipino-Moro mestizo, he is a Jekyll and Hyde of the southern seas. He illustrates our problem in the Philippines. For three years he was a private, corporal and sergeant of the constabulary of Sulu. Discharged from the service he took first to the life of an itinerant, marine merchant, traveling by vinta between the islands. The vast profits in the opium and smuggling trade between Borneo and Jolo tempted him. He turned smuggler, organized a gang, and from that to piracy was a transition both gradual and easy. It was easy to run a cargo of opium from Borneo to Jolo; but it was easier still to descend on some remote island and

rob the ever-patient Chinese storekeeper of his monthly gains. So Rodriguez found himself chased, and at last captured, by his old comrades of the constabulary. Whereupon he ought to have been publicly hanged in the plaza at Jolo; but, because the gulf between virtue and vice is not as wide in Bongao as in Baltimore and the knowledge he had gained of the smuggling trade was too valuable to the Government, Rodriguez, lately pirate, was made secret service agent and pardoned on condition that his services were again at the disposal of the constabulary.

As Rodriguez's vinta slipped easily up to the wharf the sentry called out: "Corp'l o' de Gar' " (Corporal of the Guard) and the corporal ran out, carbine in hand, from the guardhouse. The sentry ported arms, reported the arrival of the vinta and the corporal entered the officers' quarters to awaken the lieutenant from his afternoon siesta. He had given orders that he was to be immediately informed of the arrival of secret service agent Rodriguez.

In a few moments the two were closeted together. Rodriguez had brought word of a large armed sloop making up the coast of Tawi-Tawi with a load of opium and Chinamen, ex Borneo for Jolo. They were to be in Tandubas that night and there the cargo would be split up among the number of smaller craft for distribution along the coasts of the other islands. The lieutenant realized that if he could seize the opium and Chinamen ashore at Tandubas, a village of pearlers, smugglers and pirates some sixty miles from Bongao, off the coast of Tawi-Tawi, he might make a great haul. It is difficult to catch the smugglers afloat. If pursued too closely they can drop the opium overboard unobserved; for a hundred dollars' worth of it can be carried inside a cocoanut shell. Should the risk of capture be too great it is even possible to slit the throat of a Chinaman and drop the body over, with a lump of coral at its feet. Better a dead Chinaman or two than that several honorable Sulu gentlemen should suffer in that monstrous iron and concrete prison cage near Zamboanga, where the hated Americanos confine gay Sulu pirate birds.

Here is a typical incident. If the constabulary surrounding the houses at Tandubas could capture the opium and Chinamen, with the smuggling crew and the Tandubas fences, in one dragnet—that would break up an ugly gang. Then the constabulary had a number of bones to pick with the Tandubas people, whose attitude for years had been one of contempt and slightly veiled hostility towards the American

government. A file of bayonets was needed to collect the one peso *cedula* tax which all Moros must pay to the provisional government. Pursued smugglers had a way of disappearing when in the vicinity of Tandubas. The people of the mainland of Tawi-Tawi complained that the men of Tandubas came over to harvest crops of camotes (sweet potatoes) and gabi (yams) that the women of Tandubas had not planted. Indeed the word Tandubas was enough to raise a constabulary officer's ire; but heretofore the people of the pestiferous islet had hung so close together that there was never evidence of their collective or individual misdeeds. Moreover, there was a mile-wide coral reef around the islet and the channel through it was a maze which only a Tandubite could thread. And there was no denying that the men of Tandubas were full of courage and pride. Were they not the best divers in all Sulu, going down as deep as twenty fathoms without any apparatus, merely holding on to a large rock? And men who can dive twenty fathoms deep in the Sulu Sea, amid sharks and rays, and bring up baskets of pearl oysters, are not to be despised.

So a good deal of planning was necessary before the lieutenant called his first sergeant, a Filipino, who had lived for years among the Moros and was married to a Moro woman, giving him orders for the expedition against Tandubas. They were short and to the point. "Ten men, with Corporals Baynudin and Sariol, to be ready at four this afternoon. Three days rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition each. Let the corporals take riot guns and twenty rounds of buckshot each. See that the Captain Hayson (the gasoline launch named after a captain of Constabulary who was killed in the Sulu district a few years ago) has full tanks and an extra can of gasoline. Send to the village and find that Ubian Moro, Mani. He knows the inside channel from here to Tandubas better than any. Tell him he'll get five pesos if he can guide us through it tonight by moonlight without hitting the reefs more than three times. All right, sergeant, that's all."

The orders were given in Spanish, Sulu and a mixture of other dialects which would be quite unintelligible if rendered here. The Constabulary officer alone with his men at a remote station picks up scraps of many dialects, for in his company he is likely to have men from several tribes.

The afternoon heat was over and a refreshing breeze coming down from Bongas Peak as the launch left the wharf with the expedition on

board. In tow were two small vintas, dugout canoes with bamboo outriggers, which would each hold six men. These would serve to embark the expedition when near Tandubas, as the faintly muffled chug-chug of the launch would alarm the quarry. That is if the launch got that far; gasoline launches with electric batteries are uncertain quantities in the tropics.

But the Captain Hayson started well and settled down to a regular pop-pop-pop which brought the little naked brown children from the bamboo shacks of the fishing villages along the beach. Soon the narrow channel of the eastern entrance to Bongao harbor was passed and the launch and vintas lightly rolled to the gentle swell coming in from the Celebes Sea. A mile or two further and the launch entered the inside channel between Tawi-Tawi and the chain of islands which formed a barrier against the Celebes Sea. Now the pilot, Mani, stood on the bow, peering into the water and signalling the helmsman as reef after reef barred the way. The launch twisted and turned through the channel, now cutting over reefs with but a few inches of green water under her keel and again finding the deep, ultramarine channel of safety. As she passed above the reefs the lieutenant looked over the side and watched the mushroom corals, all the colors of a palette, rise up as if to strike the boat. A marine garden was unfolded to his view, with fish and snakes and starfish and seaslugs among the coral branches, instead of birds.

In the midst of all this glory the Constabulary ate a prosaic supper; for the men rice, boiled before leaving Bongao and wrapped in layer after layer of banana leaves, with canned salmon from Puget Sound (a study in economics this, with the sea around teeming with fish); for the lieutenant a solitary meal of crackers with a can of baked beans. By this time Bongao was thirty miles astern.

It was two in the morning when the coco palms on low-lying Tandubas made a dark mass three miles to the north. A waning moon was high and gave light enough to locate the position of the launch on the greasy chart which the lieutenant pored over by the light of the maquinista's lantern. The launch was anchored in two fathoms on the edge of a reef; the vintas were hauled alongside and the Constabulary embarked. Each soldier laid his carbine beside him in the bottom of the vinta and picked up a paddle. The lieutenant, with Rodriguez

behind him, sat in the bow of one vinta; he held a Winchester repeating shotgun in one hand and steadied himself by grasping with the other the crosspiece of the outrigger.

The vintas stole silently over the face of the waters through the night, Rodriguez guiding them towards the black bulk of Tandubas. The tide was now falling rapidly and from time to time the pointed paddles would grate on a coral bottom. Silently all stepped into the warm water and pushed the lightened vintas toward the beach. The corals were sharp and slippery, the surface most uneven, so that often the men were wet to their cartridge belts.

The men "fell in" without command, ten dripping figures along the beach. The moonlight cast long, spectral shadows on the sand. A quiet order and the little column filed slowly along the shoreline, soon entering a grove of cocos which stretched even beyond the limit of high tide. At first there was a subdued, squashy noise as water oozed from shoes; soon this ceased and the men moved almost noiselessly over the sand and gravel beneath the palms. The rope-soled alparagatas are admirable footwear for Constabulary work.

The lieutenant gave whispered orders. Corporal Baynudin with three men would make a wide circle to the other side of the village to get between the houses and the beach, halting fugitives who might dash for an escape by water. Also they would, as soon as they heard the lieutenant and the main body in the village, occupy the smuggler's sapit and see that any of the crew who might have remained on board did not get away with the boat. The lieutenant, five men and Rodriguez would surround the house of Panglima Toha, the chief of the village, where the smuggled Chinamen and opium were lodged. Corporal Sariol with two men would patrol the village and keep all people in their houses until the Panglima and his followers were disposed of.

Parting the fronds of the nipa palms, Baynudin moved off with his men and was swallowed up in the night. The lieutenant held his watch so that the moonlight shone upon it and timed Baynudin; he should be at the beach in ten minutes. One! two! three—ten! The lieutenant touched Rodriguez, hitched up his cartridge belt, settled his campaign hat more firmly, and all crept along a broad, baked mudtrail toward the village. The nipa palms again gave way to cocos, but the grove was not dark and ahead grew lighter and lighter as it neared the village and

the beach. The stench of dried and decaying fish showed the proximity of Moro dwellings; then the cross poles of the roofs were silhouetted against the sky. There were a score of palm-leaf and bamboo houses fronting the beach and backed against the grove.

The pariah dog barked louder, and howled as a Moro in one of the shacks threw a stick at him, showing that not all the village slept. The Panglima's house was near the centre of the village and in a moment it was surrounded by the constabulary. Still no other sound but the barking of the dog and the stertorous breathing of sleeping beings in the Panglima's house; but every soldier had his carbine ready, and the officer stood at the foot of the rough, wooden ladder which was the only entrance to the house. His riot-gun lay easily over his left arm; the hammer was cocked and his finger on the trigger. It was a toss-up whether the Panglima, his followers and the smugglers would surrender quietly or dash out, kris and barong in hand, to kill and be killed.

Now was the decisive moment. One shot fired by accident or design would precipitate a bloody conflict. There were at least a dozen armed men in the house, desperate with the knowledge that they were caught in the act of smuggling or receiving smuggled goods. The one hope was that Panglima Toha, a wise old Moro with a dash of Chinese blood in him, might control them. "Tell the Panglima, Rodriguez, that we will harm no one; that the men are to come out of the house quietly, one by one, leaving their arms behind them. Tell him that if any resistance is made we will riddle his house and men as full of holes as a salambot fishnet and that all his tribe will be killed!" The lieutenant spoke bravely, keeping any tremor from his voice, but he knew that at any moment an old musket might belch a load of slugs into his face, or a brass-jacketed calibre .50 Remington bullet tear through flesh and bone.

There was much talk inside the house and the split bamboo floor creaked with the hurried movements of the Moros. The voice of the Panglima was heard urging submission. "Better," he said "to be taken to Jolo and fined 50 pesos, than to die here in the dark. I will pay the fines." The Panglima was too wise to add, "and spend two years in the iron cage at San Ramon prison."

The lieutenant clinched the argument by shouting in his broken Sulu, "Quick, now! Out you come or we fire and you all die!" Taken

unprepared in the cold, gray dawn, it were no disgrace to surrender. At 4.30 A. M. the courage of even the most reckless Moro runs low. There was a great cursing, with a crashing of arms on the bamboo floor; then, one by one, headed by the Panglima, in the rapidly growing light of the dawn, the smugglers and the Panglima's men came down the ladder. Rodriguez and a soldier took them as they touched the ground and deftly handcuffed them in line. Last came the nine Chinamen, and, handcuffs giving out, they were tied on a long rope binding each man's elbows together behind him.

And so the smugglers were captured, this time without bloodshed; but the next, perhaps, only after a hand-to-hand fight. The constabulary of Sulu numbers scores of bloody encounters with pirates and smugglers. And that is but a part of its work on the latest frontier of the United States—among the Sulu Islands, within sight of Borneo, four degrees north of the equator.

JOHN R. WHITE

ARTEMUS WARD IN BOSTON, 1864

FIFTY years ago, the day after Christmas, 1864, which happened to be on Monday, occurred the first lecture in Boston of Artemus Ward, "Among the Mormons." The programme of this event has come to be esteemed by collectors of programmes. A fresh reading of this little paper brings reminiscences of a delightful evening. The programme does not state the price of admission but, as I remember, it was only fifty cents, and each ticket read "Admit the bearer and one wife." At the door of the hall upon surrender of this ticket you received a neatly folded four-page sheet about the size of ordinary note paper bearing in facsimile of the lecturer's handwriting these words, "Yours truly, A. Ward." The title of the lecture was "'Artemus Ward among the Mormons'—at the Melodeon Washington Street—for six nights only—Commencing Monday Evening, December 26. Begins at 8."

You began to grin with the first phrase "Music on the Grand Piano—Operatic Medley including (for the first time in this city) the Soldiers Chorus from Faust—This is a good thing." Then No. 1, "A light and airy preamble by the lecturer with some jokes (N. B.—Artemus Ward will call on citizens at their private residences and explain these jokes if necessary)." There were eleven numbers in the first part of the programme, evidently accompanied by magic lantern pictures, and each title had some clever quip in description. Number IX., for example, reads: "The Mormon Theatre—The Lady of Lyons was produced at this theatre a short time ago but didn't give satisfaction on account of there being only one Pauline in it. Mr. Tom De Walden of New York is now hard at work revising this play and by introducing twenty or thirty good square Paulines he hopes to 'fetch' the Mormon public."

No. X. "Brigham Young's Houses—Brigham's wives live at these houses—They live well at Brigham's, the following being the usual bill of fare:

Soup: Matrimonial Stew (with pretty pickles)

Fish: Salt Lake Gudgeon

Roast: Brigham's Lambs (Sauce piquants)

Minced Hearts (Mormon style)

Broiled: Domestic Broils (Family style)

Entrees: Little Dears

Cold: Raw Dog (à la Injun)

Tongue (lots of it)

Vegetables: Cabbage Head, Some Pumpkins, etc.

Dessert: Apples of discord, a great many Pairs, Mormon Sweetheart Jumbles, etc.

The pianist employed must have had an enduring patience for he is mentioned with this gibe: "Mr. Forrester once lived in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding house remembers it."

There were eleven more numbers in the second part, the last being No. XIX "Brigham Young's Wives. The pretty girls in Utah mostly marry Young." These numbers fill nearly two pages of the modest programme. The third page is taken up with "Answers to Correspondents," thus: "George—How old is Jefferson Davis? We cannot say precisely, but he is old enough."

"Traveller—How long was Artemus Ward in California? Five feet ten and a half."

The whole paper finishes with a few "Advertisements" such as "Children under one year of age not admitted unless accompanied by their parents or guardians." "Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer." "If the audience do not leave the hall when the entertainment is over they will be put out by the police."

All of these jests seem flat enough now but they tickled the good Boston audiences of the day, which were glad enough to turn away from the horrors of the war to laugh at clean wit. And how they did laugh! The lecturer was long and thin and fallow. He walked slowly onto the stage just as the last chords were banging from the piano and stood for a while mournfully regarding the spectators as though some calamity were impending. The audience began to laugh before he had spoken, which seemed to surprise and grieve him. He spoke with a slow, melancholy drawl, without emphasis or gesture, and waited patiently, even sadly, for each point to tell. He seemed to pay little or no attention to the pictures, apparently trusting that the man who worked the lantern slides would push them on in the right order. Even when one picture came on topsy-turvy, raising a laugh in the wrong place, the lecturer merely raised an inquiring eyebrow towards a distant usher and waited until the error had been set right.

The small hall was not quite filled the opening night, which was not surprising, for the lecture had not been well advertised. But after the first night the town was aroused and for the other five lectures Mr. Browne had no cause of complaint. People had to be turned away for lack of room.

Transcript, Boston

J. E. W.

THE WEST IN 1842-44

I

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY IN 1842

THE hamlet of Saint Peter is at the mouth of the Saint Peter's River, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi. My sojourn here has been interesting from many circumstances. I feel that I am on the extreme verge of the civilized world, and that all beyond, to the ordinary traveller, is a mysterious wilderness; and every object which attracts my attention is made doubly entertaining by the polite attentions I receive from several gentlemen connected with Fort Snelling and the Fur Company.

In this vicinity I first saw an extensive encampment of Sioux or Dacotah Indians, who had, within six miles of the Fort, no less than three large villages. This, as is well known, is one of the most peculiar and savage tribes of the northwest, and as I happen to be here during their gala season, I have had an opportunity of being present at some of their feasts and games.

On one occasion it was announced throughout the village that the Indians were to have a Dog Feast, in which none but the bravest and most distinguished of the warriors are allowed to participate. The idea that lies at the bottom of this rite is, that by eating of a dog's liver the heart is made strong. The feast took place on the open prairie, in the afternoon, and was attended by about one hundred men, while there must have been a thousand spectators. The first step in the ceremony was for the Indians to seat themselves in a circle around a large pole, and devote a few moments to smoking. Their only article of clothing was the clout, and their only weapon a long knife, while their heads were decorated with death-trophies, and their bodies encircled by a belt from which hung all the scalps the wearers had taken. Suddenly a whoop was given, and the whole party commenced dancing to the monotonous music of a drum. Then broke upon the ear the howl, and in a moment more the dying groan of a dog from without the circle of dancers. The carcass was thrown into their midst by a woman. A chorus of deafening yells resounded through the air, the dog was immediately opened, his liver taken out, suspended to the pole by a string,

and the dance resumed. A moment had hardly elapsed, however, before the dancers, one after another, stepped up and took a bite of the yet warm and quivering liver. Soon as this was all eaten, another dog was thrown into the ring, and the same horrible ceremony repeated; and so they continued until the carcasses of several dogs were lying at the foot of the pole in the centre of the dancing crowd. Another human howl ascended to the sky, and the feast was ended. All the while the river flowed peacefully onward, and the mellow sunlight bathed in its own hues the illimitable prairie.

I have also had an opportunity of witnessing in this place the Indian mode of playing ball. There is nothing exclusive in this game, and every male Indian who is sufficiently active may take a part therein. It sometimes lasts for several days, and when I witnessed it, was played by two companies or bands, of about one hundred and fifty individuals each. The balls used are formed of a deer-skin bag, stuffed with the hair of that animal and sewed with its sinews. The clubs are generally three feet long, and have at the lower end a sinewy netting, sufficiently large to hold the ball, and each player is furnished with one of these clubs. With these they catch and throw the ball, and though they are not allowed to touch it with their hands, it is sometimes kept from once touching the ground for a whole afternoon. The station of each party is marked by a pole, on a line with which the players stand, just before beginning the game. The poles are usually about five hundred yards apart. The ball first makes its appearance midway between the parties, to which point a most furious rush is made, and the object to be attained is, for the player to throw the ball *outside* his own line of standing.

The Olympic beauty of this game is beyond all praise. It calls into active exercise every muscle of the human frame, and brings into bold relief the supple and athletic forms of perhaps the best built people in the world. The only *ornaments* worn are of paint and marked all over the body, which, with the usual exception, is entirely naked. At one time a figure will rivet your attention similar to the Apollo Belvidere, and at another, you will be startled by the surpassing elegance of a Mercury. The only music that accompanies the game is a chorus of wild clear laughter. The only drawback connected with it is the danger of getting your legs broken, or the breath knocked out of your body, which are calamities that frequently happen.

There are not many particulars with regard to manners and habits wherein the Sioux Indians differ from their surrounding brethren. Living, as they mostly do, in a vast prairie region, their favorite and principal mode of travelling is on horseback; and away from the larger rivers, you will find them possessed of the finest horses, which they love and protect with true Arabian affection. They are of course admirable horsemen, and very expert in hunting the buffalo. They are cruel and vindictive towards their enemies, and have, from time immemorial, been at war with their neighbors of the north and west; and their hatred of the white man seems to be a cherished emotion of their nature. Physically speaking, they are a noble race of men and women, but universally considered as the Ishmaelites of the wilderness. Speaking of these Indians, reminds me of their pictorial historian, Capt. Seth Eastman. This gentleman is an officer in the army, and an artist of ability. He is a native of Maine, has been in the service about eighteen years, and stationed at Fort Snelling for the last five. All his leisure time has been devoted to the study of Indian character, and the portraying upon canvas of their manners and customs, and the more important fragments of their history. The Sioux tribes have attracted the most of his attention, although he has not neglected the Chippewas, and he has done much to make us acquainted with the Seminoles of Florida, where he was, formerly, stationed for several years. Excepting a few, which he has occasionally presented to his friends, all that he ever painted are now in his possession, and it was my good fortune to spend many agreeable hours admiring their beauties. The collection now numbers about four hundred pieces, comprising every variety of scenes, from the grand Medicine Dance to the singular and affecting Indian Grave. When the extent and character of this Indian gallery are considered, it must be acknowledged the most valuable in the country, not even excepting that of George Catlin. But what adds greatly to the interest called forth by these pictures is the use to which they are to be applied. Instead of being used as a travelling exhibition to accumulate gold, this gallery is to be presented to a distinguished college, from which the artist will only demand the education of his children. There is something in this movement so foreign to the sordid passion of our age, and so characteristic of the true spirit of art, that the heart is thrilled with pleasure as we remember the American soldier-artist of the wilderness.

I have also had the pleasure of meeting at this point M. Lamarre Piquo, the distinguished French naturalist from Paris. He has been in the Indian country upwards of a year, and is to remain some months longer. He is on a professional tour, collecting specimens in every department of natural history, and for that purpose is constantly wandering along the rivers, through the woods, and over the prairies of the north-west, with no companions but Half-breeds or Indians. He seems to be a passionate lover of his science, and the appearance of his temporary store-room or museum is unique and interesting. Here, an immense buffalo stares at you with its glassy eyes, while just above it, pinned to the wall, may be seen a collection of curious beetles, butterflies, and other insects; then an elk and a deer will display their graceful forms, while at their feet will be coiled up the rattlesnake, the adder, and other frightful serpents; here the otter, the beaver, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and other native animals; there a complete flock of web-footed creatures, from the wild swan and pelican, to the common duck; here an eagle and hawk, a partridge and scarlet-bird; and there, embalmed in spirit, a vast variety of curious reptiles. M. Lamarre Piquo belongs to that honorable class of scholars, whose labors tend to develop the resources of our country, and among whom we find such men as Wilson, Audubon, Silliman, and Houghton.

Among the natural beauties associated with St. Peter ought not to be forgotten Carver's Cave, the Cascade Waterfall, the Lakes, and the Pilot's Nob. The cave is about four miles below, and was named after Carver, who was the first white man that explored it thoroughly; its Indian name, however, was Wahon-teebe, which means dwelling of the Great Spirit. The entrance to it is on the brink of the river, five feet high and about twice as wide; and the arch within is not far from fifteen feet high and twenty broad. The bottom is covered with sand, which slopes down to a lake of pure water, the opposite boundary of which has never been visited. On one of the inner sides, not far from the entrance, are quite a number of Indian hieroglyphics, partly covered with the moss of by-gone centuries.

About two miles north of St. Peter there empties into the Mississippi a small river, the parent of a most beautiful water-fall, called the Laughing Water. The stream is perhaps fifty feet wide, and after a wayward passage across the green prairie, it finally comes to a precipice of more than one hundred feet deep, and in an unbroken sheet dis-

charges its translucent treasure into the pool below. So completely hidden by a mass of foliage is this fall, that you would pass it by unnoticed, were it not for its ever-murmuring song, and the clouds of ascending spray.

The Lakes in the neighborhood of St. Peter, on the bosom of the prairie, number some four or five, the most conspicuous of which are Harriet and Calhoun. They are not deep, but clear, abound in fish, and encircled with sand. The Pilot's Nob is a grass-covered peak, commanding a magnificent series of views. To the west lies a boundless prairie; to the north and south the fantastic valley of the Mississippi; and to the east a wilderness of forest and prairie, apparently reaching to the shores of Michigan. But let us pass on to the Falls of St. Anthony, which are a few miles above St. Peter.

These falls are more famous than remarkable. They were first visited by Father Hennepin in 1689, who gave them their present name, out of respect to his patron saint. Their original name, in the Sioux language, was Owah-Mahne, meaning falling water. They owe their reputation principally to the fact that they "veto" the navigation of the Upper Mississippi. They are surrounded with prairie, and therefore easily approached from every direction. The river here is perhaps half a mile wide, and the entire height of the falls, including the upper and lower rapids, is said to measure some twenty-five or thirty feet, and they are consequently without an imposing feature. The line of the falls is nearly straight, but broken near the center by a large island, and just below this are no less than seven smaller but more picturesque islands, which are looked down upon by steep bluffs on either side of the river. For half a mile before the waters make their plunge, they glide swiftly across a slanting, but perfectly flat bed of rock; and after they have reached the lower level, they create a sheet of foam, as if venting their wrath upon the rocks which impede their progress; but in a few moments they murmur themselves to sleep, and then glide onward in peace toward the far distant ocean.

These falls seem to be the grand head-quarters for the eagles and buzzards of the wilderness, which congregate here in great numbers. At one moment a hungry individual might be seen, struggling with bass or trout, directly in the pure foam; and then another, with well-filled crop, high up in heaven, would be floating on his tireless pinions. At another time, too, you might see a crowd of them hovering over the

body of some floating animal which had lost its life while attempting to cross the upper rapids, and exciting indeed was the conflict between these warriors of the air.

Associated with the Falls of St. Anthony is the following Indian legend. A Chippewa woman, the daughter of a chief, and the wife of a warrior, had been cruelly treated by her faithless husband. She was not beautiful, but young and proud, and the mother of a lovely daughter-child. Goaded to the quick by repeated wrongs, she finally resolved to release herself from every trouble, and her child from evil friends, by departing for the Spirit Land, and the falls were to be the gateway to that promised heaven. It was an Indian summer evening, and nature was hushed into a deep repose. The mother and her child were alone in their wigwam, within sight and hearing of the falls, and the father was absent on a hunting expedition. The mother kissed and caressed her darling, and then dressed it with all the ornaments in her possession, while from her own person she rejected every article of clothing which she had received from her husband, and arrayed herself in richer garments which she had made with her own hands. She then obtained a full-blown lily, and crushing its petals and breaking its stem, she placed it on a mat in the center of her lodge, as a memorial of her wrongs. All things being ready, she seized the child, hastened to the river, launched her frail canoe, and in a moment more was floating on the treacherous stream. According to a universal Indian custom, she sang a wild death song,—for a moment her canoe trembled on the brow of the watery precipice, and in an instant more the mother and child were forever lost in the foam below.

II

THE FUR TRAPPERS

THE unique brotherhood of men to whom we now direct the attention of our readers have always depended upon the fur trade alone for their support, and as the various fur companies of North America have flourished and declined, so have the trappers multiplied or decreased in numbers. The French, who were the founders of the fur trade on this continent, established themselves here in 1606, and the trapping fraternity may therefore claim the honor of having existed nearly two centuries and a half. To estimate the precise num-

ber of individuals composing this class at the present time would be an impossibility, occupying as they do a section of country extending from the Pacific Ocean to Hudson's Bay.

By the laws of our country they have ever been looked upon as aliens from the commonwealth of civilization, and by the Indian tribes as trespassers upon their natural and inherited privileges. The blood of the white man, though frequently considerably adulterated, invariably runs through their veins, and the great majority trace their origin to a French, Scottish, or Irish ancestry, it being an established and singular fact that trappers of pure American blood are exceedingly rare. Those of the far north commonly have the dark eyes and hair of the Canadian Frenchman, and those of the south-west the flaxen hair and broad brogue of the Scotchman or Irishman. The motives generally found to have influenced them in entering upon their peculiar life are exceedingly various, but among the more common may be mentioned a deeply-rooted love for the works of Nature in their primeval luxuriance, want of sufficient intelligence to prosecute a more respectable business, and a desire to keep out of the way of certain laws which they may have transgressed in their earlier days. They are usually men with families, their wives being pure Indian, and their children, of course, half breeds. They have what may be termed fixed habitations, but these are rude log cabins, located on the extreme frontiers of the civilized world. In religion, as a class, they are behind their red brethren of the wilderness, and their knowledge of books is quite as limited. Generally speaking, they spend about nine months roaming alone through the solitude of the forests and prairies, and the remaining three months of the year with their families or at the trading posts of the fur companies. As their harvest time is the winter, they are necessarily men of iron constitutions, and frequently endure the severest hardships and privations. Understanding as they do the science of trapping and the use of the gun more thoroughly than the Indian, they eclipse him in the business of acquiring furs, and from their superior knowledge of the civilized world, limited though it be, they realize much greater profits, and hence it is, that they are not only hated by the Indian but also by the traders. Their manner of dressing is ordinarily about half civilized, their buckskin hunting shirts and fur caps, of their own manufacture, appearing almost as picturesque as the blankets and plumes of the Indian himself. Like the Indians, too, they prefer richly-fringed leggins to pantaloons, and embroidered moccasins to shoes. To be perfectly free from every

restraint both of body and mind, is their chief ambition, and to enjoy the freedom of the wilderness is their utmost happiness. Those who follow their trade among the mountains are commonly banded together in parties of half a dozen. They perform their long journey altogether upon horseback, and when among the mountains are as expert in scaling precipices, surmounting waterfalls, and buffeting snow-storms as the more hardy of the Indian tribes. They are expert horsemen, ride the best of animals, and take great pleasure, not only in decking themselves with ornaments, but also in caparisoning their horses in the most grotesque yet picturesque manner. The hardihood of these animals may be mentioned as something remarkable, for it is said that their only food during the winter months consists of what they can obtain from their own unaided exertions by burrowing in the snow, and stables are to them entirely unknown. As to the animals which all of them make it their business to capture, it may be mentioned that chiefest among them all is the beaver; but a goodly portion of their income is derived from the furs and peltries of the martin, otter, muskrat, bear, fox, mink, lynx, wolverine, raccoon, wolf, elk, and deer, and the robes of the huge buffalo.

But let us describe the life of the trapping fraternity somewhat more minutely, in doing which we shall give an illustrative sketch of the career of a single individual, describing his departure from home, his sojourn in the wilderness, his return home, and his manner of spending his brief summer furlough.

It is a bright October morning, and about the threshold of the trapper's cabin there is an unusual stir. While the trapper himself is busily engaged in examining and putting in order his traps, packing away his powder and lead, with a number of good flints, giving the lock of his old rifle a thorough oiling, and sharpening his knives; his wife is storing away in his knapsack a few simple cooking utensils, a small bag of tea and a little sugar, several pairs of moccasins and coarse woolen socks, and a goodly quantity of the sinewy material used in making snowshoes. The fact that our friend is about to separate from his family for the most part of a year, makes him particularly kind to those about him; and, by way of manifesting his feelings, he gives into his wife's possession what little spare money he may have left in his pocket out of his earnings of the previous year, and allows his children to make as much noise as they please, even refraining from scolding them when they kick and abuse his favorite hunting dogs. All things being ready,

night comes, and the trapper permits himself to enjoy another sleep in the midst of his household, but long before the break of day he has whistled to his dogs, and, with his knapsack on his back, has taken his departure for a stream that rises among the Rocky Mountains. If his course lies through a forest land he continues to travel on foot, taking his own leisure, killing a sufficient quantity of game to satisfy his wants, and sleeping at night upon his skins, under a canopy of leaves. If extensive water courses lie within his range, he purchases a canoe of some wandering Indians and plays the part of a navigator; and if he finds it necessary to cross extensive prairies, he obtains a pony, and, packing himself and plunder upon the animal, plays the part of an equestrian. When the first blast of December, accompanied by a shower of snow sweeps over the land, it finds our trapper friend snugly domiciled in a log shanty at the mouth of the river where he purposes to spend the winter, trapping for beaver.

And now all things are ready, and the trapper has actually entered upon his winter avocation. He has reconnoitered the valley in which he finds himself, and having ascertained the localities of the beaver, with their houses and dams, he forthwith manages to shoot a single male beaver, and having obtained from his glandulous pouch a substance called *castoreum*, he mixes it with a number of aromatics, and in three or four days he is supplied with a suitable bait and proceeds to set his traps. As the senses of the beaver are exceedingly keen, the business of the trapper requires experience and great caution, and he glides through the forests almost with the silence of a ghost; but, when a master of his calling, he seldom leaves a beaver village until, by his cunning arts, it has become depopulated. The war of extermination as already intimated, begins at the mouth of the river, and with our friend, will only cease when he has reached the fountain-head, or the season for trapping comes to an end. The coldest winds may blow and the woods may be completely blocked with snow, but the trapper has mounted his snow-shoes, and day after day does he revisit and rearrange his traps. If night overtake him when far removed from his shanty (which may be the case more than half the time,) he digs himself a hole in some sheltered snow bank, and, wrapped up in his blanket by the side of his solitary fire, spends a strangely comfortable night. When not engaged with his traps, he employs his time in drying and dressing his furs; or, as fancy may dictate, he shoulders his gun and starts out for the purpose of capturing a deer, a bear, or some of the beasts

which are wont to howl him to sleep at the midnight hour. Venison and bear meat constitute his principal food, but he is particularly partial to the tail of his favorite beaver. The only human beings with whom he has any social intercourse during the long winter, are the poor wandering Indians who chance to visit him in his cabin; and at such times, many are the wild adventures and strange legends which they relate to each other around the huge fire of the trapper. And he now enjoys to perfection the companionship of his dogs. Companions, it is true, of another sort sometimes gather around his lonely habitation to relieve his solitude; for the snowy owl hoots and screams at night from the huge pine branch that reaches over his cabin, or perhaps an unmolested deer manifests its love of companionship by browsing the twigs in broad daylight almost at his very threshold. But now fair weather cometh out of the north, and the trapper begins to think that he has secured such a supply of furs as will guaranty him a comfortable support during the coming summer, and one by one he gathers in his traps. The crack of his rifle is now heard more frequently echoing through the woods for he cares not to obtain more beaver skins even if he could, and he would obtain a sufficient number of miscellaneous furs to render his assortment complete. Heavy spring rains have set in, the water courses are nearly released from their icy fetters, and on issuing from his cabin, after a night of conflicting dreams, he finds that the neighboring stream has become unusually full. A single glance at its turbid waters is enough. He cuts down a suitable tree and builds him a canoe, and in this he stows away his furs and all his other plunder, and, seizing his paddle, he jumps into his seat, and with a light heart starts for his distant home.

The rains are over and gone, and although our voyager has already been ten days upon the waters, he has yet at least a thousand additional miles to travel. Rapids without number are to be passed, many a laborious portage must be made around huge waterfalls, and at least two months must elapse before he can moor his little barge in the haven where he would be. Day follows day, and his course is onward. All along his route the forest trees are bursting their buds and decking themselves with the livery of the vernal season, while the grasses and flowers of the prairies are striving to overreach each other as they loom into the pleasant sunshine. And then, too, the heart of our voyager is cheered by the singing of birds. When night comes, and he has lain

himself down by his watch-fire on the shore, in some little cove, he is lulled to sleep by the murmuring music of the stream. If, on a pleasant day when he is fatigued, he happen upon an Indian encampment and finds that an extensive ball-play or an Indian horse race, or any important medicine ceremony is about to occur, he tarries there for a few hours, and then, as his mind dwells upon the grotesque and laughable scenes he has witnessed, resumes his voyage in a more cheerful mood. Day follows day, and the stream upon which he is now floating is broad and deep, and sweeps onward as if rejoicing with pride for having triumphed over the obstacles of the wilderness, and is rapidly approaching the fields and the abodes of civilization. It is now the close of a day in the leafy month of June, and our voyager is gliding noiselessly into the quiet cove beside his cabin, and, uttering a loud whistle or whoop and firing his gun, his wife and children hasten to the shore, and—the trapper is at home!

The summer time, in the opinion of our trapper friend, is the season of unalloyed enjoyment, for it is then that he gives himself up to the gratification of all his desires. Having disposed of his furs and peltries at the nearest trading post for a few hundred dollars in cash, or its equivalent in merchandise, he deems himself independently rich, and conducts himself accordingly. In a fit of liberality, he orders his wife and children into his canoe and takes them upon a visit to the nearest frontier village or city, where he loads them with gewgaws, and the family spend a few days. The novelty of this visit soon passes away, and our trapper with his family are once more domiciled in their cabin. A week of inactivity then follows, and the trapper becomes as restless as a fish out of water. He is troubled with a kind of itching palm, and away he goes upon a vagabondizing tour among the hangers-on about the trading establishments, recounting to all who will listen to him his adventures in the wilderness, and spending the remainder of the summer after the manner of the idle and the dissipated. But the first frost brings him to his senses, and the trapper is himself again—for he is thinking of the wilderness.

CHARLES LANMAN

THE "BLADENSBURG RACES"

Written shortly after the capture of Washington City, August 24, 1814

(Probably it is not generally known that the flight of MAHOMET, the flight of JOHN GILPIN, and the flight of BLADENSBURG all occurred on the *twenty-fourth of August*.)

PRINTED FOR THE PURCHASER

(The authorship of this clever anti-Madison skit is unknown. We believe it has been printed only once the original of 1816.)—Ed.

JAMES MADISON a soldier was
Of courage and remown,
And Generalissimo was he
Of famous Washington

Quoth Madison unto to his Dear
"Though frightened we have been
These two last tedious weeks, yet we
No Enemy have seen

To-morrow is the twenty-fourth,
And much indeed I fear
That then or on the following day
That COCKBURN will be here."

"To-morrow," then quoth she, "we'll fly
As fast as we can pour
Northward, unto Montgomery,
All in our coach and four.

• My sister CUTTS, and CUTTS and I,
And Cutts' children three,
Will fill the coach,—so you must ride
On horseback after we"

He soon replied "I do admire
Of human kind but one,
And you are she, my Dolly dear;
Therefore it shall be done

I am a GENERALISSIMO,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend and namesake* too,
Shall mount his horse and go

My trusty steed, the GRIFFIN bold
Will bear me safely through;
And COCKBURN is a lucky dog
If e'er he catch MONROE

We'll start as though for Bladensburg,
But when we've cleared the town
We'll for Montgomery, and o'ertake
The coach at Early noon."

Quoth Mistress Dolly "That's well said;
For should it once transpire
That to Montgom'ry you are fled,
'Twill set the town on fire"

The GENERAL kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
Though bent on running off, she'd still
His *honor* in her mind

The morning came the coach was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, for fear
The Mob should grumble loud

At Brother CUTTS' the coach was staid,
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin

Smack went the whip—round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad:
The dust did rise beneath the coach
As though the dust were mad.

*J. Madison Cutts, nephew of Mrs. Madison.

The GENERAL, at his horse's side,
 Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got in haste to start,
 But soon stopt short again:

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he
 And seated to his mind,
 When turning round his face he saw
 His CABINET behind.

MONROE was there, and ARMSTRONG bold,
 No bolder man *mote* be:
 And RUSH, th' *Attorney-Gen-e-ral*
 All on their horses three.

Not so the BOATSWAIN:—lo! he sat
 In his hir'd house alone
 And penn'd two letters, to be sent
 As soon as they were done:

The first, to *save* the Navy-Yard,
 Order'd it to be *fir'd*;
 The other, dated back, to *cheat*
The man whose house he hired.

"Monroe, you're late!" quoth MADISON—
 "Tis late indeed, I fear,
 For us to steer for Bladensburg:
 The British are too near"

The CABINET on horseback sat,
 And there they reason'd high,
 If for the camp they should set out,
 Or northward straight should fly.

Not long before the gallant FOUR
 Had plann'd it in their mind,
 When CUFFEE scream'd, "*De Shappo-hat*
 And *sword* be leave-behind!"

"Good-Lack!" quoth he, "then bring 'em me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress DOLLY (careful soul)
Two wrapper-bags had found,
To hold the sword and chapeau bras
And keep them safe and sound.

Up Cuffee starts—and brings the bags
And lays them open wide;
Then puts the chapeau on his head,
The sword upon his side.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long blue cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him starting once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing through the street
With caution and good heed.

But gaining soon the country road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

As luck would have it, all at once,
At distance in the rear
Six gallant troopers, mounted well,
Approaching did appear.

And one, upon his bugle-horn
So loud a blast did blow
Our HERO wish'd him ten miles off—
He scar'd the GRIFFIN so.

So—"Fair and softly!" JAMES did cry,
But JAMES he cri'd in vain:
The GRIFFIN gallop'd off outright,
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down (as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright),
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And ran with all his might.

Away went he—and after him
Our heroes rode apace:—
They little dreamt when they set out,
Of running such a race.

GRIFFIN, who never had before
Been handled in this kind,
Affrighted fled; and as he fled,
Left all the world behind.

The wind did blow; the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and blue,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last—away it flew!

Then might all people well discern
This gallant LITTLE MAN:
His sword did thump behind his back,
So merrily he ran

RUSH follow'd on, and ARMSTRONG scream'd—
The troopers one and all;
And eike MONROE cri'd out, I guess,
As loud as he could bawl:

"Stop there! your Excellency! stop!
The northern road you'll pass!—
We'll get into a pretty scrape
If further on we chase"

This well he knew— yet on he went—
And on they follow'd too;—
For when soe'er the Devil drives
There's never any Whoa!

And still, as fast as he rode on
'Twas marvellous to view
How he outrode the CABINET
And eike the troopers too.

And now, as he went bowing down
His little head full low,
His sword flew up against his hat,
And gave him such a blow

Off went at once his chapeau-bras,
And fell into the road;
Our HERO never stopt thereat,
But onward still he rode.

Thus all along the District through
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the spot
Where WINDER'S forces lay.

There, as the colours flapp'd the air
And all the music play'd,
GRIFFIN stopt short, as well he might,
And JAMES he rais'd his head.

Up came MONROE, and ARMSTRONG too,
And RUSH brought up the hat;—
The troopers pass'd, and hung their heads,
Asham'd that they were beat.

"Where are the British? WINDER, where?—
And COCKBURN, where is he?—
D'ye think your men will fight, or run,
When they the British see?"

ARMSTRONG and RUSH, stay here in camp;
I'm sure you're not afraid;—
OURSELF will now return, and you,
MONROE, shall be our aid.

And, WINDER, do not fire your guns
Nor let your trumpets play,
Till we are out of sight—Forsooth,
My horse will run away."

The camp he quits: MONROE and he
With speed their steps retrace;
And soon they gain'd the northern road,
So rapid was their pace.

Then speaking to his horse, he said
"I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for *your* pleasure I came here;
You shall go back for *mine*"

Ah! luckless word and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear!—
Just as he spoke, a cannonade
Did roar most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort, as if
He heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might
As he had done before

Away went MADISON—away
Went chapeau-bras once more.
So frightened was the horse, it fell
Much sooner than before.

MONROE did ride, and soon they met;
He tried to stop JEM'S horse
By seizing fast the flowing rein,
Which only made things worse:

For, not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
He thereby scar'd the GRIFFIN more,
And made him faster run.

Away went MADISON—away
MONROE went at his heels—
And all the while, his labr'ing back
A merry thumping feels.

Now at Montgomery his wife,
Out of the window spi'd
Her gallant husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop! your highness, here's the house!"
They all at once did roar:
"Here, at Montgomery, you're as safe
As ten miles off, or more:—

Stop him, MONROE, here's Sister CUTTS,
The girls, and CUTTS and I;
The dinner's cold, and we are tir'd,"
MONROE says, "So am I".

But neither horse nor James, a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there:
For why?—the distant cannonade
Was rumbling in his rear.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot from an archer's bow;
So did he fly—so after him
As swift did fly MONROE.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Beheld our GENERAL ride—
MONROE behind—the *chapeau* gone;
The *broadsword* by his side

"What news, what news?—your highness, say?"
Not one of them was mute:
He pass'd right on—they one and all
Soon join'd in the pursuits.

But all the windows on the road
Flew open in short space;
The women thinking, I suppose,
Our GENERAL rode EXPRESS

And so he did; for first he bore
The news to Fredericktown;
Nor stopt, from where he first got up,
Till he again got down.

Now long live MADISON the brave!
And ARMSTRONG long live he!
And RUSH! and CUTTS! MONROE! and JONES!
And DOLLY, long live *She*!

And when—their COUNTRY'S Cause *at stake*,
Our GENERAL and MONROE
Next take the field to lead our troops
Against th' invading foe:

But fly their posts—*ere the first gun*
Has echoed o'er the wave,
Stop! stop! POWTOMACK! *stop thy course!*
Nor pass Mount Vernon's Grave!

AS HIS FRIEND SAW SHAW

AMONG the fellow-officers and friends of Col. Robert Gould Shaw, whose hitherto unpublished letters during the Civil War were lately printed in the *MAGAZINE*, was Col. Charles F. Morse, who served as an officer in the Second Massachusetts the entire four years of the war. This was the regiment in which Col. Shaw served as first lieutenant and captain from May 28, 1861, to April 17, 1863. Col. Morse, who is still living in Kansas City, wrote home constantly all through the war, and his letters, extracts from which were privately printed in 1898, contain many references to Col. Shaw during the time that they served in the "Second" together.

In these first two years of the war, Col. Morse's letters are full of brief references to "Bob Shaw"; they ate in the same mess, they took many rides through the country together when not engaged in active service; occasionally they slept under the same blanket. The first mention of him of any length occurs in a letter written from Williamsport, Md., on June 5, 1862, after the Shenandoah Valley campaign. He writes:

"I will mention some of the narrow escapes that came under my notice. Bob Shaw was struck by a Minie ball, which passed through his coat and vest and dented into his watch, shattering the works all to pieces, doing him no damage with the exception of a slight bruise; the watch saved his life; he has sent it home." After the battle of Cedar Mountain, the next August, he mentions riding to the rebel lines with Bob Shaw, under a flag of truce, to get news of some of the missing officers of the Second.

The Second Massachusetts was in the thick of the battle of Antietam, forming a part of Slocum's corps, which fought in the cornfield. Morse describes the scenes during and after that engagement: "Capt. Shaw was struck by a spent ball in the neck; I was struck by a spent ball in the temple, which laid me on my back for a moment and raised a pretty black and blue spot. . . . We carried into action less than 240 men and lost about eighty killed and wounded. . . . We lay down that night about ten o'clock, glad enough to get a little rest. The dead and dying were all around us and in our very midst. . . . I found that Bob

Shaw and I had slept within fifty feet of a pile of fourteen dead rebels, and in every direction about us they were lying thick."

For some time after the battle the regiment was encamped on Maryland Heights, across the river from Harper's Ferry, and Morse and Shaw made several visits to the battlefield of Antietam. "You don't know what an interesting thing it is to ride over the hard-fought ground of Antietam," writes Morse. "Yesterday Bob Shaw and I visited all the places where we were engaged, saw where our men were killed, etc. We could follow our first line along by the graves; next to ours came the Third Wisconsin's, which lost terribly in this place; next to that was a battery which was splendidly fought. Where it stood, in one place are the remains of fifteen dead horses lying so close that they touch each other."

"What do you think of the First Massachusetts Black Infantry?" writes Morse on February 8, 1863. "I suppose that there is no doubt but that the regiment will be raised; one of our captains has had the offer of the colonelcy, and he has accepted it. (The captain referred to is Shaw.) As a military measure, I entirely believe in it, and I hope it will be entirely successful. It is ridiculous for persons to try and laugh this thing down; there is no reason in the world why black troops raised in this country shouldn't be as good as those used by the English and French.... If I had anything to do with such a regiment, I should not want to raise much of it in the North, but get enough men there to form a skeleton, and then go South and fill up with contrabands.

"You will probably hear before long who the captain is that I have referred to; he doesn't want it mentioned at present."

In his next letter he writes again; "Capt. Shaw went off to go to work on his new command, the First Massachusetts Blacks. He has a hard piece of work ahead of him, but I hope he will be entirely successful. The greatest doubts in my mind are whether the Northern negroes will enlist; I don't put much faith in them myself."

From that time on the two saw little of each other, being in different regiments and engaged, for the most part, in different parts of the country, but they corresponded up to within a few days of Shaw's death. Morse writes from Tullahoma, Tenn., November, 1863: In looking over his trunks for a photograph, Col. Cogswell found a letter that had come for me while I was in Massachusetts; he gave it to me,

and I found the address was in Bob Shaw's writing. You can imagine how glad I was to get it. I always thought it a little strange that he had not answered my last letter. I opened it the first chance I got. It was mostly a description of his movements to Darien and other places; but at the close he spoke in a very feeling way of our friendship and intimacy, and of his happiness since his marriage. It was written on the 3d of July."

Morse's letters are extremely interesting in themselves; they are written in a simple narrative style, and give a vivid picture of the actual business of warfare. He writes convincingly of things he knows, as the following passage will show:

"I have talked with a number of the rebel prisoners. You have no idea what innocent, inoffensive men most of them seem to be; a great many are mere boys; there are some old men, too, with humped backs. Scarcely any of them seem to have any idea of what they are fighting for, and they were almost all forced into the army. I talked with one poor little fellow from Georgia who had received a severe wound; he could not have been more than sixteen years old. He said that all he wanted was to get into one of the hospitals at the North; that he had been abused and knocked around ever since he had been in the army, and that the first kind treatment he received and the first kind words he had heard were from our men. He expected to be bayoneted as soon as we came up.

"The more I see of battle-fields convinces me that instances of cruelty to the wounded are extremely rare, and that they are treated, almost universally, with kindness by the men of both sides. When we crossed the field (of Antietam) we drove the rebels from where their wounded were lying everywhere; but our men took the greatest pains not to touch them or hurt them in any way, although sometimes it was almost impossible to avoid it. And when we halted the men gave almost every drop from their canteens to the poor rebels. The idea that a soldier could ever bring himself to bayoneting a wounded man strikes me now as almost absurd; it may have been done during this war, but I don't believe it."

The following opinion on the Emancipation Proclamation is also interesting, coming as it does direct from the field of battle:

NOTES BY THE WAY

NEVADA'S ADAM

The archaeological department of the University of Nevada has completed the exploration of a cave in Nevada, sealed up by three thousand years ago, which contains relics of what is believed to be the ancient race from which the American Indians sprung, far older than the Aztecs. Among the things brought to light and declared to be more than five thousand years old certainly and in existence several hundred thousand years ago. If these are correct it is older than the Piltdown skull, found in Kent, England. Certainly, says the *St. Louis Dispatch*, the Nevada bones are of the oldest American.

The maxilar bones are less in area than any specimen extant in proportion to the huge size of the skull. The frontal bone and superior maxillary bones are unusually large, while the inferior maxillary bones are very small. These differences establish a complete separation from all others known, except that it is thought probable that the present peculiarities of Indian craniums are traceable to these formations.

Along with the skull were found many relics of a prehistoric race in a remarkable state of preservation, because they had been hermetically sealed in nature's own preservatives. There were mats and tools of wood, utensils and toys for the children and the walls were covered with hieroglyphics which may have been as old before the first writing was inscribed on the walls of Babylon.

Over all over the country have been interested in the find. The cave was opened some time ago, and has been within the last few years. Mining operations through the immense guano beds have brought to light the relics of picture writing. It has been found to concern a race, so far as is known, has been explored about 900 feet long, and has a height of hundred feet in places. It is a goodly place for a vanished race.

For public display, the University comes to the approval of the Nevada State Board of Education, and a wise one.

OH! LET US DIE LIKE MEN

Written previous to the Battle of the Okechubbee, Florida 1839, by Lieutenant G. W. Patten, U. S. A.

ROLL out the banner on the air,
And draw your sword of flame!
The forming squadrons fast prepare
To take the field of Fame.
With measured step your columns dun
Close up along the glen,
If we must die ere set of sun,
Oh! let us die like men.

We seek the foe from night till morn,
A foe we do not see—
Go roll the drum, and wind the horn,
And tell him here are we.
In idle strength we watch a prey
That lurks by marsh and fen;
But should he strike our lines today
Oh! let us die like men.

'Tis not to right a kinsman's wrongs
With bristling ranks we come;
Our sisters sing their evening songs
Far in a peaceful home.
We battle at our country's call
The savage in his den;
If in the struggle we must fall,
Oh! let us die like men.

Remember, boys, that Mercy's dower
Is life to him who yields;
Remember, that the hand of power
Is strongest when it shields.
Keep honor, like your sabre, bright;
Shame coward fear—and then,
If we must perish in the fight,
Oh! let us die like men.

(Lieutenant Patten, known as the "Poet Laureate of the Army" (1808-82) served in the Indian War in Florida, 1837-42, and wrote a number of poems, one of which "The Seminole's Reply," was familiar to all schoolboys fifty years ago. He served also in the Mexican and Civil Wars and rose to Lieutenant-Colonel.)

NOTES BY THE WAY

NEVADA'S ADAM

The archaeological department of the University of Nevada has nearly completed the exploration of a cave in Nevada, sealed up by nature three thousand years ago, which contains relics of what is believed to be the ancient race from which the American Indians sprung, a race far older than the Aztecs. Among the things brought to light is a skull declared to be more than five thousand years old certainly and possibly in existence several hundred thousand years ago. If these surmises are correct it is older than the Piltdown skull, found in Kent, England. Certainly, says the St. Louis *Dispatch*, the Nevada bones are those of the oldest American.

The malar bones are less in area than any specimen extant in proportion to the huge size of the skull. The frontal bone and superior maxillary bones are unusually large, while the inferior maxillary bones are extremely small. These differences establish a complete separation in race from all others known, except that it is thought probable that the present peculiarities of Indian craniums are traceable to these distinctive formations.

Along with the skull were found many relics of a prehistoric race in a remarkable state of preservation, because they had been hermetically sealed in nature's own preservatives. There were mats and tools and household utensils and toys for the children and the walls were scarred with hieroglyphics which may have been old before the first tablet was inscribed on the walls of Babylon.

Scientists all over the country have become interested in the find. While the cavern was opened some time ago, it has been within the last few years that mining operations through its immense guano beds brought to light the relics and picture writing it has been found to contain. The cavern, so far as it has been explored, is about 900 feet long, 400 feet wide and has a height of hundreds of feet in places. It is a magnificent tomb for a vanished race.

Fortunately for public credulity, the story of the discovery comes stamped with the approval of the Nevada scientists. Otherwise one

would think some romancer of the Rider Haggard type had been busy. It begins with a Piute Indian legend of a lost race which had taken refuge from enemies in a mountain, much as the children of Hamelin did when they followed the Pied Piper. The legend was repeated to the scientists by an educated Piute girl, and they attacked the side of a mountain until they came upon the cave. There they found the last traces of a long-forgotten civilization.

The first mention of this ancient civilization that is remembered by white men dates back to 1844, when General Fremont led from California a little band of whites across a new trail through the Rockies. He followed the Humboldt river until he came to the shores of what is now called Humboldt lake, a half-mile east of the main Humboldt range of mountains, and a mile south of Lovelock, Nev. In the region of the lake he entered the land of the Piutes, the chief of whom was Winnemucca. The trail makers were met by the Indian chieftain with open arms.

Fremont and his party were guests of the Piute band for many days. Familiarity with other tribes had taught Fremont a method of communication by means of signs. He asked the Indian chief if he, in his great wisdom, could tell the white man whence came the red men—their origin. The aged chief by signs indicated that the history of the Indians went back to the beginning of the world. It told how his ancestors had driven a whole nation into a huge cavern and sealed them there to perish.

When years later Chief Winnemucca had learned the white man's tongue the Piute legends spread among the pioneer miners and finally reached the ears of scientific men. With the coming of educators into Nevada in the last twenty-five years interest quickened with repeated fossil discoveries in the beds of extinct rivers and on the walls of cañons. At Winnemucca's death his daughter, Sarah, became attached to the families of army officers, and through them the legends became public when they were recounted in a book printed in 1870.

Her granddaughter, Sarah Winnemucca, was educated in a reservation school. Her imagination fired by the legends of her people, she repeated them to her instructors, until finally Professor J. C. Jones, chief of the archaeological department of the State University, determined to make a search for the lost cave. The stories indicated that it

must be somewhere near the Humboldt Lake. Sarah Winnemucca picked a spot as near as the legends could guide her, from which point the scientists conducted their search successfully.

HILL'S "CRAWFORD NOTCH"

The large painting of "Crawford Notch" by Thomas Hill has been bought by the members of the New Hampshire Historical Society and is now on exhibition in the society's building at Concord. The picture is ten by six feet. It has been hung over the landing of the main staircase, where it receives a fine light. The view is from the Notch road, looking north. In the distance is Mt. Willard, on the left is the steep slope of Mt. Willey, and on the right is a glimpse of Mt. Webster. In the middle distance the Saco emerges from the forest. The coloring is of great brilliancy in its delineation of the autumn foliage. Thomas Hill, the artist, was born in Birmingham, Eng., in 1829, and died in Raymond, Cal., in 1909. He held high rank in that school of American landscape painting which included Church, Bierstadt and Kensett. Most of his pictures are of the scenery of the Far West. The picture of the Notch was painted in 1872, and was displayed at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. Shortly afterwards it was bought by Mr. Hamlin of Winchester, Mass. From him it was subsequently purchased by Thomas Gilman Stanton, who, being a native of New Hampshire, and a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, consented to part with it at a nominal price in favor of the present owners.

Transcript, BOSTON

DIXIE ON THE STAGE

The following letter appeared in the New York *Sun* signed Y. E. A. Louisville, Ky. Can anyone give further particulars of Mrs. Wood's interpolation of "Dixie" in the burlesque of "Pocahontas"?

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: Mrs. John Wood, the English actress who died January 1915, is identified with United States history in an interesting way. She introduced the song of "Dixie" on the stage of this country, according to Government records. It was interpo-

lated in John Brougham's popular burlesque "Pocahontas," in which she was playing in New Orleans in 1860. The authorship of the song has been attributed to Dan Emmet, the minstrel, but there has been so much controversy over it that every fact connected with it possesses interest. In the book of "Our Familiar Songs and Those Who Made Them," a very admirable collection published by Henry Holt & Company in 1881, prepared by Helen Kendrick Bangs, it is said:

The original song of "Dixie" was the composition of Dan D. Emmet of Bryant's Minstrels, and was first sung in New York in 1860. The first words used for the song in the South were from a poem entitled "The Star of the West," published in the *Charleston Mercury* early in 1861.

Mark well the dates. Now in a collection of old sheet music bound into books as gathered and kept in our family from 1852 to 1875 I find an original copy of "Dixie" with this title page:

I Wish I Was in Dixie

Words by

J. Newcomb.

Music by

J. C. Viereck.

Sung by Mrs. John Wood.

New Orleans, Published by P. P. Werlein, 51 Camp Street.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1860.

by P. P. Werlein, in the Clerk's Off: of the Dist: Court of the East: Dist: of La.

The words in this edition, which is earlier than any other that has been produced as far as I know, are the well known verses beginning: "I wish I was in the land of cotton," etc. The old song speaks for itself in the old books.

Perhaps this still well-preserved and interesting first edition, now fifty-four years old, may be a link in the controversy over the most inspiring and characteristic American "national" tune we have.

Some of your readers may throw additional light on the early records.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM OLD BOSTON NEWSPAPERS

(Boston *Daily Advertiser and Repository*, Dec. 25, 1815)

Distant subscribers for the *Daily Advertiser or Repository*, residing within this Commonwealth, are reminded of the opportunity which the approaching convention of the General Court will furnish them for sending the amount of their subscription money.

SEA SERPENT HARPOONED

(*The Recorder*, Boston, Aug 22, 1818)

The expedition fitted out from Gloucester, on Saturday last, to take the sea serpent, met him yesterday off Squam; after chasing him about seven hours Captain Rich threw a harpoon into him about two feet; but he ran with such velocity that he broke the boat, drew the harpoon out and escaped.

(*Boston Advertiser*, Sept. 30, 1817)

—funeral will be this afternoon, No. — North street. The funeral will proceed in the solemn, prudent, old fashioned way instead of the rattling of carriages.

OHIO IN 1828

A Chicago paper says that the school board at Lancaster, O., in 1828 refused to permit the schoolhouse to be used for the discussion of the question whether railroads were practical. Replying to the request, the school board said:

"You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam he would have clearly foretold to his holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell!"

'AMERICA' MS. TO HARVARD

The gift to the Harvard College Library of the original manuscript of "America" ("My Country, 'Tis of Thee"), written by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., was announced lately. The surviving children of Dr. Smith, knowing his deep and lifelong interest in Harvard, from which he was graduated in the famous class of 1829, felt that there could be no more appropriate place in which to ensure the preservation of what W. C. Lane, librarian of Harvard, in a letter of acknowledgement, described as "one of the most precious bits of original manuscript which

any American library could desire to own." The negotiations were conducted by Dr. Smith's son, Rev. Daniel Appleton White Smith, D.D., president of the Karen Theological Seminary at Insein, Burma, who is in this country on furlough and who was a prominent participant in the recent Judson centennial celebration of the Baptist Church in Boston. The other surviving children of the poet are Ewing U. Smith of California, Mrs. Caroline E. Morton of Andover, N. H., and Mrs. John D. Candee of Bridgeport, Conn.

In a letter to President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, proffering the manuscript, Dr. D. A. W. Smith wrote:

It is the wish of the children of the late Samuel Francis Smith, of the class of '29, to deposit in the archives of the University the original manuscript of the hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." They do this in recognition of the affectionate loyalty of their father to his alma mater, which is also the alma mater of one of his sons (D. A. W. Smith of the class of '59 and of one of his grandsons, James Ferdinand Morton, Jr., '92.) I write to ask you whether the college would be pleased to accept the custody of this manuscript, and if so, kindly to mention the name of the individual upon whom I may call to deliver in person the manuscript of "America."

In his reply, accepting the gift, President Lowell wrote:

Samuel Francis Smith was one of the many men who made the class of 1829 the most famous in the history of the college.

Among Dr. Smith's classmates were Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, William Henry Channing, Samuel May and Benjamin Peirce. Librarian Lane, after formally acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript, wrote as follows to Dr. D. A. W. Smith:

I do not like to let the very interesting gift you have made to the library go by without some further acknowledgment, in addition to our accustomed printed form. The first draft of "America" is certainly one of the most precious bits of original manuscript which any American library could desire to own, for its words are on everyone's tongue throughout the country, and it thus occupies an altogether unique place in American literature and American life. I am very glad you have seen fit to give this into the keeping of the Harvard Library, where, I assure you, it will be carefully preserved, and when we get into our new building, made accessible for visitors to see.

"America" was written in 1832, while the author was a student at the Andover Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass. The circumstances under which it was conceived were thus described by Dr. Smith in the introduction to the complete collection of his poems:

"The hymn, 'America,' was the fruit of examining a number of music books and songs for German public schools, placed in my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq. Falling in with the tune in one of them, now called 'America,' and being pleased with its simple and easy movement, I glanced at the German words and, seeing that they were patriotic, instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own to the same tune. Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I put upon it, within half an hour, the verses substantially as they stand today. I did not propose to write a national hymn. I did not know that I had done so. The whole matter passed out of my mind. A few weeks afterwards I sent to Mr. Mason some translations and other poems; this must have chanced to be among them. This occurred in February, 1832. To my surprise, I found later that he had incorporated it into a programme for the celebration of July 4, 1832, in Park Street Church, Boston. I pray that the spirit of the simple verses may be the spirit of our people evermore."

In addressing the great gathering which thronged the old Music Hall in Boston on the occasion of the public testimonial tendered him in April, 1895, Dr. Smith expressed his pleasure at the fact that the tune to which "America" is sung is also that of the British national anthem and of a German patriotic song, and his hope that this might add one more tie of friendship between this country and Great Britain and Germany.

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston on Oct. 21, 1808. After his graduation from Harvard and Andover Theological Seminary, he was for eight years pastor of the Baptist Church at Waterville, Me., and professor of modern languages and Greek in Waterville (now Colby) College. In 1834 he was married to Mary White Smith of Haverhill, granddaughter of Hezekiah Smith, chaplain in the Revolutionary army, an intimate friend of Washington and one of the founders of Brown University. In 1842 Dr. Smith became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton Centre, Mass., and editor of the Christian Review. For the remainder of his life he resided in the "Old Homestead" on Centre street, Newton Centre. He served for fifteen years as editorial secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. All his life he had been deeply interested in foreign missions, and while still at Andover he wrote the missionary hymn, "The Morning Light Is Breaking." In 1875 Dr. and Mrs. Smith spent a year in Europe, and in 1880 they went abroad for two years, visiting many countries in Europe and Southern Asia and inspecting foreign mission fields. Dr. Smith died in November, 1895. His wife died in 1903, at the age of ninety years.

Dr. Smith's grandchildren, who heartily concur with the decision to place the manuscript of "America" in the Harvard Library, are:

Harry W. Jones, Minneapolis; Appleton W. Smith, M.D., Hartford, Conn.; Miss Anna H. Smith, Insein, Burma; Mrs. Harry I. Marshall, Tharawaddy, Burma; James F. Morton, Jr., New York city; Mrs. John S. Ziegler, Cleveland; Frank S. Morton, Duckabush, Wash.; Nelson G. Morton, Boston; Miss Anna R. Smith, Newton Centre, Mass. Mrs. Robert Bramhall, California; Mrs. Frederick H. Stevens, New Haven, Conn., and Mrs. D. A. White, Bridgeport, Conn. There are numerous great-grandchildren.

Transcript, BOSTON

AMOS BONSTALL, ONLY SURVIVOR OF DR. KANE'S EXPEDITION

Philadelphia, Feb. 1.—Amos Bonsall, eighty-six years old, last survivor of the Elisha Kent Kane Arctic expedition to search for Sir John Franklin sixty-two years ago, died to-day in his home here. He suffered occasionally from the effects of hardships he had endured in the frozen north, but his health remained good in later years.

Mr. Bonsall was born on a farm in Delaware county, Pa.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Paris, Nov. 15th, 1831.

Dear Sir:

Your obliging letter, and the little request it contained, needed no apology. I have great pleasure in complying with your wish, particularly as coming from a gentleman of your profession, and I may add of your City and church.

Dr. Chester was not only known to me as a zealous and yet liberal divine, after he took orders, but we occupied opposite rooms in the same entry at Yale. You probably know that he officiated at Cooperstown, for a short time, when I knew him. We sat together in the Convention that formed the American Bible Society; and I continued in friendly relation with him until I left America. I grieved to hear of his death, for in addition to the loss of the man, it was one of many similar sad memorials that mark the passage of time, and serve to separate me, more and more, from my country.

The name of Albany, too, at the head of your letter, gave me pleasure. To me Albany has always been a place of agreeable and friendly recollections. It was the only outlet we had, in my childhood, to the world, and many a merry week have I passed there with boys of my own age while my father has waited for the opening of the road to go South. Those boys are now, like myself, men, or in their graves. It was then I made the acquaintance with Stevenson and Gansevoort, and Stephen Rensselaer, and Lush, and many others I could name. A few years later, in 1801, I was sent to study under the direction and in the family of Mr. Ellerson, the Rector of St. Peter's. Of this gentleman, I doubt not, you have often heard. We were five, and all in his family, for he took no others. There were two Rensselaers, of the Greenbush branch of the family, one of whom, Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, of New York, is only living, a Livingston of the Upper Manor, who has died quite lately, William Jay, the youngest son of the Governor, and myself. With the surviving Rensselaer I am in friendly relations, and with Jay I have ever been united in close and sincere friendship. We were nearer of an age, and began our Virgil and Cicero

together, slept together, played together, and sometimes quarreled for each other. He was at Yale with me, and he now lives in Westchester, in which county my wife has some property, and where I have frequently visited. Still later, Albany was to me a town of excellent social feeling and friendly connections. I could not visit my own country without passing it, and I always entered it with pleasure, and left it with regret. My father died in Albany, at the inn of Stewart Lewis, in 1809, and my eldest brother, Richard Fenimore Cooper, in his own house. So you see, dear Sir, that Albany is a name I love for a multitude of associations that are connected with my earliest years. Here in this peopled wilderness, this vast receptacle of selfishness, of gaiety without heart and vanity without pride, the feeling comes over me strongly. What a variety of faces, and countries, and manners have I seen since I last looked upon your meadows and hills! I have dwelt in London, Paris (at three several times), Berne, Florence, Naples, Rome, Venice and Dresden, besides occupying divers country houses, and all as a house-keeper, within that period. I may live in Madrid, London, Vienna, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Grand Cairo, and Moscow before I see it again, if, indeed, I ever see it again. A year ago, I expected to have been in America ere this, but that polar-star, interest, keeps luring me on. I cannot accuse myself of much cupidity, but the merry voices in the adjoining room constantly admonish me that I am to live for others. Thank God, let it be my lot to die when I may, they have all the claims of a birth-right in that glorious land, which will soon be—I may say, which is already—a model for the wise and good in every country.

I shall profit by the occasion you afford to recall myself to the recollections of some of my old Albany friends. You doubtless know Mr. James Stevenson, and Gen. Gansevoort; to them I beg to be particularly remembered. To John Welsh, Stevenson's nephew, and to Lush and his clever wife. I do not know whether my old friend, Jacob Sutherland—Mr. Justice Sutherland, I mean—lives in Albany or not, but if he do, you will much oblige me by including him and all his family in the number. And James Kane, and William Cooke, and John Gott, both of whom were playmates of mine at Cooperstown, and the wife of Mr. Gott, Catherine Davidson, that was, formerly an Owego girl. I might swell this list readily, but I fear that I have exceeded discretion in the trouble I give you.

There is just now a calm in European politics. I have little faith in its long continuance, for on every side the elements of discord are formed. To say that the French have not gained by their revolution would be, perhaps, to say too much, but they certainly have not gained what they had a right to expect, or half of what they might enjoy without any harm to the order and well-being of society. We have our eyes on the King of Holland, who is of vast importance or not as he may be supported by Russia and Prussia. Of the disposition of the Russian Court there is some doubt, but the King of Prussia is disposed to peace. The heir apparent of Prussia is said to be in favor of war, and just now it is rumoured in the diplomatic circles, there is a quarrel on the subject between father and son. The fact that the hands of England are tied, is all important for the preservation of peace, and it is also eloquent in expressing the part she has played in all the former quarrels of Europe. England has always had a high pretension of fighting the battles of the world, and now it would seem that there can be no war without her. The title appears to be justified. That country exists on a volcano, without reform; there is danger of a Revolution, and with reform there will surely be revolution, as to its effect on established interests. The tendency everywhere is to popular rights, and I think the victory, though it can be, and in many cases it were best it should be, deferred a little, is no longer doubtful.

You speak of Dr. Neale in your letter. I am glad to hear of his being still alive, not that I deem him old, but so many friends are dead that I sometimes hesitate to enquire about them. I suppose that he remains in Philadelphia. Like the lamented Dr. Chester, he began his pastoral charges in Cooperstown, and I was his pupil for some time. There is an excellent man, the successor of them both, John Smith, who I believe is still at his post.

But I have already more than furnished you with the little memorial you desired, and am rather indulging my own feelings than obliging you.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very Respectfully and Sincerely Yours,

J. FENIMORE COOPER

LETTER OF COLONEL DAVID HENLEY TO HIS FATHER, SAMUEL,

CHARLESTOWN MASS.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1792.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 9 inst. was handed me the other day by a young gentleman in the Street, who informed me that Mr. Broomfield left it with him, not discovering tho his enquiries had been frequent, where I made my home.

I was glad, yea indeed! I rejoiced in getting a letter from my hond. Father to be informed of his state, but as in this life all our pleasures are mixt with something the reverse, so in the moment of receiving the letter with your superscription I was pleased, the next upon opening it I felt a sensation of equal anxiety, to find that your health had been the sport of infirmities, and that you had been supping sorrow in the agonies of pain, bitter portion! but it is the lot of man, and tho our days in the morning of life seems sometimes strewed with flowers, yet often before our evening sun setts they weather and we feel poignancy from pain, or sorrow and grief from misfortunes. But do still think I have occasion to be glad that you are so far recovered as to write, and will hope that you are restored to a greater degree of that invaluable blessing health, than before your late affliction.

Could I find anything for the entertainment of the mind, my letter might be more pleasing to you and satisfactory to me. Politics is beyond my drift, and for business, I have not so much of consequence as to make it a subject of serious consideration, therefore will give you a concise miscellaneous account of what has come under my view for this last period of writing.

The first thing that seemed to occupy the public mind for the beginning of the last season was General St. Clair's defeat, which was bloody and expensive on our side, and may be attended with more serious consequences. An Army of six thousand three hundred men is planned for the Indian Expedition, and as the chances of war is uncertain, should this Army fail in the intended enterprize, it will give scope to much abuse against the Government. The late dreadful failures in New York, and some here, by which many are ruined, and many more have got to feel the consequences of these, and their own imprudent

speculations, is a second cause that present immediately a dreadful calamity. The Eastern and Southern interest do not coalesce sufficiently for to cause good humor among the representative body, but on the contrary opposition, and very often severe recrimination in the conflict of argumentation, which is no ways agreeable to those who wish well to the general welfare. What may be the effects of these causes cannot be decided upon, time only can determine, so much however can be said, they portend no good.

The Congress expect to adjourn in about a fortnight, some say without doing much business, but as legislation is of great importance in which four millions of inhabitants are concerned, Quere? if a slow and deliberate judgment is not superior to hasty opinions or speculations, by observing the former they may be the least likely to err, by pursuing the latter, difficulties and precedents may arise of a most dangerous tendency.

The City of Philadelphia seems to encrease fast in wealth, beauty and improvement—perfect symmetry and order may be observed in the plan of the city, as well in her police and peacible inhabitants. The country surrounding is valuable for the goodness and luxuriancy of its soil, and agricultural industry of its inhabitants, in fact Pennsylvania may vie with any of the States for its importance, and this consequence may under providence be in a manner ascribed to their wise Lycurgus—the late Governor Penn the father of the Country.

To give you an account of what more immediately concern us in our relations, I wrote you in a former letter that I boarded with my Uncle Phillips, or rather his daughters. He being old and not so active as necessary, lost the Stewardship for the President. I think it must be from his not managing his affairs with that prudent economy that may be necessary when a little is received, he has saved from his pay only so small a part; for that after all his experience in life, he again becomes dependent upon his daughters for a livelihood. They are clever industrious young women. I have helped them as far as is in my power, being indulged with an office separate from the others for my business, have hired of them a chamber for that purpose, for which I give at the rate of eighty dollars per annum, and also one hundred and ninety two dollars per annum for myself & son's board. They have three boarders besides and as they do the Domestic business of themselves, and have only the help of a small black girl, would hope they may save a little

from their income. This convenience to my business puts it in my power to attend to my son and watch his motions, and to give them a proper direction. Miss Betsy inquires with great affection after you and seems much concerned for your happiness.

My son Arthur is a beautiful boy, active in his plays, attentive to his school, studious at home, of quick and retentive mind, observes and remarks with such propriety, that every gentleman that is acquainted with him speaks of him as a most promising boy. I hope it will please providence for to spare him for great good to himself and all around him.

In my next I will advise you what to do, in regard for getting a consideration from Congress for the losses you have sustained in the war.

Tho I have wrote you a lengthy letter must finally conclude in haste. Please to give my duty to my Mother, and my love to my brothers and sisters. I remain with affection,

Your dutiful son,

DAVID HENLEY

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WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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PENNSYLVANIA COUNTY NAMES

PENNSYLVANIA has recorded in the names of her counties, a large number of men illustrious in American history. Previous articles in this magazine* contained a brief record of about twenty counties of the Keystone State, ending with Franklin. The next in order following those already published is Greene, which is in the extreme southwestern part of the state, and was erected out of Washington County by an act of Assembly passed in 1796, and named for General Greene, who next to Washington, is frequently mentioned as the greatest soldier of the Revolution. Greene County contains rich deposits of coal, iron and salt, and recently, natural gas wells have brought important revenue to its people.

Waynesburg is the county seat, named in honor of General Anthony Wayne.

Huntingdon County lies near the center of the Juniata Valley. It is a name famous in English history. The area now embraced in Huntingdon originally belonged to Cumberland County, out of which Bradford was formed in 1771. Huntingdon was erected out of Bradford in 1787, the year the National Constitution was adopted. It then included Center, Clearfield, Cambria and Blair counties, a vast extent of country, now noted for the production of lumber and coal. In the northwestern part of Huntingdon semi-bituminous coal was discovered before 1800 and used in charcoal furnaces and by blacksmiths. Valuable iron deposits were found in the mountain districts of Huntingdon, and these brought an intelligent class of Scotch-Irish and English settlers, who not only cultivated the fertile lands of the valleys, but also erected numerous iron works. The State Canal was opened through Huntingdon in 1830, and was for twenty years the principal line for the transportation of goods across the mountains to Pittsburgh. In 1850,

*August 1909, October, 1910.

the Pennsylvania Railroad was extended from Harrisburg to the base of the Alleghenies.

Standing Stone was an Indian settlement on the present site of Huntingdon Borough, now the county seat. The first white settlers were Scotch-Irish, who for a time lived on peaceable terms with the aborigines. In 1754, an Indian treaty extended the province of Pennsylvania westward to the Allegheny mountains.

During the Indian wars before the Revolution, Huntingdon, or Standing Stone as it was frequently called, was threatened by Indian invasion. In 1778 nearly one thousand armed red men from the mountain districts approached it. They were repelled by armed militia from Cumberland and York counties, under General Roberdeau, who was then delegate to Congress at York.

Indiana County was created out of Westmoreland and Lycoming counties. It is a fertile region and was first populated by Indians from whom the name originated. The first whites began to settle it in 1764. After 1796 when Wayne defeated the Indians in Ohio, there were no further disturbances with the red men in western Pennsylvania.

Indiana, the county seat, was laid out in 1805. It is the home of General Harry White, who won a brilliant record as a soldier in the Civil War.

An act of Assembly passed March, 26, 1804, organized the county of Jefferson in western Pennsylvania, named in honor of the sage of Monticello, then President of the United States. A large part of the county in early days was covered with valuable pine, hemlock and other timber. Many sawmills were erected to convert this timber and sell it as manufactured lumber, which was in great demand at Pittsburgh.

The first white settler of Jefferson was Joseph Barnett of Dauphin County, who in 1797 passed with his family up the Susquehanna in an open boat as far as he could go by water. He then crossed the mountains on pack horses and took up his abode in the wilderness. Barnett erected the first sawmill and in performing this work was assisted by nine Seneca Indians, who helped him to cut down the pine trees and saw them into boards.

For twenty years the jurisdiction of Jefferson County was under Westmoreland and all legal business was transacted at Greensburg.

Juniata is an Indian name, originally given to a branch of the Susquehanna which drains several counties of Central Pennsylvania. This stream is known as the "Blue Juniata," made famous by a song by that name written and published nearly a century ago. How many of our readers, as young people have sung:

"Wild roved an Indian girl
Bright Alfarata
Where flow the waters of
The blue Juniata."

Tuscarora Valley was named in honor of a tribe of Indians who migrated from North Carolina, remained here a few years and in 1704 joined the Five Nations in New York State. The Six Nations were the strongest confederation of Indian tribes known to American history. Juniata County is traversed by mountain ranges and contains some of the most picturesque scenery in this country.

Mifflintown, the county seat, was laid out in 1791 by John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, who named the new town in honor of General Thomas Mifflin, then Governor of Pennsylvania.

Lackawanna is an Indian name, the meaning of which is not certain, even to the careful student of history. This county was formed out of Luzerne in 1878. Within its limits are some of the most productive coal mines in the world.

At the close of the Revolution, Philip Abbott built a cabin and erected a grist mill on the site of Scranton, the present county seat. He was the sole owner of the surrounding mineral lands, from which many thousand tons of coal have been taken. It was not until 1840 that Joseph Scranton and his brothers took up their abode on the site of Scranton, now containing a population next to Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, being the third city in the Keystone State.

Scranton has become an important industrial center. It contains numerous large manufacturing establishments, and when the anthracite coal mines are in full operation, is one of our most prosperous cities.

Lancaster was the fourth county in the Province of Pennsylvania, and was formed out of the western part of Chester County in 1729. Its frontier boundary was not definitely stated, because the land west of the Susquehanna was not purchased from the Indians until 1736. In a treaty made at Philadelphia, the heirs of William Penn bought

the land extending beyond the Susquehanna, and in the language of the treaty, "westward to the setting sun." The original area of Lancaster included a dozen other counties now among the most fertile and densely populated in the central part of the state.

A large number of the early settlers were Palatines who came from Germany and Switzerland. Among these peasants of the Teuton race were thrifty Mennonites, a plain people, many of whose descendants now own some of the best lands in the state. The Scotch-Irish settled the lower and the Quakers the eastern part of the county. York County was cut off from Lancaster in 1749; Cumberland in 1750; Berks in 1752; and Dauphin, including Lebanon in 1785. Since that time Lancaster has retained its present area, or nearly the size of Rhode Island.

Before the white man came, the valley of the Susquehanna on the Lancaster side was owned and occupied by the Susquehanna Indians, and kindred tribes noted for their prowess and majestic size. A well founded tradition states that William Penn visited these red men of the forests, and talked to them like a father as they sat around him on the banks of the Susquehanna. His words were a friendly message to these untutored people, who, after hearing the gospel of peace vowed that not a drop of Quaker blood should be shed in Pennsylvania. This treaty, like the one famous in history made at Shackamaxon was never forgotten by the Indians.

Early in the Revolution and during the whole struggle for Independence, the Scotch-Irish and the German inhabitants of Lancaster were loyal to the American cause. The county furnished some of her bravest sons to the army under Washington. Among them was General Edward Hand, early in life an officer in the British Army. He commanded a brigade of Americans at Long Island, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown. George Ross, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the first admiralty judge of Pennsylvania, was a native of Lancaster. James Buchanan who was born in Franklin County, spent his entire professional career as a lawyer in Lancaster. Thaddeus Stevens, a native of Vermont, and one of the leaders in Pennsylvania affairs for nearly half a century, was the ablest lawyer that ever practiced before the Lancaster Court. Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, first saw the light of day in the lower end of Lancaster County, near the center of the township which now bears his name.

These are only a few facts concerning the important agricultural county of Lancaster whose acres are among the most productive in the United States. In the borough of Lancaster, the Continental Congress spent one day deliberating in the Court House, and then moved across the river to York in order to be farther from the British then in Philadelphia. The State Legislature met in Lancaster from 1799 until 1812, when the capital was removed to Harrisburg.

Lawrence, in the western part of the state, was formed out of Beaver and Mercer, in 1849. Many men of this county had served in the War of 1812 and had taken part in Perry's famous battle on Lake Erie. The recollection of Commodore Perry and his flagship *Lawrence*, gave rise to the name of the county. The ship had been named in honor of Captain James Lawrence, the hero of the *Chesapeake*.

The first-known inhabitants of the primeval forests which covered Lawrence County were remnants of the Delaware Indians, who had moved across the Alleghenies from the eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

About 1750, a few of the Senecas had been here before their brothers came from the east. David Zeisberger, the famous missionary of the Moravians, who had migrated from Bradford to Forest County in 1770, founded the village of Friedenstadt on the banks of Beaver Creek in this county. He preached the gospel of peace to the friendly Indians, many of whom became converts to the Christian faith. Farther up the county and near the present site of New Castle, the seat of justice of Lawrence County, was a thriving Indian village. The success of Moravian missionaries puzzled Packanke, their chief. He selected Glikkikan, an educated Indian noted for his eloquence, and sent him to Friedenstadt for the purpose of challenging Zeisberger in an argument against the Christian faith. The missionary being absent at the time, Anthony, a native convert, in the shade of a spreading tree with his other converts around him defended the Zeisberger religion with such fervor that Glikkikan returned to the Indian village declaring that he had been converted. This noted Indian was afterwards killed by American soldiers at Muskingum, Ohio.

The Friedenstadt mission continued for several years until the Indians migrated in 1794, westward to the Muskingum Valley.

The early settlers of Lawrence were Scotch-Irish from the counties of eastern Pennsylvania and New Castle in Delaware. One of these

frontiersmen from New Castle in Delaware, founded the seat of justice in Lawrence County. New Castle now is the most important industrial center of western Pennsylvania.

Lebanon was formed out of Dauphin and a small section of the northern part of Lancaster county in 1813.

At the county court held in the spring of 1815, with John Joseph Henry, a noted soldier of the Revolution as presiding judge, it was announced from his desk that a treaty of peace had been signed between America and Great Britain which ended the second war for Independence.

Lebanon, the seat of justice of the new county, was laid out in 1750, when that region was in Lancaster county. Owing to the fertility of the land, the Commissioners named the new county Lebanon, because the fertile land surrounding the town is like the far famed Lebanon mentioned in the Bible.

A short distance south of Lebanon are the famous Cornwall iron mines, the largest in the world. Underneath three hills are remarkable veins of magnetic ore, the supply of which is practically inexhaustible. One of these hills is conical in shape and covers forty acres; another, thirty-five and the third thirty. These mines were opened before the Revolution and charcoal furnaces erected. Wrought iron was manufactured in large quantities and much of it made into cannon and balls for the patriots during the Revolution.

Midway between the picturesque scenery around Mauch Chunk and the city of Allentown is the Lehigh Water Gap. At this place the Lehigh River seems to have worn its way through the mountains, making two abutments high in the air to face each other. This geological feature caused the Indians to call the river Le high. In 1812 the western part of Northampton was formed into a new county which took its name from the river along its northern and eastern boundary.

Lehigh County, like Lebanon, was settled by German peasants who left their homes along the Rhine to take up their abode amid the primeval forests on the fertile land now embraced in this county.

In one of the churches in Allentown, the County seat of Lehigh, the historic Liberty Bell from Independence Hall was concealed for

several months while the British occupied Philadelphia during the winter of 1777-78.

Catasauqua, or the Indian name for "thirsty land," has several large furnaces and forges. Macungie, which in the Indian language means "the feeding place of bears," is a typical Pennsylvania-German town where the inhabitants still speak the language used by their ancestors who settled here nearly two hundred years ago.

Monroe, lying on the western bank of the Delaware, was formed out of Northampton in 1836 the year that James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States died. This County was occupied in early days by the Minisink Indians, a small tribe of the Delawares. Teedyuscung, the famous Delaware chief and friend of the white people during the colonial wars, lived in Monroe county for nearly half a century. The county was the birth place of General Daniel Brodhead of the Revolution, and also of Colonel Stroud in whose honor the county seat was named when laid out in 1810. About four miles south of Stroudsburg the Delaware River cuts its way through the Blue Mountains at the Delaware Water Gap.

Monroe has a variety of picturesque scenery and is a great summer resort.

The fertile and productive region of Montgomery was organized out of Philadelphia County in 1784. It was named in honor of General John Montgomery, who commanded the Pennsylvania militia at Brandywine and Germantown; not in honor of Montgomery of Quebec.

The Swedes were the first white settlers to visit the virgin forests of this romantic county. They came here before the arrival of Penn in Philadelphia. The next settlers were intelligent Quakers. About the same time a large number of Welsh purchased lands in the eastern part of this county. Among their descendants born in Montgomery were General A. A. Humphreys, the noted soldier of the Civil war and George B. Roberts, for many years president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

General Winfield Scott Hancock was probably the most distinguished son of this county. It was Hancock who took charge of three army corps at Gettysburg on the evening of the first day of that great battle. Hancock won fame in this contest and continued to command

the Second Corps under Grant in 1864, even to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Major General John F. Hartranft of the Civil War and twice elected governor of his native state, was a descendant of Pennsylvania-German ancestry who settled in this county. Samuel W. Pennypacker, lawyer, jurist and governor, and president of the Pennsylvania Historical Society was also born near Norristown, the county seat.

The most historic spot in Montgomery is Valley Forge, where Washington held together his army during the darkest days of the Revolution. A large tract of land surrounding Washington's headquarters is now laid off in a beautiful park, visited annually by thousands of tourists from Europe and America. Here Steuben began to drill and discipline the troops under Washington in the military tactics which he had learned while serving under Frederick the Great. It was here at Valley Forge that Lafayette brought the news to Washington from York, where Congress was in session during nine months of 1777-78, that the conspiracy to remove the head of the army from his command had collapsed.

Audubon, the famous naturalist spent several years of his life in a beautiful home on the banks of the Perkiomen Creek, near which now stands the oldest Quaker meeting house in Pennsylvania.

YORK, PA.

GEORGE R. PROWELL.

(To be continued.)

ACOMA, OUR OLDEST CITY

ST. AUGUSTINE, which is supposed by many to be the oldest city in the United States, is surpassed in that respect by the yet older Pueblo Indian city of Acoma, New Mexico. While nothing is known of St. Augustine prior to 1565, Acoma was in full bloom when Coronado, in 1542, reached it on an exploring tour northward from Mexico. He found the Pueblo Indians doing what they are doing now, and doing it in the same fashion, and the houses on the rocky *mesas* (islands) that rise several hundred feet out of the arid, cactus-covered plains are the same houses that Coronado's eyes rested on as he came within sight of the Indian city, only fifty years after Columbus landed on Watling's Island.

Years before Coronado found it, Acoma was a recognized abode of the Pueblo Indians. They told him that their first city was on Katzimo, the rocky island three miles away, which is also called the "Enchanted Mesa." Many years ago, said they, the original Acoma rested on the top of Katzimo.

One day, while all but three women were in the plain below, a great cliff fell, destroying the trail from the plain to the ancient city. The Indians took this as an indication that the Great Spirit was displeased over something they had done, and to punish them had cut off the path to their city. Instead of clearing the path and returning to their old homes on Katzimo, the Pueblos went to the adjoining tableland and there set up the present city of Acoma.

The Pueblos look upon the old city on its rocky site, nearly four hundred feet in the air, as a sacred place, and woe to the person caught trying to penetrate its precincts.

The present city of Acoma is on a plateau that rises three hundred and fifty feet out of the arid plains of New Mexico. The sides of the plateau, a mass of sandstone, are almost straight. To get to the top, one must climb a crude stairway cut in the stone. On top one will find three or four rows of primitive apartment-houses. These are three stories high and are built on each side of streets one thousand feet long. The houses follow a line that seems even straighter than the building line in great cities, since they are all of the same type of architecture

and are built up close to the line. The streets too are one hundred feet wide, another feature that modern city builders may have copied from the red men of the Southwest.

Another feature of this quaint city is that the houses have flat roofs. The upper floors are reached by outside stairways in the shape of ladders. The first floor is the longest. The second floor is ten feet shorter than the first, and the third floor is ten feet shorter than the second. These ten feet serve as back yards for each of the apartments. In summer the Indian and his family use this yard to sleep in; in winter they sleep indoors.

The houses are built of ordinary mud, shaped into blocks and baked hard. After centuries under the fierce rays of the sun, these blocks become as hard as stone. After the blocks were placed, the Indian builders smeared the joints with mud, so that they are seamless. The walls of most of the houses are eight feet thick, and the roof of each is supported by rafters of wood which were carried twenty miles, from the San Mateo Mountains, and they are as thick as the masts of the largest ships.

Taken as a whole, it is a wonderful piece of work. But one has indeed to be a good friend of the Pueblos, before he can obtain a near view of this forsaken city. The writer had the good fortune to be the means of saving the life of a Pueblo, from a half-drunken white man who had attacked him, and thus was permitted to visit the centuries' old ruins.

J. R. HENDERSON,

CHITWOOD, Mo.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

(Fourteenth Paper)

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

A SHORT time after we had started on the way to Norfolk, on May 11th, breakfast was served, and I went to find the President to notify him. I found he had sought a private place behind the wheel-house, where he was seated reading the Bible.

During breakfast President Lincoln said:

"Now, Mr. Chase, you know we have been solicited by artists to fill the panels at the Capitol with pictures illustrative of this war. I don't think anything has been done on our side until the capture of Norfolk, worthy of illustration. But now you can send for artist Leutze, and tell him to illustrate the taking of Norfolk. It should be illustrated by a picture showing the meeting of the Secretary of War and General Wool, on the announcement of the capture."

The President's joke was keenly appreciated. This story of him suggests his well-known trait of frequent indulgence in good-natured but shrewd humor. I had occasion of seeing much of this side of his character.

On one occasion, previous to the incidents related above, I had been ordered off very early in the morning to our advanced lines with reference to advancing them on the Peninsula, and did not return until very late in the evening, close upon the hour for dinner. Dinner was a very formal affair, and this evening we had for guests, as well as the President and Secretaries, some admirals of the foreign fleets then anchored in the Roads. Marquis de Montagnac, Admiral of the French fleet, was one of the guests. I had hastened to get into full dress, and could only dress in my private room, which the President then occupied. While I was dressing the President came in, and he said:

"Why, I think you are making rather an elaborate toilet, Colonel."

"Of course," I said. "In such presence I could not do otherwise."

"Well," he said, "I don't know but if you will lend me that brush, I think I will fix up a little, too."

I handed him my ivory-backed hair-brush and shell comb. He said:

"Why, I can't do anything with such a thing as that. It wouldn't go through my hair. Now, if you have anything you comb your horse's mane with, that might do.

"Now," he continued, "I must tell you a story about my hair. When I was nominated for President at Chicago—as much to my surprise as to the surprise of the country—people naturally wanted to see how Abe Lincoln looked. I had been up to Chicago a year or two previous, and had been persuaded to have my photograph taken. An enterprising fellow in the Convention knowing of this, went to the photographer and bought the negative, and he was so expeditious about his scheme, that by the time the news got down to Springfield, where I lived, the boys were running through the streets crying:

" 'Here's a likeness of Abe Lincoln. Price, two shillings. Will look a great deal better when he gets his hair combed.' "

Before President Lincoln got through telling this story the butler had appeared a second time to announce dinner, and when we entered the dining-room the guests were all there and waiting. General Wool was very punctilious about matters of etiquette, and he said:

"Colonel, you have detained me and my guests five minutes."

"I must crave your indulgence, General and gentlemen," I replied, "for having detained you by this breach of etiquette."

The President sat at General Wool's right hand looking at me with a comical expression on his face, as much as to say: "The General is whipping me over your shoulders" I could not help smiling, and General Wool said:

"It seems hardly a matter for unseemly merriment, Colonel."

"For any breach of etiquette I may be guilty of," I replied, "as I am aide-in-waiting to the President of the United States, the President is solely responsible."

Whereupon Secretary Chase remarked, with great dignity: "I have no doubt but possibly the President has been amusing the Colonel with some of his stories."

The French admiral, Marquis de Montagnac, was an intense admirer of the President, and he broke in:

"Well, vill not ze Praysident give us ze benefit of this story?"

"I think it will keep until the dessert," I suggested.

At dessert the French marquis asked me if I would not request the President to repeat the story. I did so, and the President told the story again to the great amusement of every one at table.

I was so intesely in earnest over every effort to suppress the rebellion, that I had formed something of a prejudice against President Lincoln before I met him, from what I had heard and what was published in regard to the levity in which he was said to indulge. But when I became intimately associated with him at Fortress Monroe, I then appreciated the great qualities of the man. He was, in many respects, the most remarkable person that I have ever met in my life. His charity seemed to be boundless, and yet coupled with it there was a patience and a firmness and a courage that was almost limitless. He was by nature an intensely sad man, and all his story-telling and humor was a mere shield to cover his real nature.

The day after his arrival in Fortress Monroe, he said to me:

"I don't suppose you have a copy of Shakespeare here, any more than you have a copy of the Bible?"

"You are mistaken, Mr. President," I replied, "for General Wool never goes to bed at night without reading and spouting Shakespeare; and I have a copy of the Bible."

"I wonder if the General will lend me his Shakespeare?" he asked.

"Most certainly," I said.

The next day General Wool and most of his staff were off reviewing his command, and I was left in charge at headquarters receiving despatches and issuing orders. The President occupied my office, which communicated with the General's, and spent the morning reading Shakespeare. I was kept exceedingly busy, and after the lapse of two or three hours the President got up from his reading, and said to me:

"You have been very busy, Colonel. Come in here and sit with me and rest, and I will read you some passages from Shakespeare."

I went in, and we sat down opposite to each other at a little round table. He commenced by reading from "Macbeth," and then from "King Lear" and then from "King John," and I was surprised to find how well he rendered it all.

He read that part of "King John" where Constance bewails to the king the loss of her son. I noticed as he read these pathetic passages that his voice became tremulous, and he seemed to be deeply moved. When he reached the end he closed the book, laid it down, and turning to me, said:

"Did you ever dream of some lost friend, and feel that you were having a sweet communion with him, and yet have a consciousness that it was not a reality?"

It was a most singular situation, and I was deeply moved by his manner and the circumstances.

"I think we all of us have some such experiences," I replied.

"That is the way I dream of my lost boy Willie," said Mr. Lincoln. (He had just lost his boy, who was his idol.) Then he broke down in most convulsive weeping. It was most grievous and distressing to see this great, strong man give way to such emotion, and I was so sympathetically moved that I, too, broke down utterly. He sat there with his head bowed down on the table, and I quietly left the room.

He never alluded to this incident afterward, but night after night he used to ask me to go with him on the ramparts, and he would sit there and talk to me with the utmost frankness of the graveness of the situation. He treated me always with the most genuine affection. He had given me a sacred confidence, and I grew to have a most intense affection for him.

Shortly after my resignation General Wool was relieved of his command of the Department of Virginia, and was assigned to the Department of Maryland, with headquarters at Baltimore. Then, as the Government deemed it was very essential that there should be an influential command in the Department of the East, he was later assigned to the Department of the East, which embraced the New England States, and the States of New York and New Jersey, with headquarters in New York City.

On his assuming this command I rejoined his staff as volunteer aide. The great importance of this command was in that it was a basis of supplies, and also of mustering additional troops into the service of the United States and sending them into the field. And, above all, it was especially important in keeping down the disloyal sentiment which was so prevalent in New York City.

While General Wool was in command of the department General Butler was relieved of his command in New Orleans, although he had exhibited an ability in dealing with disloyalty which was more conspicuous than in the case of any other officer in the service. But it was charged that he was unnecessarily severe, and especially so in his treatment of women. As he was an independent character and inclined to assume responsibilities that were not authorized at Washington, the Government, with an exhibition of weakness, yielded to demands, and he was relieved of the command.

The feeling among the loyal people of the North was that he was treated with great injustice, and on his appearing in New York City, with his staff, the citizens tendered him a public reception, which was presided over by the Mayor of the city, Mr. George Opdyke, who had succeeded the disloyal Mayor, Fernando Wood. General Butler made his headquarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

On my calling on him at his headquarters he at once requested a private audience. In that audience he stated to me that he had been honored with the offer of a public reception, and he wanted me to consent to do him a favor. I replied that I should be very happy to do so, and what could I do to oblige him?

"I want your promise that you will do me this favor," said General Butler.

"Well, of course I will make you the promise that I will do it," I replied, "because I know you will not ask anything that would be improper for me to do."

"Well, I want you to have General Wool attend my reception," said General Butler, "because I want to have his presence more than that of any man in the United States. I know he doesn't like me, but I have my reasons for wanting his support more than that of any other man."

"You know General Wool's peculiarity," I said. "You know that he is a man who has his prejudices, and that they are very difficult to overcome; but I can see no reason why he should not attend your reception. Have you invited him?"

"Yes," answered General Butler. "Invitations have been sent to him and to every member of his staff. I know that you are the only man that can influence him to come, and I want you to induce him to attend."

"I can see no good reason why he should not come," I repeated, "and I will use my best efforts to accomplish what you desire."

Going to headquarters that morning and looking over the correspondence, I observed this invitation of General Butler. I reported it to General Wool, and said:

"I suppose you will accept it?"

"No; you will decline it, sir," he answered. "Why should I give my countenance to a man who has no military qualities?"

Appreciating the General's peculiarities, I did not attempt to combat his prejudices then. I returned later with the correspondence that I had to answer, and suggested to him that I was embarrassed what to do about General Butler's invitation. I did not see, I said, how he could decline a courteous invitation of that nature. General Wool still resisted, until finally I suggested to him that neither he nor his friends could defend such action.

"Certainly," I said, "you have justified all of his severe measures with reference to the rebels. He is certainly not a military man, but he is a military governor, and you have justified him".

"Why are you so interested in my being present?" asked General Wool.

I related to him exactly what had taken place between General Butler and myself. "General Butler wants your presence at his reception more than that of any other man in the United States," I said. That was, of course, flattering to General Wool's vanity. Then I again urged that neither he nor his friends could justify a refusal of the courteous invitation. He could, if he liked, accept it and not go. He made

no further reply to this, so I went to my office and accepted the invitation for him. After sending the acceptance by an orderly I told General Wool what I had done.

That evening we were dining at the New York Hotel with his nephew, John A. Griswold, M. C., and at the dinner were also Mr. Sam Butterworth, of Mississippi, and General Stewart Van Vliet, Quartermaster of our department. General Van Vliet, in the course of the dinner, said, in a supercilious way:

"I have received an invitation to attend this reception to General Butler to-morrow evening."

Mr. Butterworth spoke up: "You certainly won't degrade yourself by going to a reception to 'Beast' Butler?"

General Wool immediately broke in, saying:

"You *will* go, General Van Vliet; and, Mr. Butterworth, General Butler is a Major-General in the service of the United States, and no man must speak disrespectfully of him in my presence. You will attend that reception, General Van Vliet." Then he continued, turning to me: "Colonel, issue an order to every member of my staff to be in attendance at my headquarters, in full dress, at half-past seven to-morrow evening, to attend the reception to General Butler."

We appeared at the meeting the following evening, and were assigned to most conspicuous places on the platform. General Butler made that remarkable speech in which he not only justified his own acts, but particularly showed to the American people the perfidy of Great Britain. That part of his speech was particularly made for the benefit of General Wool, whose prejudices he very well knew, as General Wool yet carried in his back an English bullet, received in the War of 1812, which never had been extracted.

At the close of the speech there was immense applause, but without noticing the audience General Butler turned and advanced across the stage to General Wool, took him by the hands, and said:

"General Wool, you have conferred a favor upon me by your support this evening which I can never forget."

"General Butler," responded General Wool, "I endorse every word you have uttered and all your acts."

General Butler had captured General Wool!

In 1863 further requisitions were made upon the several States by the National Government for additional forces. The previous demand had been so great, and had invariably been fully supplied by volunteers, that there was a necessity for a draft. Provost Marshals' offices were opened and a census taken for the purpose of drafting men into the United States service. This act was unpopular, and was resented, and finally the resentment culminated in the July riots, mainly on the part of the Irish, in the city of New York. The rioters exhibited their wrath by assaults upon innocent negroes, and by atrocious acts of barbarity. The invasion of Pennsylvania by the rebel army just previous to this had compelled the Government to ask the States for every available man they had in the militia, and just before the draft riots all the militia regiments of New York had been sent to the support of Meade's army at Gettysburg. Consequently there was no recognized armed force in New York City to meet the emergency which arose in these riots.

Governor Seymour, of New York, a Democrat, whose sympathies were with the South, and who was by nature a timid and irresolute man, instead of meeting the violence exhibited in New York by decisive action, temporized, and being Governor of the State his course seriously embarrassed the action of the commanding general. General Wool hesitated about declaring the city under martial law, but finally, by the loyalty and courage of the police force, under the direction of Thomas C. Acton, and with the aid of the very small force of regular troops which was stationed at Governor's Island and at Fort Richmond, and by the use of the most positive measures, these terrible riots were put down.

So fearful was the penalty inflicted upon the rioters in the suppression of the riots, that it was not deemed good policy to make public anything like the full extent of it. The number of negroes and poor whites that were victims of the vengeance of the mob did not exceed fifty-four or fifty five. The rioters suffered, either directly by being killed outright at the time, or through being grievously wounded so that they died months after, to the extent of seventeen hundred to eighteen hundred. They were dying all winter, but did not dare let it be known that they were wounded in the riots.

LEGRAND B. CANNON

(To be Continued)

THE FALLS OF TALLULAH

AS a natural curiosity the *Falls of Tallulah* are on a par with the River Saguenay and the Falls of Niagara. They had been described to me in the most glowing and enthusiastic manner, and yet the reality far exceeds the scene which I had conceived. They have filled me with astonishment, and created a feeling strong enough almost to induce me to remain within hearing of their roar forever.

The Cherokee word *Tallulah* or *Turrurah*, signifies *the terrible*, and was originally applied to the river of that name on account of its fearful falls. This river rises among the Alleghany mountains, and is a tributary of the Savannah. Its entire course lies through a mountain land, and in every particular it is a mountain stream, narrow, deep, clear, cold, and subject to every variety of mood. During the first half of its career it winds among the hills as if in uneasy joy, and then for several miles it wears a placid appearance, and you can scarcely hear the murmur of its waters. Soon, tiring of this peaceful course, however, it narrows itself for an approaching contest, and runs through a chasm whose walls, about two miles in length, are for the most part perpendicular; and, after making within the space of half a mile a number of leaps as the chasm deepens, it settles into a turbulent and angry mood, and so continues until it leaves the chasm and regains its wonted character. The Falls of Tallulah, properly speaking, are five in number, and have been christened *Lodore*, *Tempesta*, *Oceana*, *Horicon*, and the *Serpentine*. Their several heights are said to be forty-five feet, one hundred, one hundred and twenty, fifty and thirty feet, making, in connection with the accompanying rapids, a descent of at least four hundred feet within the space of half a mile. At this point the stream is particularly winding, and the cliffs of solid granite on either side, which are perpendicular, vary in height from six hundred to nine hundred feet, while the mountains which back the cliffs reach an elevation of perhaps fifteen hundred feet. Many of the pools are very large and deep, and the walls and rocks in their immediate vicinity are always green with luxuriant mosses. The vegetation of the whole chasm is in fact particularly rich and varied; for you may here find not only the pine, but specimens of every variety of the more tender trees, together with lichens, and vines, and flowers, which would keep the

botanist employed for half a century. Up to the present time, only four paths have been discovered leading to the margin of the water, and to make either of these descents requires much of the nerve and courage of the samphire-gatherer. Through this immense gorge a strong wind is ever blowing, and the sunlight never falls upon the cataracts without forming beautiful rainbows, which contrast strangely with the surrounding gloom and horror; and the roar of the waterfalls, eternally ascending to the sky, comes to the ear like a voice from heaven, calling upon man to wonder and admire.

Of the more peculiar features which I have met with in the Tallulah chasm, the following are the only ones which have yet been christened, viz.: the Devil's Pulpit, the Devil's Dwelling, the Eagle's Nest the Deer Leap, Hawthorn's Pool, and Hanck's Sliding Place.

The Devil's Pulpit is a double-headed and exceedingly ragged cliff, which actually hangs over the ravine, and estimated to be over six hundred feet high. While standing upon the brow of this precipice I saw a number of buzzards sitting upon the rocks below, and appearing like a flock of blackbirds. While looking at them, the thought came into my mind that I would startle them from their fancied security, by throwing a stone among them. I did throw the stone, and with all my might, too, but instead of going across the ravine, as I supposed it would, it fell out of my sight, and apparently at the very base of the cliff upon which I was standing. This little incident gave me a realizing sense of the immense width and depth of the chasm. While upon this cliff also, with my arms clasped around a small pine tree, an eagle came sailing up the chasm in mid air, and as he cast his eye upward at my insignificant form, he uttered a loud shriek as if in anger at my temerity, and continued on his way, swooping above the spray of the waterfalls.

The Devil's Dwelling is a cave of some twenty feet in depth, which occupies a conspicuous place near the summit of a precipice overlooking the Horicon Fall. Near its outlet is a singular rock, which resembles (from the opposite side of the gorge) the figure of a woman in a sitting posture, who is said to be the wife or better-half of the devil. I do not *believe* this story, and cannot therefore endorse the prevailing opinion.

The Eagle's Nest is a rock which projects from the brow of a cliff

reputed to be seven hundred feet high, and perpendicular. The finest view of this point is from the margin of the water, where it is grand beyond compare. To describe it with the pen were utterly impossible, but it was just such a scene as would have delighted the lamented Cole, and by a kindred genius alone can it ever be placed on the canvas.

The *Deer Leap* is the highest cliff in the whole chasm, measuring about nine hundred feet, and differs from its fellows in two particulars. From summit to bottom it is almost without a fissure or an evergreen, and remarkably smooth; and over it, in the most beautiful manner imaginable, tumbles a tiny stream, which scatters upon the rocks below with infinite prodigality the purest of diamonds and pearls, appearing to be woven into wreaths of foam. It obtained its name from the circumstance that a deer was once pursued to this point by a hound, and in its terror, cleared a pathway through the air, and perished in the depths below.

Hawthorn's Pool derives its name from the fact that in its apparently soundless waters a young and accomplished English clergyman lost his life while bathing; and *Hanck's Sliding Place* is so called because a native of this region once slipped off the rock into a sheet of foam, and was rescued from his perilous situation not much injured, but immensely frightened.

But of all the scenes which I have been privileged to enjoy in the Tallulah chasm, the most glorious and superb was witnessed in the night time. For several days previous to my coming here the woods had been on fire, and I was constantly on the watch for a night picture of a burning forest. On one occasion, as I was about retiring, I saw a light in the direction of the Falls, and concluded that I would take a walk to the Devil's Pulpit, which was distant from my tarrying place some hundred and fifty yards. When I reached there I felt convinced that the fire would soon be in plain view, for I was on the western side of the gorge, and the wind was blowing from the eastward. In a very few moments my anticipations were realized, for I saw the flame licking up the dead leaves which covered the ground, and also stealing up the trunk of every dry tree in its path. A warm current of air was now wafted to my cheek by the breeze, and I discovered with intense satisfaction that an immense dead pine which hung over the opposite precipice (and whose dark form I had noticed distinctly pictured against the crimson background) had been reached by the flame, and in another

moment it was entirely in a blaze. The excitement which now took possession of my mind was truly painful; and, as I threw my arms around a small tree, and peered into the horrible chasm, my whole frame shook with an indescribable emotion. The magnificent torch directly in front of me did not seem to have any effect upon the surrounding darkness, but threw a ruddy and death-like glow upon every object in the bottom of the gorge. A flock of vultures which were roosting far down in the ravine were frightened out of their sleep, and in their dismay, as they attempted to rise, flew against the cliffs amongst the trees, until they finally disappeared; and a number of bats and other winged creatures were winnowing their way in every direction. The deep black pools beneath were enveloped in a more intense blackness, while the foam and spray of a neighboring fall were made a thousand-fold more beautiful than before. The vines, and lichens, and mosses seemed to cling more closely than usual to their parent rocks; and when an occasional ember fell from its great height far down, and still further down into the abyss below, it made me dizzy and I retreated from my commanding position. In less than twenty minutes from that time the fire was exhausted, and the pall of night had settled upon the lately so brilliant chasm, and no vestige of the marvellous scene remained but an occasional wreath of smoke fading away into the upper air.

During my stay at the Falls of Tallulah I made every effort to obtain an Indian legend or two connected with them, and it was my good fortune to hear one which has never yet been printed. It was originally obtained by the white man who first discovered the Falls, from the Cherokees, who lived in this region at the time. It is in substance as follows: Many generations ago it so happened that several famous hunters, who had wandered from the West towards what is now the Savannah river, in search of game, never returned to their camping grounds. In process of time the curiosity as well as the fears of the nation were excited, and an effort was made to ascertain the cause of their singular disappearance. Whereupon a party of medicine-men were deputed to make a pilgrimage towards the great river. They were absent a whole moon, and, on returning to their friends, they reported that they had discovered a dreadful fissure in an unknown part of the country, through which a mountain torrent took its way with a deafening noise. They said that it was an exceedingly wild place, and that its inhabitants were a species of *little men and women*, who dwelt in

the crevices of the rocks and in the grottoes under the waterfalls. They had attempted by every artifice in their power to hold a council with the little people, but all in vain; and, from the shrieks they frequently uttered, the medicine-men knew that they were the enemies of the Indian race; and, therefore, it was concluded in the nation at large that the long lost hunters had been decoyed to their death in the dreadful gorge which they called Tallulah. In view of this little legend, it is worthy of remark that the Cherokee nation, previous to their departure to the distant West, always avoided the Falls of Tallulah, and were seldom found hunting or fishing in their vicinity.

1845

CHARLES LANMAN

THE OLD ARMY IN KANSAS

IN the spring of 1858 circumstances took me to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. That post and its near neighbor, Leavenworth City, were just then assuming new importance on account of the forces concentrating there for the purpose of chastising Brigham Young and his terrible Danites, who secure in their mountain fastnesses, had long set the authority of the United States at defiance. This was the so-called "Mormon War," which began with a tragedy and ended with a farce, as the Administration relented as soon as Brigham gave in before the display of an overwhelming force marching to confront him.

After four years of constant and heated political agitation Kansas was at last cooling off. It was decreed that this remote corner of the Union should be the first battle-ground between North and South. The struggle was long and bitter. You know how it ended. Victory declared for the North, and the South here met her first defeat. As Abraham Lincoln said, in his memorable Cooper Institute speech, "it has been one of the relentless maxims of history that might makes right, but I say unto you that right makes might," and it was so settled in Kansas.

At the time I am speaking of there were no railroads running west of Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri. It is instructive to let one's mind dwell a moment on that fact. Another road was building across the northern counties from Hannibal to St. Joseph, but was not yet completed. The Missouri River was still the great thoroughfare for travellers to Kansas, Nebraska or across the great plains; great it was in every sense of the word, for in a journey of seven hundred miles we were seldom out of sight of the smoke of some steamboat breasting the turbid current of the "Big Muddy." When I first saw it in the pleasant month of May, Kansas looked like some stray corner of Paradise, set apart by a gracious Providence as the abode of peace and plenty rather than as the arena for the strifes and rivalries of warring factions. Indeed, it was a country worth fighting for, so the cause were just, as all who have ever visited it will testify; and I could not help feeling a

—Read before the Mass. Loyal Legion.

little glow of, I trust, pardonable pride, that my people and the principles they stood for, had wrested so fair a heritage from the curse of slavery. My first glimpse of Fort Leavenworth is a charming memory. There was a cluster of white sunlit buildings, perched upon the brow of a high bluff overlooking the turbid Missouri, like some feudal castle of the Rhine without its gloom or terrors.

General Persifer F. Smith, who was to command the Utah expedition, had just died and was succeeded by Harney, the old Indian fighter. I was frequently at the General's quarters where Alfred Pleasonton, his A. A. G., did the honors most acceptably. Pleasonton was then a natty looking young fellow in a dragoon's jacket. Many things happened between that time and October, 1864, when by one of those queer freaks of fortune the credulous are inclined to call special providences, Pleasonton turned up in Kansas again just in the nick of time to save the state from Price's last and greatest effort of the war in that section.

Harney himself was a man of imposing physique, over six feet in height, perfectly well made, and though getting along in years, as vigorous and erect as an oak. It was my fancy to picture him as a soldier of the Suwarrow or Blucher type, to whom the prospect of an active campaign was like the sound of the trumpet to an old warhorse, after the dull routine of camp and garrison. For those questions requiring delicate handling, constantly arising then and there between the civil and military authorities, no man could have been worse fitted; and for the whole race of politicians he had the professional soldier's undisguised contempt. War was his trade: peace his aversion.

There were giants in those days. What has become of the men of commanding presence for which the old army was so noted and so notable—the Scotts, Harneys, Sumners, Morrisons, Mays and many others I could name? Can it be true, as the wise men tell us, that the race is steadily degenerating, and that it is only a question of some thousands of years when we shall again be going about on all fours, like our ancestors, according to the late Mr. Darwin, or residing in dry-goods boxes like the late Mr. Tom Thumb? Perish the thought!

I saw these troops file off in front of the general's quarters. Among the officers assembled there to see them march was Colonel Joe Johnston, then Deputy Quartermaster General, and a very soldierly looking

man indeed; with beard then a little grizzled but looking to be in his prime. I knew that Johnston's abilities were held in high esteem in the old army, an estimate to which he subsequently proved his title only too well. There were also present Colonel Tompkins, nephew of the Vice-President of the same name, then in charge of the Commissary Department, a little, short, red-faced man with a very quick temper; Major David Hunter, and Captain Van Vliet, the Depot Quartermaster. One of the most ludicrous affairs it was ever my fortune to witness was a court of inquiry ordered to investigate Van Vliet's conduct in refusing to accept certain mules brought in by a Missouri contractor, notwithstanding this contractor exhibited an order from Floyd, then Secretary of War, directing that the animals should be passed in a lump.

This precious contractor was no other than Martin Green, who, when the war came on, became the most active and notorious of all the guerillas in that section, and that is only giving him his due. Behind Martin was his brother, James S. Green, a United States Senator and the right hand man of Mr. Buchanan in carrying his Kansas policy through that august body. Martin Green drove his mules to Leavenworth, they were duly inspected, some accepted, others rejected, according as they were found fit or unfit for service. Green was furious, but Van Vliet was firm. The Secretary of War was appealed to, and it was then that he gave the order which no officer consistently with honor could obey. Hence the court of inquiry. Major Thomas W. Sherman, an artillery officer, who later lost a leg at Port Hudson, was then in command of the post. He was a veteran of the Mexican War, and as punctilious in upholding his rights as could well be. Sherman was named a member of the court, and, believing himself entitled to sit as its president, resolved to do so. It so fell out, however, that Floyd had sent Major Ben. S. Roberts to Leavenworth for that very purpose, probably at the suggestion of Senator Green, and for reasons entirely satisfactory to themselves. Roberts ranked Sherman only by brevet. When the court met, Sherman attempted to open it, but was at once interrupted by Roberts, who declared himself the only person authorized to act as president, at the same time producing his order. "Sit down, sir!" commanded Sherman. Roberts then attempted to read his order. "Consider yourself in arrest!" roared Sherman. "Sir, I place *you* in arrest," Roberts angrily retorted. By this time the members of the court, witnesses and lookers on were all on

their feet, talking and gesticulating all at once, and the sitting broke up in confusion. The question of precedence was finally settled by reference to some of the older officers, who poured oil on the troubled waters, and the inquiry proceeded with Sherman in the chair. For reasons best known in Washington, the court was dissolved before a finding was reached. Possibly the proceedings may be found in some pigeon-hole of the War Department, possibly not.

As I remember, Senator Green acted as counsel for his brother Martin before the court. His frequent allusions to "my ill-used brother" were exceedingly pathetic, though not more calculated to excite the sympathy of the court, than the positively villainous countenance of his near relative, when giving his testimony about "them thar mules."

In dismissing the subject I will mention that the same Martin Green became a Confederate brigadier and was killed at Vicksburg. Some time during the war I met the ex-Senator at Quincy, Ill. It was impossible not to feel shocked at the evidences of a strong intellect almost wholly given way under habits of dissipation.

While strolling through the streets of Leavenworth one day, my eye fell upon a sign-board nailed up at the entrance to a passage-way with an inscription like this:

SHERMAN, EWING & MC COOK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

They will tell you out there that Sherman, whose name appeared as the senior partner, was not considered a bright and shining light of the profession. One of the stock anecdotes of the Kansas bar relates that Sherman lost his first case in a justice's court by resting his plea upon a statute that had been a long time repealed. Report says that Sherman did not bear this defeat with entire equanimity. However, his interpretations of *martial* law, particularly to the Georgians, were afterwards considered remarkably sound. Sherman and Ewing, be it said, were doubly brothers-in-law, once by marriage and once by legal copartnership.

"Tom" Ewing, as he was familiarly called, was one of the acknowledged leaders of the Free State party in Kansas, which rewarded him with the highest office on the bench of the new state. He resigned to take command of a regiment raised and officered outside of the exec-

utive authority of the state by Senator Lane. Similar action, I believe, was taken here in Massachusetts. It certainly did not tend to harmony in Kansas. Ewing was presently promoted to brigadier. Quantrell's murderous raid was made while Ewing commanded on the Missouri border, which had so long been the dark and bloody ground of Kansas history, serving at need either as a hiding place or as a rallying point for the Confederate banditti. Ewing's famous order No. 11, devastating this section, was one of those vigorous war measures justifiable by stern necessity alone. It was ruthlessly carried out. The act aroused the greatest indignation at the South as was to be expected, and was not forgotten even when the war was over, having recoiled upon its author's head in a somewhat unlooked for manner. For instance, when Ewing, who had been the Republican chief justice of Kansas, turned Democrat after the war, and was expecting the nomination for Vice-President on the democratic ticket, a southern delegate, Wade Hampton, I think, got up and read Ewing's Order No. 11 to the Convention. The effect upon a body largely composed of ex-Confederates may well be imagined!

History shows us some strange paradoxes. The regular army was freely used to make Kansas a slave state. This was when the South ruled. Even northern officers like Sumner, Sedgwick, and Sackett could obey the order to disperse a Free State legislature, and to make and hold as prisoners those men whom the people had chosen to lead them out of the wilderness of political anarchy. This generation has not seen what we saw in Kansas, men going up to cast their votes through files of United States regiments with fixed bayonets. One did not hear of Northern officers' resignations because "my state" was being coerced by the Government. These officers acted from a stern sense of duty; and I do not hesitate also to add from a high sense of honor, even when duty and inclination often pulled in different directions. But when it came to enforcing the National authority in states in actual rebellion, southern states, we have seen what happened.

Daniel McCook, junior member of the celebrated law-firm, and one of the so-called fighting McCooks, had that strong predilection for a military life which seemed to run in the family. He obtained a captaincy in the First Kansas, a regiment that fought under the lamented Lyon at Wilson's Creek with signal bravery, losing a third of the whole command in killed and wounded. McCook, however, was not in this

battle, he having fallen very ill before his regiment marched. At this time a strange presentiment of death had taken strong hold of his mind. Indeed, such was the power of this hallucination that the sick man predicted the very day and hour of his decease. He lived, however, to attain the rank of brigadier and to fall gloriously at Kenesaw Mountain while under the command of his old law partner, Sherman. Upon joining the army McCook dramatically said to a friend that he would either win a colonel's epaulettes or a soldier's grave. Poor fellow! he won both.

As already intimated, when the war broke out, the Western posts exhibited a most sickening, a most humiliating lack of fidelity to the flag. The regular troops being all ordered in, most of the Southern officers took French leave as soon as they reached the Missouri River, not even waiting for their resignations to pass through the regular channels or taking the trouble to report to the commanding officers of the posts. One, among the rest, was Pemberton, of Vicksburg fame,—a Southern officer born in Philadelphia. Some of them made no secret whatever of their destination, others said that they were going "home;" and there was much small talk of coercion, and of "my state."

While the rebel element was very buoyant and defiant, even, I believe, in calling things by their right names, those officers who remained true to their oaths, on the contrary, seemed sunk in despondency, so widespread was the defection around them. It certainly seemed in those dark days as if the veteran officers would draw their swords on the side of the Union with reluctance if not with chagrin. In fact one could easily count on the fingers of one hand about all the outspoken anti-slavery men among the superior officers of the army. One of the few whom I recall as faithful among the faithless, for his country, right or wrong, *coûte qui coûte*, was Jesse L. Reno, then in command of the Leavenworth Arsenal. There was no half-way, grudging support about him. Instead of making an issue of Mr. Lincoln's election, he practically said to his late comrades in the manner of Dr. Franklin's retort: "You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy and I am—yours." There were presently at least three Confederate camps forming with their flags floating in full view of the fort; and as it had been left without a competent garrison to defend it, it was easily guessed to be the object of these hostile demonstrations. If by a sudden dash, the enemy had possessed themselves of the large military stores there,

the result must have been altogether disastrous to the Union cause in that quarter. By his patriotic exertions Reno procured a hundred volunteers from the neighboring city, put arms into their hands, and thus undoubtedly saved this valuable warlike material from falling into rebel hands. A leading spirit in this company of volunteers, the flower of the young men of Leavenworth, was Powell Clayton, afterwards Governor of Arkansas and United States Senator from that state. Reno was killed at South Mountain at the close of the battle, and when he passed away there passed as gallant a spirit as ever animated the breast of a true patriot and tried soldier.

The one other officer whose loyalty stood the test without flinching was Stewart Van Vliet, later McClellan's chief quartermaster in Virginia, where his broad, good-natured Dutch features and bushy white hair were doubtless familiar to many Companions. One other officer should be added to this list, although he was not on duty in Kansas at this particular time. This was General Lyon. Lyon had been in command at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he was known to us as an outspoken Union man. He even wrote a series of letters favoring Lincoln's election in 1860. Soon after, he was put in command of the St. Louis Arsenal, a post of the highest responsibility in view of the threatening posture of affairs in Missouri at this time. Lyon was an inflexible patriot of the old Puritan stamp. He was a grand-nephew of that gallant officer, Colonel Knowlton, who fell so gloriously at Harlem Plains in 1776, after defeating the vaunted British Light Infantry. In Francis P. Blair, Lyon found a kindred spirit. These two men, with the aid of Franz Sigel, saved Missouri in the hour of her extremest peril, while Tecumseh Sherman remained a passive spectator as their troops marched out to the capture of Camp Jackson.

During the period immediately preceding the breaking out of hostilities, the post at Leavenworth was commanded by Major John Bankhead Magruder, and after him by Colonel Dixon S. Miles of the Second U. S. Infantry.

Magruder delighted in military display. Every now and then he would have a field day to show off his beloved artillery to some specially invited guests. He was exceedingly vain, was a great ladies' man, and, to render the character more perfect still, he had a pronounced lisp. In fact, he was what young fellows would call a dandy. While he was in command of the post the old traditions of Southern hospitality were

kept most thoroughly alive, so much so that Magruder's field days usually ended with what he called a "collation", the table being bountifully spread with Old Bourbon and with little else.

J. E. B. Stuart was another familiar figure to us at this time. The only thing I can now call to mind of him was his having a favorite horse which would follow him about like a dog, whenever he dismounted. Stuart was whiskered to the eyes like a Cossack, and had a great thick head of hair besides, to complete the resemblance. I have since been sorry that he gave no occasion to observe him more closely.

Colonel Miles was a soldier of the old school, joining by his own life two as widely distant and differing periods as did the old flint-lock and percussion muskets, the smooth-bore and the rifle. He was punctilious, pompous and quick-tempered, blazing up like a straw fire at the smallest provocation. Two of his captains served with some credit. Frederick Steele became a major-general, Alfred Sully, son of the celebrated painter, a brigadier. To see captains who had not been advanced a grade for nearly twenty years looking forward to, yet scarcely daring to hope for, further promotion, was an experience confined to the regular service, I think as I recall no volunteer captains of that description. No wonder these poor regulars were aghast at seeing the prodigality with which commissions were bestowed at the beginning of the war. But the time soon came when these protectors were ordered to Washington, to their great rejoicing and our greater sorrow, leaving us to sink or swim as best we might. I saw them go down the Missouri in great spirits at the prospect of getting into a fight. It came sooner than they expected. At Kansas City, which was then a rabid Secession town, their boat made a landing, and while she lay at the levee the regulars became the target for the vilest abuse that the gathering mob could shower upon them. They were hooted at, cursed and finally dared to come on shore. Though boiling over under such provocation, the officers held their men under strict control. Not so the commander. The defiance aroused all his pugnacious spirit in a moment. Forgetting his sixty-odd years, the old man strode quickly down the gang plank alone, and shaking his clenched fist in the faces of the surging and yelling mob around him, dared the best man among them to come out and fight him single-handed. This was the same Colonel Miles who commanded the reserves at Bull Run. It is needless to add that the offer was not accepted.

The withdrawal of these troops threw Kansas wholly upon her own resources. What these were will perhaps best appear from a rapid *résumé* of the situation at that time.

Though there was no longer a valid excuse for it, as Kansas had fulfilled all the legal requirements for admission, she was designedly kept out of the Union until January, 1861, when the Cotton states seceded in a body, breathing defiance as they went. Everything thus conspired to make the entrance of this new commonwealth one of the most dramatic in our history. In very truth, the stone that the builders rejected was become the head of the corner. The new State government came into being without money, without credit, and utterly unprovided with military equipments of any sort whatsoever. The new machinery was starting up under the strain of previous weakness and inexperience. The people were poor. Trade had flourished only spasmodically, under the stress of political agitation. And now at the very moment when she had just ridden out one great storm in safety, another still more portentous was heard thundering all along the line.

Still, there was no faltering, although it is true that many weak-kneed settlers left the state at this time. About every able-bodied man in the state responded to the call of the governor. From all sides went up not the Macedonian cry of "Come over and help us" but of "Arms! arms! ye gods, give us arms!" Of course every man had his own rifle or pistols, but the State had not yet been furnished with a solitary United States musket, nor could they at once be obtained because the Secretary of War had stripped the Northern arsenals for the benefit of the states in rebellion. The border was all alive with rumors of invasion; communication with the friendly east cut off. Rebel flags were flaunting in our very faces. And still no arms. What could be done?

In this emergency some patriotic citizens were sent through hostile territory to Chicago, where they succeeded in buying rifles enough for one company, had them packed up in very long boxes, such as are used by nursery-men, and marked "Trees," and thus disguised they safely ran the blockade. Shoots from those trees were not in great demand among the enemy.

In spite of all sorts of discouragements, met at the very threshold of her career as a sovereign state, two regiments were quickly raised, equipped and hurried off into the field. It is my impression that both

fought at Wilson's Creek with the old smooth-bore muskets. These were three-months' men.

In the beginning of our military organization we received material assistance from Major William E. Prince of the First U. S. Infantry, who succeeded Miles in the command of Fort Leavenworth. He was I believe, a brother of a former mayor of Boston. Prince was a thorough soldier of unswerving patriotism, and that nice sense of honor which so distinguished the old army. Senator Lane was different. Unfortunately, the war let loose a horde of greedy and unscrupulous men, bent on getting control of all Government patronage. Fort Leavenworth was looked upon as the natural spoil of the dominant political influences. As Prince could not be used, he was summarily got rid of, denied the promotion to which his rank and long service should have entitled him, and finally put on the retired list through the efforts of his evil genius, Senator James H. Lane.

It is hard to realize that the weak little territory, which I first knew in 1858, with its ninety-odd thousand people, is a substantial and progressive commonwealth of to-day, with a population larger than that of the three New England states, Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island combined. But so it is. Child of New England ideas, strong in her faith, unswerving in her purpose, like another infant Hercules, she strangled the serpent slavery in her cradle and cast it forth, a despised thing, to be a hissing and a by-word for all time. Was not this something worth fighting for?

BOSTON

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, U. S. V.

THE HUNTER OF TALLULAH

THE subject of my present letter is Adam Vandever, "the Hunter of Tallulah." His fame reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log-cabin, occupying the center of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. Vandever is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Ottassee alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But Vandever aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen of goats, together with a number of dogs.

On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars. When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called "fire-lighting" and "still-hunting." His favorite game is the deer, but he is not par-

ticular and, secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand. When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he presents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of "The Devil and Tom Walker." When Vandever informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," as if I had paid him a compliment. Old Vandever is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied: "I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he came to this country some years ago, I was off on 'tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him." Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear.

As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he

could not see or hear his game he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued, and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect frenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprung to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a somerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced happened on this wise. He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging

sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself *on the very spot* which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah just below the chasm, by means of a wicker-net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf of his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home on his back. And this deed the noble fellow accomplished. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden over rocks and down the water-courses, and in a hour after he reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him, it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow.

MINOR TOPICS

AN ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND IN VERMONT

Early in the eighteenth century the first settlers came to that tract of country west of Wachusett Mountain, known then as Naquag, which was given the name of Rutland in 1715. It was fifteen years later that two families took up land in the Western quarter afterwards called Rutland District, now Barre. Tradition says that a spot was selected for a burial place which the aborigines had already used for that purpose and that later irreverent hands disinterred a row of Indian skeletons, each found in a sitting posture facing to the east. However that may be, a good many burials were made there until the yard was abandoned about eighty years ago. Since then it had been sadly neglected until this year, when some people interested in genealogical research undertook its partial restoration. When the work was begun not a single one of the original stones was upright; many had fallen prone and many were partly and some entirely covered by the sod filled with weeds which had grown over them.

Two new monuments, one of white marble and the other of red granite, had been recently placed there to commemorate certain families of distinction, but these only made the prevailing desolation more conspicuous.

There are probably more than a hundred graves in the yard, less than half an acre in area, but many of them were unmarked. Of the sixty-nine stones which have been unearthed, repaired when broken, cleaned and deciphered, twenty-five bear records which do not appear at all in the published Vital Records of Barre or Rutland; twenty-two others differ from the records in essential particulars, and only twenty-two correspond exactly with these books upon which all genealogical researchers have come to rely. The stones have been set upright in cement foundation where possible or laid in concrete beds when so badly mutilated they could not be made to stand safely.

Because many of the inscriptions were so badly defaced as to be almost illegible, and it is painful to try to read them, the stones have been numbered in regular order beginning with the one nearest the entrance to the yard. In the list which follows, the numbers in the left-

hand column indicate the location. The list has been arranged by families for convenience of reference. Those marked with an asterisk do not appear in the published records. Inaccuracies in the records are noted enclosed in parentheses. The inscriptions have been carefully copied by an expert and are given verbatim as to spelling but with no attempt to imitate the lining. Some of the epitaphs are curious and interesting.

Because the ground was given by deed to the town of Barre in 1792 by John Caldwell, Esq., being a part of one of the many Caldwell farms, it is known as the Caldwell Cemetery. It is situated about two miles from the centre village of Barre, near the top of a steep hill on what was once the county road to Rutland but long since disused for through travel.

No.

BACON

- *43—In memory of Mr. Josiah Bacon who died June 7, 1750 aet. 49.
- *42—Here lies ye body of a son to Mr. Josiah & Mrs. Abigail Bacon who died in ye birth Feby 13, 1760.
- *41—Here lies ye body of Sarah Bacon Dau. of Mr. Josiah and Mrs. Abigail Bacon who deod May 7, 1762 aged 6 years.
- *40—In memory of Ruben son to Mr. Josiah and Mrs. Abigail Bacon who died April ye 11, 1773 aged 5 years.

BLACK

- *65—Here lies the body of Mr. Marmeduck Black, who Deod March 23, 1753 in the 55th year of his age.
- *66—Here lies the body of Margaret Black daughter of Mr. John Black and Mrs. Isabel his wife born June ye 2nd—1763 died Sept—1767.
- 67—This stone is erected to the memory of Mrs. Lucy Black wife of Mr. James Black jr who died Jany 3, 1804, aged 28 (record reads Jan. 7 and omits age).

"Afflictions sore, long time I bore
Physicians skill in vain
Till God was pleased to give me ease
And free me from my pain."

BOISE

- 11—Mrs. Anna B——Nov. 8, 1828 aged 80 years.

CALDWELL

- *57—Here lies the body of Mr. William Caldwell who Died August ye 31, 1751 in ye 70th year of his age.

issued a stirring proclamation to Kentuckians. As a result nearly four thousand Kentuckians armed with rifles assembled at Newport (opposite Cincinnati) determined to punish the Indians and their allies the British for the bloody massacres of Kentuckians under Croghan and at the River Raisin. Shelby crossed the Ohio with thirty-five hundred men, marched through the then wilderness of Ohio, organizing and drilling his troops on the way, and joined Harrison on the shores of Lake Erie, three days after Perry's naval victory in the Battle of Lake Erie, September 10th 1813. At a council of war between Harrison, Shelby and Perry, the former was loath with his depleted army to pursue the enemy into Canada, so wrote the Secretary of War (see Ingersoll's history). Shelby replied, "General Harrison, as the commander of the North-Western army, you have the right to decide upon the movement of your troops, but as for me and the Kentuckians under me, we will pursue and fight the enemy in his own country." To this Perry agreed, and the troops of Harrison and Shelby (with the exception of the mounted Kentuckians, Johnson's regiment, who rode around the west of Lake Erie) were transported across Lake Erie in Perry's ships. These details I learned from Colonel Chas. A. Todd (who was Harrison's aide, and afterwards married a daughter of Governor Shelby, who was my great grandfather). The pursuit of the British under Proctor, and Indians under Tecumseh, and fighting the decisive battle of the Thames, October 5th 1813, ended the war of 1812, and gave our country one hundred years of peace.

I am very respectfully yours,

W. R. SHELBY

NOTES BY THE WAY

THE SHILLABER CENTENARY

A recent New Hampshire centenary deserving of more attention than it received was that of the birth of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber, humorist, author, poet and printer, who first saw the light on Langdon street, Portsmouth, in a house still standing there, July 12, 1814.

For many years Shillaber was a prominent and picturesque figure in Boston journalism and was widely known, also, as a lecturer and as a poet of occasion, at the Dartmouth and Tufts college commencements and at those original Old Home Days, the returns of the sons and daughters of Portsmouth to that seaside city in 1850 and again in 1873.

But Shillaber's name will live the longest as the creator of *Mrs. Partington*, that American *Mrs. Malaprop*, who, with her son, Ike, true progenitor of Judge Shute's "Real Boy," so amused and edified the American reading public of forty years ago.

One still remembers how at a concert the old lady "liked everything about the oratorio but the consecutives; the corrosives were sublimated, but the consecutives were dreadfully out of tune." And of Jenny Lind she remarked that she "never liked the Swedenvirgins," but declared that she "was not of them who said that no good thing would come out of Lazarus" and that she admired Jenny for "giving away so much to the poor indignant people."

Since the days of *Mrs. Malaprop* and *Mrs. Partington* a very real woman, a leader of society on three continents, has outstripped them both in humorous misfits of the English language; but in her day *Mrs. Partington* was the funniest woman in American literature, and the name of B. P. Shillaber will endure as long at least, as any of those of us remain upon the stage who laughed both at and with her.

(*Concord Monitor*)

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18—In memory of Mr. William Caldwell who died January 16, 1783 in the 99th year of his age.

17—In memory of Mrs. Sarah Caldwell wife of Mr. William Caldwell who died April 20, 1777 in the 96th year of her age.

44—(The Caldwell monument, new—on the face are six names which appear on six stones elsewhere described) on the reverse:

*James Caldwell son of William & Sarah M. Caldwell 1711—1763.

50—Erected in Memory of John Caldwell Esq who departed this life March 17, 1807 aet 93.

22—In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell wife of John Caldwell Esq. She Decd Aug. 3, 1746 in ye 29 year of her age.

49—In memory of Mrs. Jain Caldwell wife of John Caldwell Esq. who died Jan. 3, 1808 in the 85 year of her age.

56—In memory of Miss Katherine Caldwell who departed this life Jany 17, 1786 aet 71

"Hark my dear Redeemers voice
My soul must hence remove
Farewell to all these earthly joys
And haste my soul to realms above."

14—Erected in memory of Mr. William Caldwell who decd March 31, 1806 age 81 (record reads age 83).

"My time is spent, my days are past
Eternity must count the rest,
My glass is out, my race is run,
The holy will of God be done."

13—In memory of Mrs. Margaret Caldwell wife of Mr. William Caldwell. She died Nov. 11, 1789 aged 60 years.

58—In memory of Mr. George Caldwell who died Nov. 17, 1783 aged 64.

60—In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell ye wife of Mr. George Caldwell. She decd July 14, 1779 in ye 43rd year of her age (records read age 24).

"A loving wife a tender mother, a well wisher to every good person, a sincere Christian

59—In memory of Elizabeth Caldwell daughter to Mr. George and Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell. She decd May ye 1, 1777 in ye 4 year of her age.

"The greaf of a fond mother and the blasted expectations of an Indulgent father. At her right hand lies an infant child, a sister."

53—In memory of Lieut Mathew Caldwell who departed this life Oct 17 A D 1795 aet 71

"On the tree of life eternal
Man, let all thy hopes be stayed.
There alone, forever vernal
Grow the leaves that never fade."

52—In memory of Mrs. Mary Caldwell, wife of Lieut. Mathew Caldwell who decd Feby 13, 1800 aet 64 (record reads daughter).

"Look on me all my friends
As I am now so you must be
When God sends death you all must die
And feel his dart as well as I."

- *54—In memory of Mary Caldwell daughter of Lieut Mathew Caldwell and Mary his wife born June 22, 1770 died July 8, 1770.
 *55—Joseph Caldwell son of Lieut Mathew & Mary his wife May 17, 1779 4 year of his age.
 47— is covering — cepts the mouldering bones of Major Seth Caldwell who died May 2, 1805 aet 47.

"A husband kind and true, a parent dear
 To all obliging and to all sincere.
 True to his God, his parents, friend and guide
 He lived beloved and lamented died."

- 46—Mrs. Mary Caldwell wife to Major Seth Caldwell Died Jany 30, 1828 aged 65 (record reads age 64).
 16—In memory of Mr. William Caldwell jun, who died July 24, 1780, in the 22 year of his age, (record omits "jun" and gives age 21).
 15—Sa cred to the memory of Mrs. Sarah Caldwell wife of Mr. William Caldwell died Feby 20, 1820 aged 62.
 61—In memory of Mr. Ephraim Caldwell who died Feby 20, 1802 aet 33.
 37—Erected in memory of Mr. Benjamin Caldwell who deod May 13, 1811 aet 39.

"A kind husband and tender parent."

- 45—In memory of John Caldwell son of Mr. Seth and Mrs. Catherine M. Caldwell who died Oct 14, 1822 aet 2 years & 9 days.

"So fades the lovely blooming flower
 Cut down and withered in an hour."

CRAIGE

- *23—Here lies the body of Mrs. Rachel Craige wife of Capt. James Craige who deod March 29, 1751, age 51 years.

FORBES OR FORBUS

- *6—Here lies the body of Mrs. Ann Forbes the wife of Mr. William Forbes. She Deod April ye 26, 1746 in ye 23rd year of her age (the stone bearing earliest date).
 *2—Here lies the body of Mr. James Forbes who departed this life June 27, 1763 in the 77 year of his age.
 8—In memory of Mr. William Forbes who died Dec. ye 28, 1787 aged 74 years.
 *3—In memory of Mrs. Sarah Forbes who died March 15, 1772 in the 20th year of her age dafter to Mr. William & Martha Forbes.
 9—In memory of Martha Forbes daughter of Mr. William & Mrs. Martha Forbes who died April 15, 1801 Aetatis 48 years.
 1—In memory of Sarah Forbus daughter to Mr. Samuel Forbus and Mrs. Jean his wife. She died Nov ye 2, 1773 aged 1 year 7 mos. 7 days.

HAMILTON

- 51—Susannah, wife of Josiah Hamilton died Nov. 9, 1834 aged 80 (stone bearing latest date). (Record omits name of husband and age.)

HENRY

- *33—In memory of two children of Adam Henry and Mrs. Mary his wife; first a son born May ye 7, 1767 and died May 11, 1767. Also Martha was born Aug. ye 3, 1770 & died Feby 28, 1773 aged 2 yrs. 6 mos. 25 days.

HOLDEN OR HOLDIN

- *39—In memory of Capt. James Holdin who Decd Nov. ye 23rd 1767 in the 81st year of his age.
 *38—In memory of Mrs. Hannah Holdin wido of Capt James Holdin. She Decd July ye 18, 1769 in ye 89th year of her age.
 *32—(A new marble monument.) Capt. Aaron Holden a soldier of the Revolution Worcester 26 Jany 1731 Barre 30, Sept 1802.

JONES

- 35—In memory of Joel son to Capt Ezra Jones and Mrs. Elizabeth his wife who died June 21, 1757 aged 13 months and a half. (Record omits age.)
 34—In memory of Anna dau. of Capt. Ezra Jones and Mrs. Elizabeth his wife who died March 16, 1759 aged 8 mos. & 23 days. (Record omits age.)
 36—In memory of Elizabeth dau. of Capt Ezra Jones and Mrs. Elizabeth his wife who died Dec 28, 1763 in ye 14th year of her age. (Record omits age.)

"Nipt in the bud and bloom
 By deaths arrest
 God called us home He knew 'twas best."

- 48—Erected in memory of Mrs. Sarah Jones wife of Capt. William Jones of Worcester who died Jany 31, 1805 age 82. (N. B. This was the mother of Mrs. Seth Caldwell, No. 46.)

In glory Christ unites the just;
 No distant graves divide their dust.
 When friends depart or where their graves do fall
 It matters not. To die in CHRIST is all.

LEE

- 31—Sacred to the memory of Capt. Benjamin Lee who died May 4, 1796 aet. 79 years.
 29—Here lyes the body of Asa Lee son to Capt Benjamin Lee & Mrs. Hannah his wife Born Jany 7th 1748, died Jany 7, 1748. (Record reads born 1748, died 1748, aged 1 day.)
 27—Hannah wife of Capt Benjamin Lee Jany 8, 1750 age 50.
 28—Joseph son of Capt Benjamin & Ester Lee Aug 28, 1753 in ye 3rd year of his age. (Record omits age and reads G. S. 1757.)
 26—Submit daughter of Capt. Benjamin & Ester Lee Sept 8, 1756, 4th year. (Record omits age.)
 25—Joel son of Capt Benjamin & Ester Lee died March 20, 1766 11 mos 5 days. (Record reads Joal and omits age.)
 24—Ester wife of Capt Benjamin Lee Sept 8, 1767 age 43.
 30—In memory of Abigail, Daughter Capt Benjamin Lee & Mrs. Mehitabel his wife Born July ye 2nd 1772 who died May ye 3, 1773.

MORS [E]

- *23—This stone was erected By Capt Benjamin Lee in memory of Mrs. Esther Mors widow of Insign Samuel Mors. She Decd Augit the 31st 1768 in the 72nd year of her age.

MCPHERSON

- 7—James Mcpherson who died Feby 16, 1764 about 66.
 5—Here lies the body of Person Mcpherson son of Mr. James Mcpherson—Mrs. Sarah his wife who died July 8, 1762 in the 6th year of his age. (Record reads P——, omits wife's name and age.)

"God calls his children home
 And takes them for his own.
 O dry our eyes. O cease our grief
 For Death to them is great relief."

METCALF

- *12½—In memory of Elizabeth Metcalf Daughter of Jonathan and Mary Metcalf. She Decd June ye 8, 1761 in the 4th day of her age.
 *12—In memory of Mary Metcalf daughter of Mr. Jonathan Metcalf and Mrs. Mary his wife who Decd Nov 24, 1761 16th year.

NURSS

- 10—William Nurss son to Mr. Jonathan and Mrs. Lucy Nurss, died Dec 13, 1781 aged 2 years 6 mos. 19 days.
 20—Mementi Mori. To ye memory of Mr. Timothy Nurss who died July 10, 1781 in the 58th year of his age.
 19—In memory of Mrs. Jane Nurss wife of Mr. Timothy Nurss who died Oct. 26, 1816 aged 95.

OLIVER

- *64—Here lies the body of Lanslot Oliver son of Mr. Lanslot Oliver & Mary Oliver. He died July the 16th 1750 in his 12th year.
 *63—John Oliver son to Mr. Lanslot & Martha Aug 1, 1750 in his 15th year.
 *62—In memory of Mr. Lanslot Oliver, who died June ye 24 1781 in the 78th year of his age.

PARTRIDGE

- 68—In memory of Sally the daughter of Mr. Timothy Partridge and Lois his wife deceased Jan ye 18 A D 1791 aged 7 mos 12 days.

WILLSON

- *4—Samuel Willson 1766 about 48.

The earliest date on any stone is 1746 (Mrs. Forbes, No. 6) and the most recent is 1834 (Mrs. Hamilton, No. 51)

J. E. W. B.

Transcript, BOSTON.

THE JUMEL MANSION, N. Y., TO-DAY

There are some kinds of work which look more interesting when illustrated in a museum than when demonstrated at home. To the flat-dwelling New Yorker a passing glance at an exhibition of spinning and candle making is intensely amusing. "By time subdued," the odors of a kettle of tallow become romantic in the nostrils and a fireplace a delightful reminiscence of other days. A quilting bee recalls only the joys of a gossipy afternoon, and spinning merely the development of a graceful forearm and a deft wrist. The thousands of tiny stitches and the aching muscles are not in evidence.

Aside from the historical interest, therefore, a visit to the Jumel mansion on West 150th street, near Amsterdam avenue, added interest. A feature of the house is the exhibition of three rooms on the third floor which have been furnished to illustrate the old home industries of quilting, candle making and spinning. For months a committee prepared for the exhibit.

It took three months of correspondence to get a pair of wool cards. They were found eighty miles south of Asheville, N. C. at Casher's Valley, and are the gift of Mrs. Riley Hooper of that place. It was with difficulty that persons who could manipulate the spinning wheels were discovered. At last, Susan Ross, a colored woman past eighty years of age, who could use the wool wheel, was located, and Mrs. Richard Oldenburg demonstrated that she could run the flax wheel.

The contents of the rooms have been arranged to look as if their occupants after a busy day have just stepped out. For instance, at the door at the head of the stairs you look in upon the room where the quilters have been. There is the calico patchwork quilt, well along, stretched on its frame and resting on the backs of rush chairs dating from the early part of the last century, the period when calico quilts were made. Scattered about the frame, as if those who have been gossiping there had just arisen, are rush-bottomed chairs in disordered arrangement. Cashmere shawls and poke bonnets hang on a wall rack, and over in the corner is a bombazine umbrella with whalebone ribs.

From the door just across the hall comes the odor of tallow. No wonder! There is a kettleful of it standing in the middle of the punchon floor, and all around are candles of varying degrees of fatness, dipped and the product of tin molds. There are the racks with strings

of dipped candles, which appear to have just hardened beyond the dripping stage. There are the molds, reminding one of small organ pipes. The fireplace looks as if it had just done service in heating the tallow.

Then down the hall a piece is the door opening into the adjoining room. The gentle sounds of spinning tell to what use it has been put. Within Mrs. Oldenburg and Aunt Susan Ross are busily engaged in twisting the threads.

New York Tribune

ISAAC SHELBY AND 1812

A LETTER FROM HIS GREAT GRANDSON

Grand Rapids Michigan,
September 24, 1914

Mr. James Edgar Brown.

Vice-Pres. Illinois Society, War of 1812, Chicago.

DEAR SIR:-

I thank you for the invitation to attend a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of the Thames, at the Chicago Historical Society building on October fourth, and assure you it would give me more pleasure than I can express, to accept, had I not already arranged to be elsewhere at that time. Your Society deserves credit for keeping green, in the rising generation, the memory of those unselfish, brave and patriotic men who without the hope of reward, accomplished such great and lasting results as the victory of the Battle of the Thames brought forth. History as written gives but little account and scant praise to Governor Isaac Shelby, who bore such an important and distinguished part in the victory of the Thames. At that time being upward of sixty years of age, having fought the decisive battle of Point Pleasant in the Colonial war, organized the expedition which pursued and defeated the British under Ferguson in the decisive battle of King's Mountain which so alarmed Cornwallis as to stop his army at Yorktown, where he surrendered to Washington and ended the Revolution, he was now in the war of 1812, appealed to by General Wm. Henry Harrison to come to his aid in the then North West. Governor Shelby

issued a stirring proclamation to Kentuckians. As a result nearly four thousand Kentuckians armed with rifles assembled at Newport (opposite Cincinnati) determined to punish the Indians and their allies the British for the bloody massacres of Kentuckians under Croghan and at the River Raisin. Shelby crossed the Ohio with thirty-five hundred men, marched through the then wilderness of Ohio, organizing and drilling his troops on the way, and joined Harrison on the shores of Lake Erie, three days after Perry's naval victory in the Battle of Lake Erie, September 10th 1813. At a council of war between Harrison, Shelby and Perry, the former was loath with his depleted army to pursue the enemy into Canada, so wrote the Secretary of War (see Ingersoll's history). Shelby replied, "General Harrison, as the commander of the North-Western army, you have the right to decide upon the movement of your troops, but as for me and the Kentuckians under me, we will pursue and fight the enemy in his own country." To this Perry agreed, and the troops of Harrison and Shelby (with the exception of the mounted Kentuckians, Johnson's regiment, who rode around the west of Lake Erie) were transported across Lake Erie in Perry's ships. These details I learned from Colonel Chas. A. Todd (who was Harrison's aide, and afterwards married a daughter of Governor Shelby, who was my great grandfather). The pursuit of the British under Proctor, and Indians under Tecumseh, and fighting the decisive battle of the Thames, October 5th 1813, ended the war of 1812, and gave our country one hundred years of peace.

I am very respectfully yours,

W. R. SHELBY

NOTES BY THE WAY

THE SHILLABER CENTENARY

A recent New Hampshire centenary deserving of more attention than it received was that of the birth of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber, humorist, author, poet and printer, who first saw the light on Langdon street, Portsmouth, in a house still standing there, July 12, 1814.

For many years Shillaber was a prominent and picturesque figure in Boston journalism and was widely known, also, as a lecturer and as a poet of occasion, at the Dartmouth and Tufts college commencements and at those original Old Home Days, the returns of the sons and daughters of Portsmouth to that seaside city in 1850 and again in 1873.

But Shillaber's name will live the longest as the creator of *Mrs. Partington*, that American *Mrs. Malaprop*, who, with her son, Ike, true progenitor of Judge Shute's "Real Boy," so amused and edified the American reading public of forty years ago.

One still remembers how at a concert the old lady "liked everything about the oratorio but the consecutives; the corrosives were sublimated, but the consecutives were dreadfully out of tune." And of Jenny Lind she remarked that she "never liked the Swedenvirgins," but declared that she "was not of them who said that no good thing would come out of Lazarus" and that she admired Jenny for "giving away so much to the poor indignant people."

Since the days of *Mrs. Malaprop* and *Mrs. Partington* a very real woman, a leader of society on three continents, has outstripped them both in humorous misfits of the English language; but in her day *Mrs. Partington* was the funniest woman in American literature, and the name of B. P. Shillaber will endure as long at least, as any of those of us remain upon the stage who laughed both at and with her.

(*Concord Monitor*)

A SIXTY-YEAR CHURCH RECORD

Reverend Paine Wingate was pastor of the Second Church of Amesbury (now Merrimac, Mass.) from his installation as pastor of the new church on the day of its organization May, 19 1726, until his death in 1786. The church record in his own hand covers more or less briefly nearly all that period until 1782 containing the lists of marriages, births, deaths, communions, deacons, the raising of funds, church discipline, etc., and very many names. This record, long in the possession of the late Professor Charles Francis Richardson of Dartmouth College, has now been presented by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson, to the church and has been deposited by the clerk of the church, Richard A. Sargent, in the safe of the First National Bank in Merrimac. The record has so many names and so much of interest to the student of religious and social history that its nature and location deserves to be known to historical students.

(Communicated by Mr. H. D. Foster, of Dartmouth.)

THE OLDEST LIVING VETERAN OF 1861-65

The oldest living veteran of the Civil War was the guest of honor at the celebration of the Fourth of July in London (1914) by the American Society. His name is Edward Monroe and he is 105 years old. He was born in England, but joined the American navy in 1861 and fought through the war. Monroe served on a mortar schooner first, and was then transferred to the *Norfolk* and battled for the Union at Forts Jackson and St. Philip and at Vicksburg.

(But there was a veteran at the great Gettysburg celebration last year who claimed to be 114.)—Ed.

GRANT'S CABIN UNDER GLASS

Philadelphia, June 17—Grant's cabin, in Fairmont Park, is to be put in a glass case. The little T-shaped building, built of logs, which Grant used in the fall and winter of 1864 and the spring of 1865, when he was laying siege to Petersburg and Richmond, was brought to the park thirty years ago. Of late years the cabin deteriorated rapidly from the elements and suffered from the vandalism of relic-hunters. To protect it from both, it is planned to cover it with a glass house.

TWO OLD TIME EPITAPHS

The following inscription is from a small private burial ground on the road leading from the village of Gilmanton Iron Works to North Barnstead, N. H. The yard is a mile or two from the first-named village. On the opposite side of the road are fields leading up to a ridge which may have been the "yonder hill" of the inscription. The following copy is verbatim, but with no attempt to give exactly line for line:

In Memory of Joseph Salter, aged 17 years, son of Capt. Richard Salter of Portsmouth, N. H., the beloved youth ascended in the flames of a mansion house on yonder hill Saturday morning, Feb. 6, 1802 at 4 o'clock A. M.

Glorify ye the Lord in the Fires. Isaiah 24, 5.

As from Manoah's rock in ancient days
Uprose the Angel from surrounding blaze
Thus rose the spirit of the son of Love
On fiery pinneons (*sic*) to the realms above.

"THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS"

The following inscription is on a tombstone in the cemetery at South Nashua, N. H.;

Memento mori.
Here lies the body
of Mr. Thomas Lund.
Who Departed this
life Septr. ye 5th, 1724
in the 42d. Year
of his Age.
this Man, with Seven
more, that lies in this
Grave; was Slew, All in
A day, by the Indians. (*sic*)

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